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THE

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OR

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ENLARGED:

From January to April, *inclusive*,

M,DCCC,XXI.

With an APPENDIX.

> "*Ut in vitâ sic in studiis, pulcherrimum et humanissimum existimo, severitatem comitatemque miscere; ne illa in tristitiam, hæc in petulantiam procedat.*"
>
> Plin. *Epist.*

VOLUME XCIV.

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TABLE

OF THE

TITLES, AUTHORS' NAMES, &c. of the Publications reviewed in this Volume.

N. B. For REMARKABLE PASSAGES in the *Criticisms* and *Extracts*, see the INDEX, at the End of the Volume.

☞ For the Names, also, of the Authors of new Dissertations or other curious Papers, published in the MEMOIRS and TRANSACTIONS of the Scientific ACADEMIES at Home or on the Continent, and also for the Titles of those Dissertations, &c., of which Accounts are given in the Review, — see the *Index*, printed at the End of each Volume.

A

ÆNEIS, See *Symmons*.
Agricultural Labour, on the Depreciation of, 313
Agriculture of a District in the South of France, 220
———— of Holkham, 254
———— of Framingham, 258
———— of Flanders, 379
Amarynthus, a Pastoral Drama, 386
America, an Epistle in Verse, 437
Anaya's Essay on Spanish Literature, 221
Angoulême, Duke d', his Travels in France, 79
Animals, Stories of, 219
Antar, a Bedoueen Romance, 277
Ants, Natural History of, 321
Appeal to the Legislature and the Public, 293
Arnault, &c., New Biography, 536
Arpino, Excursion to, 540
Asia, Account of Discoveries in, 242
Assey on the Trade to China, 110
Atkinson's Compendium of Ornithology, 323
Attersoll's Translation of Reports on the Establishment of M. de Fellenberg, 195
Austria, Projects of, respecting Italy, 503

B

Bailey's What is Life? 433
Bakewell's Geological Primer, 265
———'s Introduction to Mineralogy, 357
Bard of the West, a Novel, 103
Barton on Agricultural Labour, 313
———'s (Bernard) Day in Autumn, a Poem, 326
Bernays—Madame Cottin's Thoughts, &c. 106
Bignon on the Congress of Troppau, 501
Biography of Contemporaries, 536
Birds and Beasts, Cabinet of, 107
Bonaparte, Louis, his Documents respecting Holland, 225
———, See *Napoleon*.
Bon Ton, Supreme, 104
Brazil, Travels in, 1
Brougham's Education-Bills, Abstract of, 293
———, Letter to, from Dr. Butler, *ib.*
———, Observations on, *ib.*
———, Plain Thoughts on, *ib.*
———, Appeal to the Legislature on, *ib.*
Brown's Appeal to the Legislature and the Public, 293
Burckhardt's Travels in Nubia, &c. 337
Butler's Letter to Brougham, 293
Byron, Lord, Expostulatory Epistle to, 211

C

Carmagnola, Count di, a Tragedy, 520
Cathluna, a Tale, 99
Cenci, a Tragedy, 161
Chaboulon, See *Fleury*.
Character essential to Success in Life, 336
Chefs d'Œuvre of French Literature, 446
Cheltenham Mail-Bag, 216
Chesterton's Narrative of Proceedings in Venezuela, 205
China, on the Trade to, 110
Cliffe's Protocol, 101
Collier's Poetical Decameron, 90
Combe's Essays on Phrenology, 395
Commentaries on the Laws of England, 331
Commerce, Foreign, Observations on Restrictions on, 209
Considerations on Trade, Manufactures, &c., 108
——— on the present State of Germany, 498
Constantine and Eugene, a Dialogue, 456
Conte di Carmagnola, Tragedia, 520
Cornwall's Mirandola, a Tragedy, 189
*** *Correspondence with the Reviewers,* 112. 224. 336. 448.
Cottin, Madame—Thoughts, &c. 106
Cottle's Expostulatory Epistle to Lord Byron, 211
Courcelles, M. de, his Dictionary of French Generals, 467
Court News, 265
Culloden, Field of, a Tale, 74
Customs, Abridgment of the Laws of, 332

D

D———, Madame, *les Ogres du* 16*ème Siècle,* 106
———, ———, *les Protégés du* 18*ième Siècle,* 106
Day in Autumn, a Poem, 326
Debt, Public, Plan for liquidating, 207
Delarue on Diseases of the Eyes, 483
Delille's Translation of the "Essay on Man," 47
Diary of an Invalid,
Dictionary of French Generals,
Domeier's (Mrs.) Appendix to Desc tions of Paris,

E

Economy, Political, on Systems of,
Edmund and Anna,
Education-Bills, See *Brougham*.
Elliott's (Mrs.) Flowers of Instructi 1
England and Wales, new Picture 3
———, Essay on the Constitution 44
English Stories, Second Series, 10
Enjoyments of Youth, 44
Espinasse, Mlle. de l', New Letters o 46
Essay on Man, translated into French 471
——— on the Practical Constitution of England, 449
Eye, Remarks on Inflammation of, 439
——— on the Diseases of, 483

F

Fancy's Wreath, 99

Farmers,

Farmers, &c. Letter to, 444
Fellenberg, M. de, Reports on his Establishment, 195
Flanders, Agriculture of, 379
Fleury de Chaboulon's Memoirs of Napoleon in 1815, 136
Flowers of Instruction, 107
Forman, a Tale, 104
Foscolo's Ricciarda, Tragedia, 520
Framingham, its Agriculture, &c., 258
France, South of, its Agriculture, 220
Francesca da Rimini, 520
French Literature, *Chefs d'Œuvre* of, 446
Frere, Serjeant, Epistle to, 215
Frewin and Jickling — Abridgment of the Laws of the Customs, 332
Fungusses, Introduction to the Knowlege of, 322
Fussell's Journey round the Coast of Kent, 219

G

Gall's System, Inquiry into, 395
Ganilh on Systems of Political Economy, 504
Generals, French, Dictionary of, 467
Genlis, Mad. de, — Palmyra and Flaminia, 544
Geological Etiquette, 265
———— Primer, *ib.*
Germany, on the present State of, 498
Godwin on Population; Answer to Mr. Malthus, 113
Graham's (Mrs.) Three Months in the Mountains East of Rome, 173
Grant's Tales, founded on Facts, 105
Green's Edmund and Anna, 99
Grillparzer's Sappho, a Tragedy, 353
Grimani's new Italian Grammar, 329
————'s Key to ditto, 330
Guichenncy's Edition of Piranesi's Italian Grammar, 330
Guthrie on the Artificial Pupil, 423

H

Hack's English Stories, 2d Series, 107
Hamilton's Translation of Antar, 277
Handel, Commemoration of, a Poem, 45
Heathfield's Elements of a Plan for liquidating the Public Debt, 207
————'s Further Observations on ditto, 208
Hedin, a Tale, 309
Heraud's Legend of St. Loy, 435
Herbert's Pia della Pietra, a Tale, 309
———'s Hedin, a Tale, *ib.*
Historical Map of Palestine, 416
———— Memoirs of Napoleon, translated by O'Meara, 50
History of the Island of St. Domingo, 441
——— See *O'Meara*, *Weir*, *Fleury*.
Hoare's Memoirs of Granville Sharp, 51
Holford, Miss, her Warbeck of Wolfstein, 235
Holkham, its Agriculture, &c. 254
Holland, Documents on the Government of, 225
Horncastle, Historical Sketches of, 109
Huber's Natural History of Ants, translated, 321
Hughes's Something new from Aunt Mary 106
Hydrophobia, Cases of, 437

I and J

Jack Randall's Diary, 97
Jeffreys's Delineations of Van Dieman's Land, 333
Jickling, See *Frewin*.
Infant's Cabinet of Birds and Beasts, 107
Infants, Present for, 106
Introduction to the Knowlege of Fungusses, 322
John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, a Tragedy, 213
Johnson's Translation of Huber's Natural History of Ants, 321
Jolliffe's Letters from Palestine, 2d Edition, 416
Joynes's (Miss) Occasional Poems, 103
Iron Bodies, on the Magnetic Properties of, 429
Italian Grammar, See *Grimani*, See *Piranesi*, See *Santagnello*.
Italy, Projects of Austria respecting, 503
———, Sketches of, 370

K

Kelsall's Excursion from Rome to Arpino, 540
Kenilworth, a Romance, 146
Kent, Journey round the Coast of, 219
King Coal's Levee, 265
Knickerbocker's History of New York, 67

L

Laws of England, Commentaries on, 331
——— of the Customs abridged, 332

Lecount on the Magnetic Properties of Iron Bodies, 429
Legend of St. Loy, 435
Leigh's New Picture of England and Wales, 335
Letter to Lord John Russell on French Affairs, 107
Letters to a Child, 105
———, New, of Mlle. de l'Espinasse, 462
———, unpublished, from Voltaire, &c. 496
Literature, Spanish, Essay on, 221
———, French, *Chefs d'Œuvre* of, 446
Lochiel, or the Field of Culloden, 74

M

Macdiarmid's Lives of Statesmen, 2d Edition, 109
Mackenzie, Sir Geo., his Illustrations of Phrenology 395
Magnetism, See *Lecount*.
Mahratta Campaign, Summary of, 366
Malthus, Mr., on Population, Answer to, 113
Man, on the Moral and Intellectual Nature of, 517
Manzoni's Conte di Carmagnola, 520
Map of Palestine, 416
Marlborough, Duke of, a Tragedy, 213
Matthews's Diary of an Invalid, 15
Maturin's Melmoth, a Tale, 81
Maximilian, Prince, his Travels in Brazil, 1
Means of doing Good, 335
Melmoth, a Tale, 81
Merchants' Petitions, Remarks on, 108
Mineralogy, Introduction to, 357
Mirandola, a Tragedy, 189
Mother's Journal, 224
Murray's Account of Discoveries in Asia, 242

N

Napoleon, Memoirs of, 30. 136
Natural History, Thoughts on the Study of, 324
Necker's Works and Life, 491
New York, History of, 67
—— Canto, 329
—— Letters of Mlle. de l'Espinasse, 462
Nubia, Travels in, 337

O

Observations on Mr. Brougham's Education-Bills, 295
——— on Restrictions on Foreign Commerce, 209
Occasional Poems, 103
Ogres of the 16th Century, 106
Old Friends in a New Dress, 2[illegible]9
O'Meara's Translation of Napoleon[illegible] Memoirs, [illegible]
Ornithology, Compendium of, 3[illegible]

P

Palestine, Letters from, 41[illegible]
———, Map of, *ib.*
Palmyra and Flaminia, 54[illegible]
Papa's Present, 10[illegible]
Paris, Appendix to Descriptions of, 111
Parker's Letter to the Farmers, 444
Peck's (Mrs.) Bard of the West, a Novel, 103
Pellico's Francesca da Rimini, 520
Pemberton's Travels of the Duke d'Angoulême, 79
Phrenology, Essays on, 395
———, Illustrations of, *ib.*
———, Inquiry into Gall's System, *ib.*
———, Observations on, 517
Pia della Pietra, a Tale, 309
Picture, New, of England and Wales, 335
Pinckard's Cases of Hydrophobia, 437
Pindaree Campaign, Summary of, 366
Piranesi's Italian Grammar, new Edition, 330
Plunkett's Speech, Review of, 329
Poems, by one of a Family Circle, 211
———, See *Symmons*, *Ring*, *Green*, *Cliffe*, *Joynes*, *Cornwall*, *Shelley*, *Cottle*, *Grillparzer*, *Smith*, *Bailey*, *Heraud*, *Herbert*, *Barton*.
Poetical Decameron, 90
Pope's Essay on Man, translated into French, 471
Population, Enquiry into, 113
Present for Infants, 106
Projects of Austria respecting Italy, 503
Prometheus Unbound, a Drama, 168
Protégés of the 18th Century, 106
Protocol, 101
Pupil, Artificial, on Operations for, 423

R

Radcliff's Report on the Agriculture of Flanders, 379

Remarks on the Merchants' Petitions, 108
Review of Plunkett's Speech, 329
Ricciarda, Tragedia, 520
Rigby's Holkham, and its Agriculture, 254
———'s Framingham, and its Agriculture, 258
Ring's Commemoration of Handel, &c., 45
Rome, Excursion from, to Arpino, 540
———, See *Graham*.
Russell, Lord John, Letter to, 107

S

Saint Domingo, History of, 441
Santagnello's Dictionary of Peculiarities in the Italian Language, 330
Sappho, a Tragedy, 363
Sharp, Granville, Memoirs of, 51
Shelley's Cenci, a Tragedy, 161
———'s Prometheus Unbound, a Drama, 168
Sketch of the Life of Major Wyvill, 445
Sketches descriptive of Italy, 370
Smith's Amarynthus, a Pastoral Drama, 386
Something New from Aunt Mary, 106
Spanish Literature, Essay on, 221
Spurzheim's Observations on Phrenology, 517
——— on the Moral and Intellectual Nature of Man, *ib.*
Staël, Baron de, Works and Life of M. Necker, 491
Statesmen, Lives of, 2d Edition, 109
Stevens's Fancy's Wreath, 99
Stories of Animals, 219
Summary of the Mahratta Campaign, 366
Supreme Bon Ton, 104
Symmons's Translation of the Æneis, New Edition, 43

T

Tales founded on Facts, 105
Taylor's Character essential to Success in Life, 336
———'s Letters to a Child, 105
Thoughts on the Study of Natural History, 324
———, Plain, on the Abstract of Brougham's Education-Bills, 293
Three Months in the Mountains east of Rome, 173
Trade, &c. Considerations on, 108
Travels, See *Maximilian*, *Angoulême*, *Matthews*, *Graham*, *Fussell*, *Burckhardt*, *Kelsall*.
Troppau, on the Congress of, 501
Tupper's Inquiry into Dr. Gall's System, 395

V

Valori's Memoirs of the Marquis de Valori, 479
Van Dieman's Land, Delineations of, 333
Venezuela, Narrative of Proceedings in, 205
Voltaire's Unpublished Letters, 496

W

Warbeck of Wolfstein, 235
Waterloo, an Epistle to Serjeant Frere, 215
Weir's Historical Sketches of Horncastle, 109
Wharbroke Legend, a Tale, 104
What is Life? 433
Whately's Remarks on Inflammation of the Eye, 439
Wyvill, Major, Life of, 445

Y

Youth, Enjoyments of, 448

Z

Zeal and Experience, a Tale, 104

ERRATA

ERRATA in Vol. XCIV.

Page 11. l. 4. put a comma after 'obstinate.'
12. l. 9. Ditto after 'said.'
159. l. 1. dele the comma after 'be.'
291. l. 22. for 'not,' read *act.*
424. l. 25. for 'stripped,' read *snipped.*
435. l. 18. for 'promise,' read *assure.*

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW,

For JANUARY, 1821.

ART. I. *Travels in Brazil,* in the Years 1815, 1816, 1817. By Prince Maximilian, of Wied-Neuwied. Illustrated with Plates. Part I. 4to. pp. 335. 1l. 11s. 6d. Boards. Colburn and Co. 1820.

When the fugitive house of Braganza sailed down the Tagus for Rio de Janeiro, various amusing speculations were hazarded as to the causes and consequences of that remarkable event. Some persons contended that Bonaparte, with a view to the ultimate subjugation of Portugal and the prevention of England from seizing on her South American colonies, was an accomplice to the escape; being much too keen and sharp-sighted a politician not to have foreseen and prevented the measure, if he had not chosen to connive at it. Others as stoutly affirmed that the project was conceived and matured in the British cabinet; and some pains were taken to give our rulers the merit of an event in which they had no more concern than the man in the moon. One set of politicians prophecied that Brazil, from this momentous change in its political situation, would open a market of insatiable consumption for British goods; another beheld the distant prospect of long and ruinous wars, both in Europe and South America, in this transfer of the antient seat of government from the parent-country to the colony; and, anticipating the successful intrigues of France to destroy our alliance, they wisely cautioned us against too sanguine speculations in commerce. Among these gay visions of advantage, and these gloomy vaticinations of misery and warfare, nobody seems to have bespoken that striking change of internal policy which actually took place, so beneficial in its consequences to science if not to commerce. This new plan led the court of Rio de Janeiro to abandon the jealous system of secrecy and concealment as to its American possessions that had before prevailed, almost to the exclusion of travellers; and to adopt the liberal determination of encouraging them, and even actively promoting their researches. Formerly, a traveller, on his landing in Brazil, was surrounded by soldiers, and narrowly watched, while every difficulty was thrown in the way of his pursuits. Confidence, however, succeeded to distrust on the arrival of the court. Mr. Mawe (of the Strand) traversed the province of Minas Geraës with a view to the study of its mineralogy, and obtained permission to examine the antient gold mines of Jaragua, and the diamond mines of Villa Rica and Tejuco, of which he has given us a very interesting account; and many German and Prussian travellers have received the most liberal encouragement in the prosecution of their labours. Our recent Numbers have furnished accounts of several of these peregrinations.

The journey, of which the volume now before us gives a detail, was performed by a man of a rank which seldom produces *writing* tourists, and cultivators of science amid scenes of hardship and danger. It extends along the east coast from the twenty-third to the thirteenth degree of south latitude, a portion less known or described than many other parts of the continent of South America. Several tribes of the aboriginal inhabitants yet live here in their primitive state, undisturbed by Europeans, who are gradually spreading themselves in all directions. Prince Maximilian complains of the total want of good maps: that of Arrowsmith, he says, is full of errors; considerable rivers on the east coast being omitted, and others marked which have no existence. The Portuguese government, however, has ordered an accurate survey of the whole coast, pointing out all the dangers which threaten the navigator, and the work is already in execution by two naval officers of competent ability. A map of the east coast between the fifteenth and twenty-third degree, corrected from Arrowsmith, and enlarged, accompanies this narrative.

After a very short stay at Rio de Janeiro, the traveller and his companions * prepared for their journey into the interior, with sixteen mules, each carrying two wooden chests; and ten men, well armed, to act as hunters: orders having been given by the government of Rio de Janeiro to the magistrates on the coast to furnish every assistance, to provide beasts of burden, and to grant the aid of soldiers if necessary. Of the capital itself, the author has declined to give any more than a very rapid sketch, the term of his residence being insufficient to obtain materials for a full and accurate description. Brazilian manners, style of dress, fashions, and amusements

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* Two Germans, Messrs. Freyreiss and Sellow, who intend to travel several years in the Brazils: they are acquainted with the language and manners of the country, and are represented as being particularly qualified to penetrate into the interior, to collect scientific information, and to communicate the result of their researches to the public.

have

gradually given way to those of Europe; while ambas- rs from the European powers, and a general influx of gners from England, Spain, Italy, Russia, Germany, &c. have introduced a great degree of luxury among all es of the community.

he village of St. Lourenzo is the only place in the neigh- hood of the capital which still possesses remains of the e Indians, a small strong limbed muscular race, of red- or tawny colour; with thick, long, coal-black hair, d faces, eyes placed rather obliquely, thick lips, small ls and feet, and the men having thin strong beards.

aving crossed the great bay of Rio to the village of a Grande, the travellers bent their course to Cape ; and in order to *accustom* themselves to the night-air, bivouacked in an open meadow on the first night, al- gh they found habitations in the neighbourhood. The or, who is rather prone to the picturesque, and poetical s descriptions, is delighted with the novelty of the scene: Caburé, a small owl, hooted among the bushes, lumin- insects glistened on the marshes, *and the frogs gently ked around us:* — our blankets and baggage were wet ugh by the dew, but the early beams of the sun soon dried .' The continent of South America, from the great dity which every where prevails, exhibits a most extra- ary luxuriance of vegetation, and forms a striking con- with the bare and arid plains of Africa; while the splendid age of many of its birds, the brilliancy of its insects, the great variety of its animals, unknown to Europe, ish the naturalist with a rich and rare repast.

A chain of mountains next rose before us, which bears the of Serra de Inuá. This wilderness surpassed every thing my imagination had as yet conceived of the grand scenes of re. On entering a deep hollow, we observed several large of limpid water, and a little beyond these an immense t, of which no comparison can give an adequate idea. s and all the magnificent trees of the country, were through- so interlaced with creeping and climbing plants, that it was ssible for the eye to penetrate through this species of ver- wall. All of them, even thin low stems, were covered with ing plants, such as *epidendron*, *cactus*, *bromelia*, &c. many of h bear flowers of such beauty, that whoever beholds them for irst time cannot withhold his admiration. I mention only one of *bromelia* with a deep coral-red flower, the leaves of which ipped with violet; and the *heliconia*, a kind of banana re- ling the *strelitzia*, with dark red calyx and white flowers. ese deep shades, near the cool mountain streams, the heated ller, especially the native of northern regions, fi perature that is quite refreshing, and which increased the delight that the sublime scenes presented to our view in this magnificent wilderness incessantly excited. Every moment, each of us found something new that engaged his whole attention. Even the rocks are here covered with lichens and cryptogamous plants of a thousand various kinds: particularly the finest ferns, which in part hang like feathered ribbons in the most picturesque manner from the trees. A deep red horizontal fungus adorns the dry trunks; while a fine carmine-coloured lichen, on the properties of which, as a dyeing matter, some experiments have been made in England, covers the bark of the stronger trees with its round knobs. The colossal trees of the Brazilian woods are so lofty, that our fowling-pieces could not carry to the top of them, so that we often fired in vain at the finest birds; but we loaded ourselves with the most beautiful flowers of juicy plants, which we were unfortunately obliged to throw away afterwards, as they soon perish, and cannot be preserved in an herbal.'

The contributions here made to the science of natural history will be deemed extremely valuable, and constitute a principal and very interesting portion of this work. Indeed, to form an extensive and good collection of specimens in zoology and botany, and to study the manners and customs of the native Indians, were the object of this laborious journey. At Cape Frio, the Prince obtained the skin of the great Boa Constrictor; which, instead of being confined to Africa, as many have erroneously supposed, is the most common of the Brazilian species of that genus; the varieties are generally known on the east coast by the name *Jiboya.* Many months afterward, as the author was in his canoe on the river Belmonte, he saw the living animal just as it had coiled round and killed a large *Capybara* (thick-nosed *Tapir*). His hunters shot at the animal, and placed an arrow in its body, when it quitted its prey, darted under water, and escaped. The shot had lost their force in the stream, and the arrow was found broken on the bank, where the serpent had rubbed it off.

' This reptile, the *sucuriuba* of the river Belmonte, or the *sucuriu,* as it is called, in Minas Geräes, is the largest kind of serpent in Brazil, at least in the above-mentioned countries; there are many errors in the descriptions given of it by naturalists. Daudin has mentioned it by the name of *boa anacondo.* It is found all over South America, and attains the largest size of any species of this genus, in that part of the world. All the denominations alluding to the abode of the *boa* serpents in the water belong to this kind; for the others never dwell in the water, whereas the *sucuriu* or *sucuriuba* lives constantly in and near water, and is therefore really amphibious in the literal sense of the word. This serpent is by no means beautifully marked: its back is of a dark blackish olive, and down it run longitudinally two rows of round black spots, in pairs, which are for the most part pretty regularly disposed, In solitary places unfrequented by man, it attains the prodigious size of twenty or thirty feet, and even more, in length. Daudin, in his Natural History of Reptiles, considers the serpent which he assumes to be the genuine *boa constrictor*, as a native of Africa, but this species, if it is also found in Africa, inhabits every part of Brazil, is there the most common land *boa*, and every where known by the name of the *jiboya*. The Belmonte is the southernmost of the rivers on the east coast, in which the *sucuriuba* occurs; farther to the north it is universally found. Very fabulous stories have been related concerning the way of life of these immense reptiles; and even in modern times, they have been copied out of old travellers. The accounts also which are given of its sleep in winter are not precise enough. It is said, indeed, that they certainly become torpid during the hot season, in the marshy pools of the deserts, but this does not happen in the woody valleys of Brazil, which always abound in water, where they do not live properly in marshes, but in great lakes, ponds that are never dry, rivers and streams, the banks of which are cooled by the shade of the ancient forests.'

The coral-snake, probably the *coluber fulvius* of Linné, the most beautiful of its species, is very common here. A brilliant scarlet alternates on its smooth body with black and greenish-white rings, so that this innocent reptile may be compared to a string of variegated beads.

From Cape Frio, we proceed to the Villa de St. Salvador, on the banks of the Paraiba. In all this country, sugar is very largely cultivated; and sugar-refiners are established here on so large a scale as to employ more than a hundred and fifty slaves: brandy is also distilled from it. Twenty years ago, the Paraiba, and the little river Muriahé which falls into it, had on their banks two hundred and eighty sugar-refineries; many of them very large and profitable.

A little higher up the river, apparently not more than twenty or five-and-twenty miles from a populous and even opulent city, reside a tribe of savage Tapuyas, called Puris. St. Fidelis was a village selected for a mission, about thirty years ago, by some Capuchin friars from Italy; and one of the holy fathers still lives there. The Indians inhabiting this place belong to the tribes of the Coroados, Coropos, and Puris; the last of whom wander in a barbarous state in the great deserts between the sea and the north bank of the Paraiba, and extend themselves towards the west as far as the Rio Pomba in Minas Geraës. The two former are settled, and somewhat civilized: their houses are good and roomy, constructed of wood and clay, the roofs covered with reeds and palm-leaves; they are fond of finery, but are decently dressed, and speak the Portuguese tongue. At St. Fidelis is a light and spacious church, belonging to an uninhabited monastery; and these Indians are much indebted to the kindness and judicious attentions of the missionaries. The travellers, however, were desirous to become acquainted with the savage Puris in their forests on the other bank of the river, and accordingly forwarded a message announcing the arrival of some strangers who wished to speak to them.

'Scarcely had we overtaken the rest of the very numerous company assembled at the foot of the hill, when we perceived the savages issuing from a little valley on one side, and advancing towards us. As they were the first of these people whom we had seen, our joy was great as well as our curiosity. We hastened towards them, and surprized at the novelty of the sight, stood still before them. Five men and three or four women, with their children, had accepted the invitation to meet us. They were all short, not above five feet five inches high; most of them, the women as well as the men, were broad and strong limbed. They were all quite naked, except a few who wore handkerchiefs round their waists, or short breeches, which they had obtained from the Portuguese. Some had their heads entirely shorn; others had their naturally thick coal-black hair cut over the eyes, and hanging down into the neck: some of them had their beards and eyebrows cut short. In general they have but little beard; in most of them it forms only a thin circle round the mouth, and hangs down about three inches below the chin. Some had painted on their foreheads and cheeks round red spots with *urucu* (*bixa orellana*, Linn.); on the breast and arms, on the contrary, they all had dark blue stripes, made with the juice of the *genipaba* fruit (*genipa Americana*, Linn.): these are the two colours which are employed by all the *Tapuyas*. Round the neck, or across the breast and one shoulder, they had rows of hard black berries strung together, in the middle of which, in front, was a number of the eye-teeth of monkeys, ounces, cats, and wild animals. Some of them wore these necklaces without teeth. They have another similar ornament, which appears to be composed of the rind of certain vegetable excrescences, probably of the thorns of some shrub. The men carry in their hands long bows and arrows, which, as well as all their effects, they at our desire bartered for trifles.'

After having given them some bottles of sugar-brandy and a few trinkets, the Prince and his companions took their leave, promising to renew their visit.

'We had scarcely left the house the next morning, when we perceived the Indians coming out of the woods. We hastened to meet them, treated them immediately with brandy, and accompanied them to the forest. When we rode round the sugar-works of the *fazenda* (country-house), we found the whole horde of the

Puris lying on the grass. The groupe of naked brown figures presented a most singular and highly interesting spectacle. Men, women, and children, were huddled together, and contemplated us with curious but timid looks. They had all adorned themselves as much as possible: only a few of the women wore a cloth round the waist or over the breast; but most of them were without any covering. Some of the men had by way of ornament a piece of the skin of a monkey, of the kind called *mono* (*ateles*) fastened round their brows; and we observed also a few who had cut off their hair quite close. The women carried their little children partly in bandages made of bass, which were fastened over the right shoulder; others carried them on their backs, supported by broad bandages passing over the forehead. This is the manner in which they usually carry their baskets of provisions when they travel. Some of the men and girls were much painted: they had a red spot on the forehead and cheeks, and some of them red stripes on the face; others had black stripes lengthwise, and transverse strokes with black dots over the body; and many of the little children were marked all over, like a leopard, with little black dots. This painting seems to be arbitrary, and to be regulated by their individual taste. Some of the girls wore a certain kind of ribbons round their heads; and the females in general fasten a bandage of bass or cord tightly round the wrists and ancles, in order, as they say, to make those parts small and elegant.

'The figure of the men is in general robust, squat, and often very muscular; the head large and round; the face broad, with mostly high cheek-bones; the eyes black, small, and sometimes oblique; the nose short and broad, and their teeth very white: but some were distinguished by sharp features, small aquiline noses, and very lively eyes, which in very few of them have a pleasing look, but in most a grave, gloomy, and cunning expression, shaded by their projecting foreheads.'

These Puris have no weapons but bows and arrows, which they carry in their hands: the bows are six or seven feet long, and the arrows of an equal length, made of a firm knotty reed; and none of the tribes on this coast have yet learnt the art of poisoning them. At the request of the author and his party, the Puris conducted them to their huts, which were placed in the thickest of the forest. The sleeping-net, which is made of *embira*, (bass, from a kind of *cecropia*,) is suspended between two trunks of trees, to which a pole is fastened transversely by a rope of bind-weed (*cipo*); against which palm-leaves were laid obliquely on the windward side. Near a small fire on the ground, various fruits, arrow-reeds, feathers, &c. &c. were protected by lean, loud-barking dogs. Among all the Brazilian tribes, fire is regarded as so necessary a security against wild beasts, and against damps and colds, that they never suffer it to go out, day or night. The Portuguese on the Paraiba universally assert that the Puris feast on the flesh of the enemies whom they kill; though, when questioned as to the fact, they refused to confess it, and said that the Botocudos only had this custom. A story, however, is told (p. 137.) of a young negro, tending some cattle, being cut off from his companions by the Puris, who are at least confidently charged with having roasted and devoured him. These savages set a high value on their rude knives, which they fasten to a string round the neck, and let it hang down on the back: but, if a manufactured knife be given to them, they break off the handle and make another after their own taste. A single knife purchased the sleeping-net in which one of the Puris lay; and two knives, with a few glass beads and some other trinkets, bought *one of their children*, who heard of his fate with the utmost carelessness, and left his family without taking leave of them. An indifference to impressions of joy or sorrow is perceptible among all the American tribes, whose most urgent want is food, although they are capable of enduring hunger for a long time: yet they are excessively greedy and voracious. Among all the tribes of the Tapuyas which the travellers visited, evident proofs appeared that a religious persuasion existed among them. The savages of Brazil believe in various powerful beings, the mightiest of whom they recognize in the thunder by the name of *Tupa:* but no idols are seen among the Tapuyas.

The exploring party, with their attendant hunters, mules, and packages, now proceeded northward from St. Salvador to the river Espirito Santo. Throughout this district particularly, and indeed in all Brazil, horned cattle are very numerous; they are likewise large, muscular, and well-proportioned; the hides of Buenos Ayres, Monte Video, Rio Grande, and other provinces of Portuguese and Spanish America, being celebrated for their great size. Numerous and immense herds of wild swine, too, inhabit these antient forests. The Jacaré, or alligator of this country (*crocodilus sclerops*), lives in all the rivers of Brazil, particularly in those which are sluggish; indeed they are to be found in all marshy places and stagnant creeks; in which situations they are so very numerous, that several of them may be seen at a time, with their heads above water, watching for prey, or basking in the sun among the roots and stumps of trees beside the banks. This animal is much smaller than the crocodile of the Old World, and even than those which inhabit the countries of South America nearer to the equator. That which was shot by one of the hunters measured about six feet: of a greenish-grey colour, with some dark transverse stripes, especially on the tail: the belly was of a bright unmixed yellow. They are sometimes eaten by the negroes; and the flesh of a large species of lizard (the *Lacerta teguixin* of Lin.) is much prized by the planters who live in these wildernesses. They are hunted by dogs, trained for that purpose, among the woods and thickets: at whose approach the animal darts with the rapidity of an arrow into its subterraneous hole, from which it is dug out and killed by the hunters. Including the tail, these lizards are about four feet long.

In these deep and pathless forests, the labour of hunting is mush aggravated by the myriads of mosquitoes and other insects, which seize without ceremony on the intruder who ventures to molest "their antient, solitary reign:" but still greater suffering is occasionally endured, when the heat is intense, by the inability to quench intolerable thirst. Nature, however, in her unbounded beneficence, frequently furnishes the vegetable as well as the animal inhabitants of tropical countries with a supply of moisture where it is least expected, and most required. The *Stapelia* is a genus of plants found in the interior of Africa, which, from its wonderful continence of water amid the severest drought, has been called with an elegant and happy similitude, the "camel of the vegetable world." Naturalists yet hesitate concerning the source of its supply in those torrid regions, where the air and the earth are equally destitute of moisture: but, like the camel, it occasionally imbibes large quantities of fluid, and retains them to supply the deficiency of drier seasons. The *Nepenthes distillatoria*, or pitcher-plant, indigenous in the island of Java, is found on the most stony and arid situations, where it would wither and perish but for the provident economy of nature.* Oppressed with thirst, our travellers were taught, by the young Puri whom they had purchased, an infallible method of allaying it; this was to break off the middle stiff leaves of the *Bromelias*, in the corners of which is found very good water, collected from the rain and dews; and this nectar is caught by applying the plant quickly to the mouth. A species of reed, too, is found on the coast of Brazil, near St. Salvador, but abounds particularly in the Capitania of Minas Geraës, where drinking vessels are made out of its stems. It is called *Taquarussa*, or the great cane. It grows from thirty to forty feet high: its colossal stems, which are as much as six inches in diameter, shoot upwards, and have a gentle bend at the top; the leaves are feathery; and on the branches are short strong thorns, which render it an impenetrable barrier. This bamboo, however, is extremely welcome to the thirsty hunter; for, on cutting the reed below a joint, the stem of the younger shoots is found to be full of a cool pleasant liquid, though of rather a flat sweetish taste, which immediately quenches the most burning thirst. This remarkable plant, likewise, loves mountainous and dry situations.

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* Mr. Barrow thus describes it: To the foot-stalk of each leaf, and near the base, is attached a small bag, shaped like a pitcher, of the same consistence and colour as the leaf in the early stage of its growth, but changing with age to a reddish purple. It is girt round with a lid, neatly fitted, and moveable on a kind of hinge or strong fibre, which, passing over the handle, connects the vessel with the leaf. By the contraction of this fibre, the lid is drawn open whenever the weather is showery or dews fall, which would appear to be just the contrary of what usually happens in nature; though the contraction is occasioned probably by the hot and dry atmosphere, and the expansion of the fibre does not take place until the moisture has fallen and saturated the pitcher: when this is the case, the cover falls down, and it closes so firmly as to prevent

Proceeding to the north, towards the Rio Doce, the Creoles and Mulattoes disappear, and Indians are found in a state of civilization. Villa Nova is a large village inhabited by civilized Indians, founded by the Jesuits, who formerly gave instructions in the *lingoa geral.* The old convent yet serves for the residence of the priest, and still contains some works of that order; which is a rare circumstance, the libraries in all the other convents having been destroyed or dispersed. In this village are included about 1200 persons, and it has a large stone-church; and several settlements exist in this district which were founded by that wonderful society the Jesuits, who generally succeeded in civilizing the Indians in a greater or less degree. The sea-coast, from the Suänha to the Mucuri, is inhabited almost entirely by single families of Indians who speak the Portuguese language; their occupations are agriculture and sea-fishing; they have exchanged their bow and arrows for the musket; and even their dwellings differ very little from those of the Portuguese settlers. The most formidable of all the native Indians for treachery, valour, and ferocity,

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prevent any evaporation. The water, being gradually absorbed through the handle into the foot-stalk, gives vigour to the leaf and sustenance to the plant. As soon as the pitchers are exhausted, the lids again open to admit any moisture that may fall; and, when the plant has produced its seed, and the dry season fairly sets in, it withers, with all the covers of the pitchers standing open.

are the Botocudos; who rove among the wilds and interminable forests on the banks of the Rio Doce, up to its source in the Capitania of Minas Geraës. Their hostilities with the Portuguese have been obstinate and suspended only by some occasional and treacherous truce. As they are believed to kill and to devour all those of their enemies who fall into their hands, the wars have, of course, been conducted on the principle of absolute extermination; and every imaginable cruelty, without regard to age or sex, has been exercised on both sides. It ought never to be forgotten, however, in extenuation of these savages, that the original ill usage was on the part of the invaders: for, whether we look at the shores of Africa, America, or the West India islands, we shall find the infernal thirst of gold extinguishing every feeling of humanity on the part of the European settlers, immense countries laid waste, and the native inhabitants butchered, or reduced to slavery, or driven back into the wilds and fastnesses and forests of the interior, while the scites of their once populous habitations exhibit the picture of frightful solitude and desolation. Very rarely, indeed, have the principles of humanity and justice been introduced without humanizing the parties on whom their benign influence is shed; and this fact is strikingly verified in the instance of these very Indians, the Botocudos. A tribe of them resides on the Rio Grande de Belmonte, who concluded a peace a few years ago with the governor, Conde dos Arcos, in the Capitania of Bahia; and in consequence of his equity and moderation, the inhabitants of the district are living with them on the most confidential and advantageous terms.

Between the mountains of Minas Geraës and the east coast are extensive wilds, in which rove many of these savage hordes: but roads are constructing along the rivers, and in different directions, to facilitate the carriage of the products of the Minas to the chief cities and the sea. Roads also, *such as they are*, have been opened on the Mucuri, the Belmonte, the Ilheos, the Espirito Santo, &c., through the forests to Minas; and surely the necessity of securing a safe conveyance of commodities must suggest the obvious course, of civilizing and attaching the hostile tribes of Indians. Indeed the common Portuguese, themselves, along the coast, are almost as ignorant of the state of the rest of the world as the savages; which is here rationally ascribed to the pernicious system of entire exclusion from foreign intercourse, formerly pursued by Portugal with regard to Brazil. A stranger here is considered as a wonder, or as something only half human. Medicine, as a science, and surgery, are absolutely unknown; and in the hot climate of Brazil the inhabitants are subject to various cutaneous diseases, as well as obstinate fevers, which are not in themselves dangerous, but which here become fatal from improper treatment. Schools, likewise, are wholly wanting: arrogant ecclesiastics, too indolent or too prejudiced to communicate education, rather encouraging superstition than dispelling it, and impeding the progress of intelligence instead of promoting it.

Of the Botocudos so much had been said that Prince Maximilian boldly resolved to become acquainted with them by residing in their neighbourhood for two or three months. He had gratified his curiosity before in a similar manner with other tribes: but the first sight of these savages astonished the party beyond expression, for they had never seen such strange and ugly beings. The more effectually to disfigure their countenances, they wear large pieces of wood, four or five inches long, in their lower lips and in their ears: the lip is thus made to project very much; and the ears of some of them 'hang like large wings down to their shoulders;' while their brown bodies are covered with dirt. The small-pox is extremely fatal to the Indians: several of the Botocudos were scarred and seamed with that frightful disease, introduced into these parts by the Europeans; and many tribes have been wholly exterminated by it. They go entirely naked, men and women: but some of them paint their dark brown skins, partially or entirely, with bright red or black, as taste and fashion vary. All these tribes, however, scorn any thing like dress. Father Ignacio, a worthy old priest, who resides at Trancozo, a town near Porto Seguro, to the south of the Rio de Belmonte, assured the travellers that some of the Patachos Indians frequently came to barter for provisions, who were always naked; and that, when he has tied a handkerchief round the waist of the women, they have always instantly pulled it off again.

These Botocudos, like country-gentlemen of large estates in England, are very tenacious of game. It seems that one of their leaders, Captain June as he is called, had been trespassing on the grounds of another chieftain, Jerapack, and killed some wild swine; all sporting-gentlemen must feel this to be an unpardonable insult, and so it was considered by the party aggrieved in this instance. A challenge was accordingly sent, and accepted; and the following account of the combat, though not given with the slang of the *Fancy* among us, may amuse those of our readers who like to see how these affairs are settled on the Rio Grande de Belmonte:

'When we landed on the opposite bank, we found all the savages standing close together, and formed a half circle about them. The combat was just beginning. First, the warriors of both parties uttered short rough tones of defiance to each other, walked sullenly round one another like angry dogs, at the same time making ready their poles. Captain Jeparack then came forward, walked about between the men, looked gloomily and directly before him, with wide staring eyes, and sung, with a tremulous voice, a long song, which probably described the affront that he had received. In this manner the adverse parties became more and more inflamed: suddenly, two of them advanced, and pushed one another with the arm on the breast, so that they staggered back, and then began to ply their poles. One first struck with all his might at the other, regardless where the blow fell; his antagonist bore the first attack seriously and calmly, without changing countenance; he then took his turn, and thus they belaboured each other with severe blows, the marks of which long remained visible in the large wheals on their naked bodies. As there were on the poles many short stumps of branches which had been cut off, the effect of the blows was not always confined to bruises, but the blood flowed from the heads of many of the combatants. When two of them had thus thrashed each other handsomely, two more came forward; and several pair were often seen engaged at once: but they never laid hands on one another. When these combats had continued for some time, they again walked about with a serious look, uttering tones of defiance, till heroic enthusiasm again seized them, and set their poles in motion.

'Meanwhile, the women also fought valiantly; amidst continual weeping and howling, they seized each other by the hair, struck with their fists, scratched with their nails, tore the plugs of wood out of each other's ears and lips, and scattered them on the field of battle as trophies. If one threw her adversary down, a third, who stood behind, seized her by the legs, and threw her down likewise, and then they pulled each other about on the ground. The men did not degrade themselves so far as to strike the women of the opposite party, but only pushed them with the ends of their poles, or kicked them on the side, so that they rolled over and over. The lamentations and howlings of the women and children likewise resounded from the neighbouring huts, and heightened the effect of this most singular scene.'

The combat lasted about an hour; when both parties being exhausted, but neither being disposed to make peace, it was at length effected by the mediation of the travellers. The combatants, covered with gashes and glory, immediately afterward sat or lay down with their open bleeding wounds, and ate as heartily of some Mandisca flour which the commandant gave them as if nothing had happened.

All the sugar-refineries, factories, &c. on the coast of Brazil are wrought by negro-slaves; and the author observed that these wretched beings were fond of any thing which brought to remembrance their lost and beloved country, by retaining its customs as far as it was in their power. For instance, they have all the musical instruments mentioned by travellers in Africa, among which the drum holds a distinguished place; and the drum of the poor Brazilian slave often breaks upon the ear through the stillness of evening. Wherever many negroes live together on a Fazenda, they celebrate their festivals; painting, dressing, and performing their national dances, as in their native country. The government of Rio de Janeiro likewise brought over several Chinese, with the view of cultivating the tea-plant; and Prince Maximilian fell in with some of them in his journey from Rio Doce to Caravellas, where they are employed as day-labourers: but they are too indolent to perform any other than very light work. These poor creatures, too, live together, and cherish the memory of their country by preserving its customs and festivals. The author paid a visit to a family of them in a miserable reed-hut, the interior of which presented a striking contrast with its external appearance. Every thing was clean and neat: their beds had white curtains, prettily festooned, and fastened up on the sides with handsome brass hooks: they had a fine rush mat on which they slept, and a small round pillow for the head: they ate their rice in the Chinese manner, with two small sticks: in broken Portuguese they talked about their dear native country; and, for the inspection of the travellers, they opened their trunks, in which they had carefully preserved some Chinese porcelain, and a few fans which they had brought with them for sale.

The present volume carries us no farther than Belmonte: but we hope soon to receive, in a continuation of the work, an invitation from this scientific and enterprizing traveller to accompany him in his journey northward, where he will add to the collection of natural history which he has already acquired at the expence of such great personal fatigue and peril. The book merits and requires a better set of plates; and some drawings from the new specimens collected in natural history would be extremely acceptable. We have at present, besides the map, only six mezzotinto engravings, representing Puris in their Huts, an Excursion up a Branch of the Rio Doce, the Opening of the new Road along the Mucuri, Patachos of the Rio de Prado, a Family of Botocudos on a Journey, and the single Combats of those people: but the German edition (imported into this country by Bohte, in York-street, Covent Garden,) is very handsome, and accompanied by large and fine plates and maps.

Art. II. *The Diary of an Invalid;* being the Journal of a Tour in Pursuit of Health, in Portugal, Italy, Switzerland, and France, in the Years 1817, 1818, and 1819. By Henry Matthews, A. M., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. 8vo. pp. 518. 15s.* Boards. Murray. 1820.

Fielding, and Smollett, in their respective travels to Lisbon and France, left us unanswerable reasons against lending a ready belief to the morbid impressions of sick men in foreign countries. In general, every thing is tried by the distempered theory of their own sensations, and appears clothed in the livery of their own indisposition: a change in the temperature brings on the accustomed cough; and a certain quantity of prejudice against the natives or intolerance of their customs is sure to be expectorated along with it. Mr. Matthews, however, is an invalid who has most pleasingly disappointed us in this respect. With only a little occasional mixture of querulousness, he views the countries which he traverses, and the manners with which he is thrown into contact, through a clear and for the most part through a cheerful medium; and he betrays nothing of the languor or infirmity of sickness in his mode of writing, — nothing which, like the Archbishop of Grenada's homilies, reminds us of *l'apoplexie.* On the contrary, he is at once vigorous, compressed, and lively: his remarks amuse us by their quaintness; and their brevity obviates all sense of fatigue as we read them. A species of good sense, which is invaluable among writers of this description, never deserts him; and he has too large a portion of that taste, or *tact*, as it is now called, which is the rarest quality of modern authors, to suffer him to say too much on the various topics of his journey. He is, moreover, scarcely ever dull; and even bad inns, jolting roads, and all the annoyances that beset and way-lay the traveller from England in his vain pursuit of comfort in foreign countries, and sometimes irritate those who carry with them the soundest constitutions, seldom provoke more than a sarcasm, in which we see rather pleasantry than anger, from this amusing invalid. We trust that his vows to the coy goddess have not been disregarded; and that, long ere the present time, he has been restored to the full enjoyment of his health, and all the train of blessings which that single word implies.

It will be due to Mr. Matthews, in strict justice, to give our readers as ample specimens of his style of observation as are consistent with our limits; reserving to ourselves the liberty of animadverting on the few passages, in which our taste and judgment are at variance with his own. We have been accustomed to consider diaries as a dull form of recording the events of foreign travel, and this, too, in spite of the authority of Lord Bacon: but Mr. Matthews has weaned us from the prepossession by that singular felicity and unaffected ease, which would have been ill exchanged for a more regular and finished work. He tells us, indeed, that on his return to England he was induced to begin an account of his travels in a more serious and sustained style of composition: but that his design was arrested by hearing from those to whose judgment he deferred, that he was labouring to deprive his journal of almost all that made it interesting in its original form. To the opinion of these judicious friends we heartily subscribe. The most careless attitudes of the mind are generally the most graceful; and the earliest impressions of passing scenes, of external nature, and even of the works of art, are usually the most correct, as they are for the greater part faithful to their originals. When, therefore, they have been written down in the first freshness and warmth of the genuine feeling, they are sure to lose by subsequent handling no small portion of their charm, to be polished into insipidity, and smoothed into flatness. To make a book, and to write one that will be read, are very different processes. We question much whether the light and rapid volume of the present invalid will not be more sought by those who are desirous of this species of information, than many ponderous quartos that have appeared on the subjects of Greece and Italy: for it is impossible to persuade the writers of such works to convey the fruit of their observations in an easy or unclouded style, and still more to confine them within any reasonable limits. This is an evil that we have interestedly denounced:—but

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* We cannot refrain from adverting to this extraordinary price for an ordinary octavo volume, without plates.

—— "laqueo tenet ambitiosi
Consuetudo mali."

In the year 1817, Mr. Matthews, being advised by [illegible] physician to try the effect of a more genial temperature than that of old England, went on board a packet at Plymouth, which was bound for Lisbon and the Mediterranean; and having no fixed destination, he agreed with the captain for the option of determining his bargain at the first port [illegible] which he might touch. This is a "Shandean" beginning of a journey; and it is not unlike the practice of the good knight of La Mancha, who overcame the difficulty of chusing when he came to two roads by quietly throwing the bridle over

Rozinante's neck. However, after having experienced the sea-sickness, (which, with all its horrors, is somewhat caricatured,) and other incommodities of the ocean, and in good holiday terms expressed his feelings about them, he lands at Lisbon; where, after a broiling walk in search of lodgings, he plants himself comfortably at Reeve's hotel, kept by an Englishman, and full of cleanliness and comfort, which are hardly understood even by name in Portugal.

The filth and 'beastliness of Lisbon,' to use the 'Invalid's' own word, which assaulted him in their most disgusting and loathsome shapes, are well pictured by his light and picturesque pencil. These and other inconveniences render it impracticable to walk about the streets of the Portuguese metropolis, and necessary to hire a clumsy vehicle on two wheels with a pair of mules, of which a good idea may be formed from the prints in the old editions of Gil Blas. The climate of Lisbon was not much adapted to the taste of Mr. M.; for under a scorching sun he was constantly exposed to a cold wind. Adverting to the political state of Portugal, he tells us that the Portuguese are full of discontent. 'It is no wonder,' he says, 'that they should be discontented, abandoned as they are by their sovereign, who has converted the mother-country into a province, from which men and money are drawn for the support of his trans-Atlantic dominions, whilst the command of their national army and the principal situations of power and profit are in the hands of foreigners.' While he wrote this in 1817, the author seems to have had no prophetic intimations of the change which has happened there in 1820: but Portugal, in company with several other nations, has now entered on the high road of revolution, and is "travelling with the caravan to Mecca." That she may reach that Mecca in peace and safety is our ardent wish: for the people were sunken and brutified under the most abject superstition; and the Christianity of the country had long become a system of idolatry more disgusting to the moral taste than the Pagan worship of antient Rome. They were, moreover, bowed down to the ground by a despotic government, which, aided by that dreadful engine the Inquisition, kept them in a state of the most brutish ignorance. We question, however, whether the present movement augurs any considerable progress in the general intellect or feelings of a country so long besotted and hood-winked, or whether the power of the Inquisition and priesthood have received a mortal wound; and, if our apprehensions be not unfounded, we must season our auguries of success with that distrust, with which experienced and cautious thinkers will always contemplate the issue of political struggles: remembering that it is only from an improvement in the *universal mind* of a community, that any beneficial or durable alteration can be expected. Military force may be the precursor of a revolution, but it is not the omen which is calculated to inspire us with a genuine hope of its auspicious termination. The only indication which we should hail with delight, whether in Spain, Portugal, Naples, or Sicily, is that best of all omens conveyed in the noblest verse of antiquity:

Εἷς οἰωνὸς ἄρεϛος, ἀμύνεσθαι περὶ πάτρης.

Mr. Matthews embarked for Leghorn in the October of the same year: but, passing over his short notices of that place and Pisa, we shall gratify our readers with some of his sketches of Florence. We will not compare him to Forsyth for compendiousness of diction, depth of thought, and elevation of feeling: but Forsyth, we suspect, fired over the heads of his readers. His philosophy, which entered into every subject that he treated, is scarcely within the grasp of ordinary minds, and to ordinary minds a writer of travels should address himself. It is *caviare* to the multitude.

Of Florence, *flos urbium*, Mr. M. thus speaks; and the homage which he pays to this beautiful city is no more than is due to her.

'Travellers generally exaggerate most outrageously; — but they have hardly done justice to Florence. It may well be called Fair Florence. — The Arno runs through it with a turbid, but rapid, and therefore cheerful, stream; forming, as it were, the middle of the principal street. Between the lines of houses and the river is a broad quay, serving for carriages and foot-passengers. Four bridges at short distances connect the two sides of the street, and add to its beauty. The absence of smoke, and the clearness of the atmosphere, enable you to see the surrounding country distinctly, from all parts of the town.

'The views up and down the river are beautiful; and the immediate environs are ornamented with undulating shrubberies and villas without number.

'The prospect from these environs is rich beyond description. — Florence is laid out at your feet, — and the Arno winds through a golden and fertile plain, till the scene is closed by the bold and rugged range of the Apennines. — Such is the first view of Florence; — and within its walls is all that can conduce to gratify the senses, or delight the imagination. The wonders of ancient and modern art are all around you, and furnish an inexhaustible field of occupation and amusement.'

The author is impatient to penetrate the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Gallery, the Tribune; a small octagon room, the walls of which are decorated with a select few of the best paintings of the best masters, while in the area of the apartment are five of the most admired pieces of antient sculpture.

'First and foremost amongst these is — "the statue that enchants the world" — the unimitated, inimitable Venus. She has now resumed her old station after her *second* visit to Paris; — for I am surprised the French did not argue that her adventure with the shepherd on Mount Ida was clearly typical of her late trip to their metropolis.

'One is generally disappointed after great expectations have been raised, but in this instance I was delighted at first sight, and each succeeding visit has charmed me more. It is indeed a wonderful work in conception and execution, — but I doubt whether *Venus* be not a misnomer. Who can recognize in this divine statue any traits of the queen of love and pleasure? It seems rather intended as a personification of all that is elegant, graceful, and beautiful; — not only abstracted from all human infirmities, but elevated above all human feelings and affections; — for, though the form is female, the beauty is like the beauty of angels, who are of no sex.' I was at first reminded of Milton's Eve; — but in Eve, even in her days of innocence, before "she damned us all," there was some tincture of humanity, of which there is none in the Venus; — in whose eye there is no heaven, and in whose gesture there is no love.' —

'One peculiar attribute of her divinity is, not its ubiquity, but its individuality. — It seems impossible to transfer any portion of her "glorious beauty" to a copy. — None of the casts give any idea of the nameless grace of the original. — This incommunicable essence is always the criterion of transcendent excellence.

'The arms are modern, and very inferior to the rest of the work. There is something finical and affected in the turn of the fingers, wholly at variance with the exquisite simplicity of the rest of the figure.

'I must record, — though I would willingly forget, — the only traces of humanity in the Venus; which escaped my notice in the first fervour of admiration. Her ears are bored for ear-rings, which probably once hung there, and her arms bear the mark of having been compressed by a bracelet. This last ornament might perhaps be excused, but for the other barbarous trinkets, — what can be said? I would wish to think they were not the work of the original sculptor; but that they might have been added by some later proprietor, in the same taste that the Squire in Smollett bestows full curled periwigs, by the hand of an itinerant limner, at so much per head, on the portraits of his ancestors painted by Vandyke.'

We next meet with some remarks on the pictures in the Pitti palace:

'A catalogue of pictures is a sad dull business, — and I must rather endeavour to record my own sentiments and reflections.

The cant of criticism, and the dogmatism of knowledge, would confine all right of judgment upon painting and sculpture to those alone who have been duly initiated in the mysteries of virtù; whereas it seems to me, that it is with painting and sculpture, as Johnson has pronounced it to be with poetry;—it is by the *common sense* of mankind, after all, that the claims to excellence must finally be decided.

'Painting, considered as a fine art, is principally valuable as it is historical, or poetical; by which terms I would not be understood to signify the ideas usually attached to them;—but, by an *historical* picture, I mean one which represents the subject as it really was;—by a *poetical*,—one which represents the subject as it existed in the mind of the painter. Mere excellence of execution is, I think, the lowest claim a painter can advance to admiration. As well might a literary production rest its pretensions upon the mere beauties of the style. If the composition neither please the imagination, nor inform the understanding, to what purpose is its being written in elegant language? In the same manner, drawing and colours—the language of painting, can as little of themselves form a title to praise.

'When I visit collections of paintings, I go to have my understanding instructed, my senses charmed, my feelings roused, my imagination delighted or exalted. If none of these effects be produced, it is in vain to tell me that a picture is painted with the most exact attention to all the rules of art. At such pictures I look without interest, and turn away from them with indifference. If any sensation be excited, it is a feeling of regret that such powers of *style* should have existed, without any sparks of that Promethean heat, which alone confers upon them any real value. If this be wanting, it is in vain that a connoisseur descants upon the merits of the drawing, the correctness of the perspective, and the skill of the arrangement. These are mere technical beauties, and may be interesting to the student in painting; but the liberal lover of the arts looks for those higher excellences, which have placed painting in the same rank with poetry. For what, in fact, are the works of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Murillo, Salvator Rosa, Claude, Nicholas Poussin, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, but the sublime and enchanting, the terrific and heart-rending conceptions of a Homer, a Virgil, a Shakspeare, a Dante, a Byron, or a Scott, "turned into shapes!" They are the kindred productions of a congenial inspiration.'

Some of these are rather disputable propositions. If by an initiation in the mysteries of *virtù* be meant the learning by rote the cant terms of the arts, the mere babble of the schools, and the empty vocabulary of the painting-room, we should instantly agree with the tourist; and if every eye that looked on nature, and the imitations of her works, was like his own, acute and penetrating, the *elegans formarum spectator*, we might concede to him that the 'common sense' of mankind would be the best standard of beauty or deformity in the operations of art. Where, however, is that common sense to be found? In the whole tribe of mere amateurs, male and female, whom fashion, or satiety of home, or any other cause, annually impels to Italy, how few would explore the treasures of the Vatican or the Tribuna with any thing approaching to the infelt enthusiasm of the real artist; of him who has thrown over the varied regions of nature the painter's eye; who can compare and reflect, and slowly ascend through the avenues of patient study and laborious contemplation to the perceptions of real beauty? It would be harsh to say that those who visit these temples of art would be equally gratified by the wax-figures of Westminster-abbey, or the regalia in the Tower: but it would not be extravagant to assert that the greater part (among whom would be found many endued with as much original sensibility as the painter himself) would worship mere mediocrity, and call it perfection. By what instinct can such persons distinguish the copy from the original? They have served (as it were) no apprenticeship to beauty; and let no man "lay the flattering unction to his soul" that beauty can be felt before she is understood. Our knowlege of beauty is improved by exercise, by extending our inquiries, by slow and minute comparisons, and by a steady undeviating attention to our object. It is for this reason that the unlearned spectator, whatever may be the phrase in which he utters his raptures, is unable to feel one half of that which constitutes the beauty of a painting: — greatness, refinement, and that undefinable charm which painters call harmony, all these are shut out by every entrance from the soul of the unpractised spectator. There is a world of delight, of observation, of study, of truth and nature, shining intensely in every great picture on the artist's mind, but which to the vulgar looker-on is a shapeless void, a dark and heavy chaos. He may catch indeed the prominent characters of the piece, and admire the water, the shadows reflected in it, the distinct irradiations of the setting sun, and all that is usually most striking in a landscape: but, when his fancy has gone her round, and his admiration retires satiated and exhausted, there yet remains for the student of nature, the real painter, an inexhaustible catalogue of graces to be developed, and beauties to be explored. For instance, a common observer will depart from a Claude, gorged as he imagines with his beauties: but will he feel the real refinements of that great artist's style, or have noted the inimitable gradations of his sky, in which the harmony of his manner principally resides? Let this question be fairly answered, and there is an end of the debate.

At Rome, whither the cold winds from the Apennines (it was now the 8th of December) had driven our invalid, he found a swarm of English. Lodgings were scarce and dear, and it was with some difficulty that he established himself in the Via dell' Otto Cantoni in the Corso, which was unhappily the worst situation that he could have chosen, for it is the Billingsgate of Rome. — Descriptions of the spectacles of the eternal city are now so worn out, that it would be an unreasonable demand on the patience of our readers to follow Mr. Matthews minutely in this part of his performance. With respect, however, to the most interesting of these spectacles, the remains of the antient city, our own experience impels us to the melancholy conclusion that to identify those ruins is a task, the difficulties of which few who have *not* and many who *have* visited Rome can scarcely conjecture. It is seldom that the most inquisitive mind can repose in certainty. Of the infant greatness of Rome scarcely any vestige exists, unless it be the mouth of the *Cloaca Maxima*, part of the Tullian prison *, and the substruction of the Capitol: — nothing of the republic, but the tomb of the Scipios, and those of Cæcilia Metella, Caius Sestius, and Caius Bibulus. There is nothing to transport us back to the times of Brutus and Cicero, or even of Julius Cæsar; and amid the imperial ruins themselves some sceptical doubt is for ever rising up to destroy "the fine-spun web" of our most pleasing associations. Yet, with all these drawbacks, the charm is inexpressibly powerful; and our feelings, like those of Ferdinand in the Tempest, are "bound up as in a spell" during our wanderings over that sacred territory. We cannot omit the following remark of the present traveller:

> 'The walk from the Capitol to the Coliseum comprises the history of ages. The broken pillars that remain of the Temple of Concord, — the Temple of Jupiter Tonans, — and the Comitium, — tell the tale of former times, in language at once the most pathetic and intelligible; — it is a mute eloquence, surpassing all the powers of description. It would seem as if the destroying angel had a taste for the picturesque; — for the ruins are left just as the painter would most wish to have them.'

St. Peter's has never been better commemorated than in the following just and lively description:

> 'A long morning at St. Peter's; — of which I have hitherto said nothing; though I have visited it often. All my expectations

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* A cloud of scepticism hangs over the locality of the Tullian prison. Mr. Hobhouse transfers its site to the Clivus Capitolinus.

were answered by the first impression of this sublime temple. It may be true, that on first entering, you are less struck than might be supposed, with the immensity of the building. But this, I believe, is entirely the fault of our eyes; — which are indeed the "fools of the senses;" — and we are only taught to see, by reason and experience. In St. Peter's, so much attention has been paid to preserve the relative proportions of all the parts, that for some time you do not perceive the largeness of the *scale*. For example, the figures of the Evangelists, which decorate the inside of the cupola, do not appear to be larger than life, and yet the pen in St. Mark's hand is six feet long, from which one may calculate their real stature.

'The fact is, that nothing is great or little but by comparison; and where no familiar object exists to assist the judgment, the eye accustoms itself to any scale.

'Does not Gulliver say, that he lived with the Brobdingnagians, without being fully sensible of their stupendous size; but that he was most forcibly impressed with it, on his return to England, by the contrast of his own diminutive countrymen? In the same manner, it is when you enter any other church, that you are most struck with the prodigious superiority of St. Peter's, in magnificence and grandeur.

'There is indeed one exception to the harmony of proportion in the inside of St. Peter's. The statue of the Apostle himself, — that famous statue, which was changed from an old Jupiter Capitolinus, by a touch of the Pope's wand; — this famous St. Peter is seated in an arm-chair, on the right hand of the altar, and is scarcely above the size of life.

'It was the contrast afforded by this statue that first made me fully sensible of the magnitude of every thing else.

'It is to be lamented, that Michael Angelo's plan was not adhered to, whose intention was, that the figure of the church should have been a Greek cross. The advantage of this form is, that it exhibits the whole structure at one *coup d'œil*. In the Latin cross, accompanied with aisles, as is the case in St. Peter's, the effect is frittered away, and instead of one great whole there are, in fact, four churches under one roof. In spite, however, of all that the last architect has done to spoil it, St. Peter's stands, beyond all comparison, the most magnificent temple ever raised by mortal hands to the worship of the Supreme Being. It is a spectacle that never tires; — you may visit it every day, and always find something new to admire. Then, — its temperature is delightful; — after starving in the cold and comfortless galleries of the Vatican, it is a luxury indeed to enjoy the mild and genial air in the interior of St. Peter's; and I am told, the church is as pleasantly cool in summer, as it is comfortably warm in winter. The fact is, the walls are so thick, and it is so wholly free from damp, that the air within is not affected by that without; so that, like a well-built cellar, it enjoys an equability of temperature all the year round.' —

'As there is one exception to the otherwise excellently-arranged proportions in the inside of the church, in the statue of St. Peter, which is insignificantly little; — so, there is also one on the outside, in the façade of the front, which is extravagantly too big. Architecture is so much an art of the square and the rule, that mere uninstructed common sense ought perhaps to have no voice on the subject. But, all the world, learned and unlearned, unite in condemning this barbarous front. There is a drawing, in the Vatican, of the façade, as Michael Angelo intended it should have been, which resembles closely the portico of the Pantheon. Maderno's frightful attic rises so high, that, to a spectator on the ground, placed at the further extremity of the piazza of St. Peter's, the auxiliary cupolas are quite lost, and the great cupola itself is scarcely able to appear above its overgrown proportions. St. Peter's must not be judged of from engravings. The rage for embellishing has possessed more or less all the engravers of Rome. Piranesi, who had more taste, had perhaps less fidelity, than any of his brethren. They have all endeavoured to correct the defects of Maderno's front, and have represented it as it never can be seen from the ground. So much for Maderno, — whose performances at St. Peter's are thus appreciated by Forsyth. "At last," says he, "a wretched plasterer came down from Como, to break the sacred unity of the Master Idea, and him we must execrate for the Latin cross, the aisles, the attic, and the front."'

The Carnival at Rome is justly represented by Mr. Matthews. It is in truth the very consummation of dulness and frivolity. During these scenes of noise without mirth, and bustle without amusement, he stole to see the Coliseum by moonlight; and we refer with pleasure to his account of this noble ruin, which we have not room to quote.

The whole way from Terracina to Naples is described by the author as extremely beautiful. — At Naples, he meets with a curious adventure, strikingly illustrative of the manners and character of our own countrymen in foreign countries. He found himself, he says, among a party of his old school-fellows.

'There was a regular double-wicket cricket match going on; — Eton against the world; — and the world was beaten in one innings! This disposition to carry the amusements of their own country along with them is a striking characteristic of the English. One of them imports a pack of hounds from England to Rome, and hunts regularly during the season, to the great astonishment of the natives. — At Florence, they establish races on the Cascine, after the English manner, and ride their own horses, with the caps and jackets of English jockeys; — and, everywhere, they make themselves independent of the natives, and rather provide entertainment for themselves, than seek it from the same sources with the people, amongst whom they may happen to be. What should we say in London, if the Turks, or the Persians, or the Russians, or the French, were to make Hyde Park the scene of their national pastimes? It is this exclusively national spirit, and the undisguised contempt for all other people, that the English are so accustomed to express in their manner and conduct, which have made us so generally unpopular on the Continent. Our hauteur is the subject of universal complaint, and the complaint seems but too well founded.'

The conclusion, which this and other anecdotes of the same kind reluctantly force on the mind, is highly unfavourable to the English. It is but too true that they carry with them into every country a selfish and exclusive spirit, affect no deference for the customs of the nations which they visit, and exhibit no respect for their prejudices or institutions. This is one of the causes at least of our unpopularity over every part of the southern continent of Europe. If we are tolerated, it is because we pay our bills with undistinguishing prodigality, and submit to impositions at every inn and post-house; carelessly and indolently encouraging the knavery of landlords and voituriers; and augmenting in a ten-fold proportion the expences of travelling, to those whose circumstances and condition imperiously require frugality in their disbursements.

Mr. Matthews was lodged in the house of a bishop, and his slight sketch of this ecclesiastical personage is but a miserable sample of the Neapolitan priesthood. One of the propensities of this little dirty-looking chocolate-creature was a passion for the property of others. The predecessor of our invalid in the same house, being confined by illness, sent a bill to his banker to be cashed, and employed on the errand the servant of the bishop: on whose return the Englishman, when he counted the dollars, found a deficiency of twenty. Having interrogated the servant, the man confessed that his master had stopped him, and taken the twenty dollars out of the bag, trusting to the proverbial carelessness of our countrymen. (P. 199.)

Pompeii has been so copiously described, that we forbear to follow our agreeable traveller to that truly interesting place. At the *Museo Borbonico*, where are deposited the greater part of the curiosities found at Pompeii and Herculaneum, his remarks (part of which we extract) on the furniture, the kitchen utensils, surgical iustruments, &c. &c. of the antient Romans, are just and sensible.

'This collection illustrates Solomon's apophthegm, that there is nothing new under the sun. There is much that, with a little scouring, would scarcely appear old fashioned at the present day.

This is not surprising in many of the articles, considering that our makers of pottery, and tea-urns, have been long busied in copying from these ancient models. But it is the same with other things; the bits of the bridles, the steel-yard, and scales for weighing, the lamps, the dice, the surgeon's probe, are all very much like our own. We seem to have improved principally upon the Romans in hardware and cutlery. Their locks and keys, scissors and needles, are very clumsy articles, and their seals, rings, and necklaces, look as if they had been made at the blacksmith's forge. The toilets of the ladies, too, were not so elegantly furnished with nick-nacks in those days; — we have specimens of the whole arrangement of their dressing-tables, even to their little crystal boxes of essences and cosmetics. Their combs would scarcely compare with those which we use in our stables; and there is nothing that would be fit for a modern lady's dressing-case. We find nothing like knives and forks.'

Mr. Matthews has not been unobservant of the childish and absurd spectacles, the ridiculous and contemptible fooleries, which at Naples pass by the name of religious ceremonies. From these sickening memorials of the imbecility and stupidity of our nature, — such as the ministry, passion, crucifixion, and ascension of our Saviour, converted into a pantomime represented by puppets three feet high, — we willingly turn to other topics. Of the old Roman paintings found at Pompeii and preserved at Portici, the author, after a drive to the latter place, judiciously observes;

'These remains are very interesting, as illustrative of the state of the art amongst the Romans; but it would be ridiculous to take the paintings on the walls of the houses of a provincial town as the standard of their skill. It is fair to suppose, that the taste of the ancients was as refined and fastidious in painting, as in the sister art of sculpture; and that the praises which they have lavished upon Zeuxis and Apelles would have been supported by their works, if these works had come down to us. All traces of these great masters are lost; but we know some of the most admired pieces of the latter were brought by Augustus to Rome; and Pliny's descriptions, which do remain, seem to demonstrate, that they must have been executed in a much higher style of finishing, and with a technical knowledge that will in vain be sought in the painted walls of Herculaneum and Pompeii. Many of these, however, are designed with great taste, grace, and feeling; and, if we suppose that the works of Zeuxis and Apelles were as superior to these, as the *Last Judgment* and the *School of Athens* are to the painted walls of a modern Italian room, we shall probably not form too high an estimate of the excellence of the great masters of ancient art. One of the most elegant figures in this museum is the picture of a female, with a pencil and tablets in her hand, which they call Sappho. The story of the picture is often plain, as in that of Orestes, Pylades, and Iphigenia,

genia, in the temple of Diana. In another, there is an old woman selling Cupids to a young female, behind whom stands a sort of duenna, in the attitude of advice and caution. The old retailer of loves holds a fluttering Cupid by the wings, and has another in her cage.

'We have also a specimen of their taste in caricature. A little delicate chariot, that might have been made by the fairies' coach-maker, is drawn by a parrot, and driven by a grasshopper. This is said to be a satirical representation of Nero's absurd pretensions as a singer and a driver; for Suetonius tells us he made his debut on the Neapolitan theatre. "*Et prodiit Neapoli primum: ibidem sæpius et per complures cantavit dies.*"

'Here is a curious picture of a schoolmaster's room, with an unhappy culprit horsed on the back of one of his fellows, precisely as the same discipline is administered in many parts of England at present. Many articles, even of food, are to be seen, preserved in a charcoal state. There is a loaf of bread on which the baker's name is still visible. It is easy to recognise the different fruits and vegetables, corn, rice, figs, almonds, walnuts, beans, lentils, &c. They shew you also the remains of a woman, found among the ashes, the skull of which is still perfect; with the necklace and bracelets of gold, which she must have had on. Time has hardened the liquid shower which overwhelmed her, recording that she perished in the prime of youth, by the impression that remains of her beautiful bosom.'

Early in the ensuing spring, in a fit of despair and disgust at the continued inclemency of the weather, our invalid left Naples; and, passing a night at Capua, where he found none of the enervating luxuries which seduced the soldiers of Rome, and making a day's journey to Velletri, he arrived the next morning at Rome. After a short delay at that city, he re-visited Florence, having shaped his route through the enchanting vale of Terni, where he enjoyed the beauty of Italian scenery in its fullest consummation. The ilex, the cypress, and the fir, mingling with the mountain-ash, acacia, laburnum, and pink-coloured Judas-tree, in their highest pride of blossom, spread around their world of tints over the prospect; while the rays of the setting sun played on the foam of the cascade, and threw out innumerable rainbows. We must not, however, permit him to detain us again at Florence, nor at Venice, nor at Milan. From Milan his first stage was Como, a scene of great interest in antient and modern days. He spent a day on that magnificent lake, and then proceeded towards the Swiss frontier: — but we must here pause awhile, and offer a few remarks on his hastily adopted and ill-digested theory of the origin of the modern language of Italy. It was at Florence that he picked it up, and we would advise him to disencumber himself of it as soon as he returns once more to the academic shades of Cambridge. He supposes (in common, we know, with many Italian literati) that this language was the antient Etruscan, and wholly distinct from the Latin; that it must have existed during the whole time of the Romans as the *sermo vulgaris* in use among the peasantry, while the Latin was confined to the capital, the senate, the forum, the stage, and to literature; and that, when Rome fell, the polished dialect of the capital fell with it, but that the *patois* remained, and still remains, in the language of modern Italy. We conceive that one single fact is sufficient to pull down this chimerical hypothesis, and it has not escaped Mr. Matthews himself, though he does not seem to have been sensible to the force of it; viz. the absence of all traces of this colloquial idiom, or rather distinct tongue, in the antient writings. Plautus brings forwards his farmers and peasants, but they speak, though evidently of a more antiquated period, the language of Rome. That dramatists should not have been willing to season their comedies with this species of humour, could they have availed themselves of it, must appear wildly improbable, when we recollect the introduction of a Carthaginian speaking a language that must have been wholly unintelligible to the greater part of the audience.*

We have no express evidence of a vulgar language, distinct from the Latin, earlier than the close of the tenth century. A little research (and we would recommend two invaluable dissertations of Muratori, the first and forty-third,) would have made Mr. Matthews acquainted with the progressive corruptions of the Latin language in Italy: for, though the change was gradual, it may be distinctly traced. In several legal instruments (now extant) under the Lombard kings, the antient inflexions were still used, but with a total violation of grammatical rules; and it is in these legal documents that the revolutions of a language may be discovered. In the eighth century, one of these records displays a striking approximation to the modern orthography and grammar of the Italians,—a decisive instance of the *gradual* mutations of the old Latin: for we have *diveatis* for *debeatis*, *da* for *de* with the ablative inflexion, *avendi* for *habendi*, *dava* for *dabat*, *cedo a deo* and *ad ecclesia*, with similar corruptions. Thus, instead of observing a solid consistent language from the time of the Etruscans to the present period, we see the old Roman, from age to age, silently melting into the present existing Italian, as clearly as in France it subsided into the dialect of Provence.

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* The paradox revived by Mr. Matthews is attributed by Tiraboschi (*Storia dell. Litt. Ital.* pref. 3 tom.) to Bembi and

We have endeavoured to give an abridged reply to Mr. Matthews's theory, conscious that we have rendered only imperfect justice to the argument: but we are admonished that we have nearly reached the utmost allowable limits for this article.

As the traveller entered on the great Simplon road, it was next to impossible that he should forbear a passing acknowlegement to the active and daring faculties of Bonaparte:

‘ In passing through the stupendous and sublime scenery of this part of the Alps, Napoleon will have no inconsiderable share in exciting your wonder; especially if you are a disciple of that sect, which sees nothing sublime or beautiful that is not founded on *utility*. For, while you gaze with astonishment at the monstrous masses which nature has here heaped one upon another, in every mode of shapeless desolation; and feel that sensation of awe, which it is the effect of such scenery to produce, by impressing the mind with a vague but overwhelming idea of the power of the mighty Master of nature, it is impossible not to be filled with admiration of the man, who had the boldness to undertake, and the genius to accomplish a complete triumph over such fearful obstacles. In this, as in many other instances, he has far outdone all former achievements. Hannibal, it is true, passed the Alps at the head of his army; but Napoleon not only did this, but, as a lasting record of his contempt of all impediments, physical as well as moral, that stood in the way of the execution of his purpose, he has left this “ *royal road,*” by which every puny whipster may do the same, without the precaution even of dragging the wheel of his carriage.

‘ This great work does, I think, eclipse all the fabled exploits which *Græcia mendax* or *Roma mendacior* have handed down to us. Xerxes's adventure with Mount Athos was nothing to it. Napoleon has burst through solid rocks, that would have defied Hannibal with all his vinegar; he has “ *abridged rivers;*” — in a word, he has played the very devil. The rocks frown at you and seem

“ To wonder how the devil you got there;”

while they hang over your head, as if preparing every moment to come thundering down with a tremendous “ πεδονδε κυλινδετο,” to punish you for daring to invade their secret and solemn solitudes, and make

“ At once your murder and your monument.”

‘ In fact, the foundations have been so *catamarranned,* that more than one *ecroulement* has already taken place.

‘ It is remarkable that Napoleon never traversed this road himself. It was begun and finished in five years; but it is to be feared, from the negligence evinced in repairing it, that the indolence or the policy of the present rulers may suffer it to fall into decay.’

We regret that we cannot follow the traveller through Switzerland and France; for his remarks abound with originality on subjects which we might have deemed completely worn out by preceding tourists. He tells us, indeed, nothing that is very new, but he has the art of enlivening the familiar and embellishing the old. We are sensible that we might have done him more complete justice by more copious extracts: yet we trust that our readers will be enabled to form a fair judgment of the work from the few selections which we have given.

It is a mournful reflection, but its truth is (we fear) indisputable, that to an Englishman every movement from home is a retreat from comfort and tranquillity. When Mr. Matthews arrives at Dieppe, this reflection seems to have burst from his heart, and with it we sympathize sincerely: 'I confess till I had resided in France this prejudice' (the English dislike to Frenchmen) 'was carried much too far; but I leave it with a most devout wish, that it may never be my misfortune to reside in it again, and a very strong hope that the national feeling which has so long kept us a distinct people in all our habits, feelings, and principles, may long continue to be cherished; and that the sound and sufficient sentiment of love of country may never be laughed out of countenance by the vain and visionary nonsense of universal philanthropy.' With these feelings, after an apostrophe to England as 'the land of liberty, the climate of good sense, the tenderest of mothers, and gentlest of nurses,' he rejoices that he was born an Englishman, in the beautiful language of the poet,

Ταύτης τοι γενεῆς τε και αἷματος εὔχομαι εἶναι.

He might have added the simple but affecting exclamation of Ulysses concerning Ithaca,

—— οὔτι ἔγωγε,
Ἧς γαίης δύναμαι γλυκερώτερον ἄλλο ἰδέσθαι.
Od. ix. 27.

Art. III. *Historical Memoirs of Napoleon, Book* IX., (*for the Year*) 1815; translated from the Original MS. by B. E. O'Meara. With an Appendix of Proofs that the pretended Manuscript from St. Helena was not written by Napoleon. 8vo. pp. 372. 10s. 6d. Boards. Sir R. Phillips and Co. 1820.

It is well known that the exile of St. Helena has been engaged, during several years of his captivity, in composing the history of his campaigns; and, on taking up the present volume, every reader must be induced to ask whether it be a portion of that eagerly expected work. The name of the translator is known to the public as that of the person who, receiving from our government the appointment of surgeon to Bonaparte, was won, like almost all who have approached him, with the interest of his conversation, and became so unacceptable to Sir Hudson Lowe as to be sent home from St. Helena, and struck off the list of navy-surgeons by the Admiralty. The situation of Mr. O'Meara might thus have given him facilities for obtaining the MS. here presented to the world: but still it appeared possible that the name of the Ex-emperor had been introduced without his sanction. From any such apprehension, however, we were soon relieved by an examination of the book; which displays not only the opinions but the prejudices of Bonaparte, expressed in a form that no person could have imitated. Without professing, therefore, to decide whether these materials were dictated for the purpose of publication, we cannot doubt their having proceeded from the late ruler of France; for they discover all his characteristic confidence and impetuosity, and bespeak the man as much in their misrepresentations as in their disclosure of facts. The contents of the volume may be thus given.

Landing of Bonaparte from Elba, and march to Paris; State of the French Army on his arrival, and subsequently on the Commencement of Operations in June; Proposed Plans of the Campaign; Assemblage of the Troops; Battle of Ligny; Battle of Waterloo described at great length; Retreat of Grouchy; Animadversions on the Movements of Lord Wellington and Blucher; Appendix of Documents, Military and Civil.

The narrative begins with the embarkation of Bonaparte at Elba, February 26. 1815, but contains no explanation of the motives that prompted so sudden a step; except in a few paragraphs (pp. 7. and 8.) explanatory of the disunion among the allies with regard to Saxony and the future fate of Murat. On becoming master of Paris and of France, Bonaparte found at his disposal 149,000 men; of whom nearly two-thirds (90,000) were in readiness to take the field: but, as this army was altogether inadequate to resist the allies, from whom, particularly England, he anticipated determined hostility, it became indispensable to strain every nerve for the augmentation of his force. The efforts consequently displayed by him and his ministers, during his short reign of three months, may bear a comparison with the most busy periods of the Revolution. Appeals were made to all the retired soldiers, and answered by about two-thirds of those who, having escaped from his latter campaigns, had embraced peaceful occupations at home: the national guard, a force corresponding to our volunteers and yeomanry, appeared in general favourable to his cause, and capable, when aided by a few veterans, of defending the frontier-fortresses, leaving the regulars disposable for the field; and, finally, the seamen and marines were withdrawn from that element on which there was no hope of successful competition, and made to serve in the artillery, or in other stations connected with the army. From these sources, Bonaparte procured by the month of June an array in the field, exclusive of garrisons, of 220,000 men; and he hoped farther to obtain from the representative body an act for the levy of 250,000 recruits, to be ordered in July and raised by the beginning of October: a measure which, if the decision of the contest could have been so long protracted, would have opposed to the allies a force of considerable numerical amount. Equal activity was shewn in preparing arms, horses, and equipments; and to the surprise of all who knew Bonaparte's want of credit with the monied interest, there seemed no deficiency of financial means. The flight of the king, however, had been so sudden, that he left two millions of the public money in the hand of the provincial receivers; the customary collections of the revenue also went on; and individuals, zealous in the cause, came forwards with voluntary aid.

Plan of the Campaign. — We pass over the long details of the different corps and of their position at the commencement of hostilities, as these are matters of comparatively little interest; and we omit, in like manner, the pompous recapitulation of the numbers armed and about to be armed, because such enumerations serve no other purpose than to mislead the reader: the whole being marked by the habitual exaggeration of Bonaparte, and by an evident wish that France and Europe should consider him as justified in the adventurous project of maintaining his crown by force of arms. A similar censure must, we apprehend, be passed on the long course of reasoning with which (p. 40. *et seq.*) he enlarges on the expediency of fortifying great cities, and on the practicability of Paris and Lyons being defended by the inhabitants and a corps of gunners, while the regular armies of the kingdom should manœuvre in their vicinity. Hamburgh, it is true, was thus defended by Davoust, but that city has a more than usual strength of position. Citizens half disciplined may, indeed, perform garrison-duty, and the want of high grounds may be supplied by partial inundations: but the circuit of defence in such a metropolis as Paris is evidently too great, and liable to all the disadvantages of extensive entrenchments: — disadvantages so often and so fatally experienced by the Austrians in their contests with the French.

The month of May was passed by Bonaparte in meditating whether he should allow the whole of the allied force to unite, and, relinquishing Flanders, Picardy, and Champagne, await them in the vicinity of Paris; or whether he should assume the offensive, and assail the Prussians and British before the arrival of the Austrians and Russians. The former plan would have given him until the middle of August to augment his forces, but it involved the evacuation of one of the fairest portions of the French territory; while the latter was congenial both to his system of tactics and the national impetuosity. The Prussians and British had indeed 190,000 men in the Netherlands, while the French could muster only 130,000: but if (p. 61.) a thousand British were equal to a thousand French, the case was far otherwise with the Belgians, and the chief part of the Prussians and Hanoverians: the Allies, moreover, were under a divided command, and might (it was hoped) be attacked in detail; the French concealing their concentration, and directing by rapid marches a superior force against the hostile cantonments.

Operations commenced. — Nothing, it must be allowed, could surpass the judgment and activity with which the concentration of the French army was conducted. The garrisons on the frontier sent forwards detachments in such positions as to create a belief that the army was forming on the left; so that on the 14th of June the assemblage was completed at Beaumont and its vicinity, without being discovered by the Prussians or the British. On the evening of that day, Bonaparte issued to his army an order recounting their former victories; and he led them forwards at four o'clock, next morning, in the direction of the enemy: pointing his first attacks against the Prussians, both because they were nearest, and because the circumspect character of the British commander suggested the idea that the troops under his command would advance to aid their allies with less expedition than the adventurous Prussians.

The advance of the French on the 15th took place in several columns, and a march of more than twenty miles produced actions between their van and the Prussian outposts. At night, the army bivouacked in several positions, of which the central point was Charleroi. They were now sufficiently near to the Allies to reckon with certainty on a general action on the next day, unless the Prussians chose to fall back and take a position in the vicinity of Genappe or Waterloo. Such, doubtless, would have been the determination of the Duke of Wellington: but Blucher, impatient to fight, had ordered his troops to concentrate at Ligny, (only 11 miles from Charleroi,) although aware that it was doubtful whether the whole could assemble quickly, or the British come up in time to co-operate with him. The French, beginning their march at an early hour, arrived in the forenoon in sight of the Prussians, and Bonaparte was enabled to survey the position chosen by his veteran opponent: he found it covered in front by a ravine, but saw that the eminences, on which the battalions were drawn up, exposed them to the havock of artillery; while the right, ending at the high road leading to Brussels, had no protection but such as the sanguine imagination of Blucher had anticipated from the arrival of his English auxiliaries. The number of the Prussian army, however, was very great, being not less than 80,000 men, all eager to fight and avenge the wrongs of their country. This force Bonaparte attacked between two and three o'clock; in the hope that, when it had been fatigued and disordered by a long contest in front, a corps detached from Ney's army might outflank its right, and take it in the rear. The obstinate and sanguinary battle of Ligny has already been described in our pages (Number for September, 1816,): it lasted till nearly nine at night, and ended, not in the flight of the Prussians, but in the evacuation of their position after a very heavy loss. Ney, fully occupied by our troops at Quatre Bras, was altogether unable to detach a corps against the Prussians; and, though it happened that a body of more than 20,000 men marched from his rear towards the army of Napoleon, they were sent back by him without being called into action. The loss of the French at Ligny is stated at only 7000 men, and does not actually appear to have exceeded 10,000, or the half of that of the Prussians: so much were the former protected by sinuosities of the ground, while the Prussians stood on a slope exposed to all the shot, which, if it missed their first line, generally struck their reserve.

We come next to the operations of Ney; who, like Grouchy, is blamed by Bonaparte for the commission of the most important faults. In the night between the 15th and 16th, Ney, who commanded the French force on the left, was ordered to push on at day-break towards Quatre Bras, a distance of ten miles; to pass that post; and to occupy a cavalry position on the Brussels road. He set out early on his march, but heard on the way a cannonade on his right in the direction of Bonaparte's army; which, joined to a report that the English and Prussians had effected a junction in that quarter, made him suspend his advance until the receipt of a fresh order. This order came, and reiterated the command of the night: but it was now noon, and the position of Quatre Bras was not attacked till between two and three o'clock, when the different divisions of our army began successively to arrive. The battle of Quatre Bras, fought without plan on either side, and consisting of a series of unconnected attacks, has already been described in our Number for September, 1816. To the French it afforded a striking and unexpected proof of the firmness of our men;- and to the Duke of Wellington it caused the greatest regret that his infantry should, from the precipitancy of Blucher, have been obliged to stand an action without the support of cavalry or artillery. The loss is (p. 107.) very unfairly stated by Bonaparte, but was, we believe, about 5000 men on either side. The indecisive issue of the action was attributed by Ney to the removal of D'Erlon's corps of 20,000 men from his rear to the vicinity of Ligny; and it has been much canvassed whether that march took place by order of Bonaparte, or was the spontaneous act of D'Erlon on hearing a cannonade to his right. We look in vain in these Memoirs for a solution of this difficulty: but M. Fleury de Chaboulon, whose historical sketch of Bonaparte we shall shortly report, and who certainly had no intention of judging his Imperial master unfavourably, asserts that Bonaparte *did give* the order, and that his object was to direct that corps against the rear of the Prussians; a manœuvre intrusted to another corps when it was found that D'Erlon advanced slowly, and was besides wanted in the direction of Quatre Bras.

Battle of Waterloo.—The 17th of June, though not marked by a battle, was of great importance from the movements on both sides. The Prussians having retired in the night, Bonaparte appointed Grouchy with 36,000 men to follow them, and impede their junction with the English; while he sent at an early hour instructions to Ney to press on the Duke of Wellington. Proceeding at noon to Quatre Bras, Napoleon was surprized to find that his order to Ney was not executed; and he was told by the Marshal that, knowing the English to have been greatly reinforced in the night, he had not deemed it advisable to expose his troops to a new contest. This delay, whatever may be pretended in these Memoirs, caused no material injury; for our army was too strong and in too high order to dread any attack from Ney until reinforced by Bonaparte. The latter, as usual, joined his van, followed our march, and questioned with eagerness such of our officers as happened to fall into his hands. He reached the vicinity of Waterloo between six and seven in the evening, and, the weather being foggy, directed the field-pieces of his van to be discharged at our rear; when the increased number of guns, with which we answered the fire, convinced him that our main body was posted behind the eminences of Mont St. Jean. The evening closed, and left our vigilant antagonist in doubt whether we meant to retreat in the night or wait a battle on the next day. Accustomed to be awakened on these anxious occasions at intervals of two hours, Bonaparte went out at two o'clock in the morning to observe our army, and pursue our rear if we retreated: but all was silent, and the sky resplendent with the fires of our bivouacks. Other officers sent to reconnoitre returned to head-quarters, and confirmed the opinion that our army had made no movement. A farther dispatch was now (four o'clock) sent off to Grouchy, repeating the instructions of the previous evening; viz. that a general engagement was about to take place with the English, and that he ought forthwith to detach a division to the left, following afterward with his main body. Rain had fallen very heavily in the night, and the ground was so wet that the artillery and cavalry could not manœuvre: but at five o'clock the weather cleared up, the ground became less impassable every hour, and Bonaparte calculated that the interval necessary to prepare for battle would afford time for the movement of Grouchy towards him.

On taking a hasty repast at eight o'clock, he expressed himself to his Generals with confidence as to the issue; and he soon afterward received a report that, in the course of an hour, the road would be sufficiently dry to allow the artillery to act. He now paid his Generals the compliment of asking their opinion on the mode of conducting the engagement. Several, unacquainted with the high discipline of our troops, urged that they should be attacked at once in front: but those who had fought against us in Spain asserted that our infantry was more formidable than their countrymen supposed, and that the plan should be to turn our intrenchments. Bonaparte now rode out, and reconnoitred our line, but saw no trace of redoubts; and as to our numbers it was impossible to calculate them, from their concealed position. He decided, however, on directing the chief attack on our left, because it was apparently less strong; and because he hoped thus to cut off our communication with the Prussians, while he kept open his own with Grouchy. He now dictated the order of battle, which was carried forthwith to the different corps, and the troops were drawn out in line before 11 o'clock. Ney, appointed to command the attack, sent word that all was ready, and that he waited only for the signal to advance; when

Bonaparte, who had taken his station on a rising ground, perceived, at some miles to the east, a dark mass which appeared to him like troops. His staff-officers differed with him in opinion as to their being Prussians or French, but it was soon understood to be the van of Bulow's division of 20,000 men marching to the aid of the English. It therefore became indispensable to detach a corps to the right to oppose this new enemy, so that the forces operating against our army were reduced to 60,000 men. The action at Hougoumont is described with fairness, and the gallantry of our troops is acknowleged: but this conflict was little more than a feint to draw off our attention from the grand attack on our left and centre, which became serious towards one o'clock; the batteries opening on our position, and Bonaparte watching from his eminence the movements about to take place in our line. He saw that our right remained stationary, but that a grand charge of cavalry was preparing on our left: it was made forthwith, caused the repulse of a column of French infantry, and took two eagles and some field-pieces: but, a moment afterward, a brigade of French Cuirassiers attacked our horse with all the advantage of fresh troops, and recovered their guns. Repeated charges of infantry and cavalry ensued; and, though we can hardly expect the hostile General to acknowlege their almost uniform failure, he admits (p. 151.) that after three hours' fighting little ground was won except the advanced position of La Haye Sainte. He denies the imputation of over-caution as to his own person: having ridden, he says, during this obstinate conflict, through the French lines, exposed to our artillery and musketry, and saw General Devaux, who commanded the artillery of the guard, fall at his side.

Passing over the unfounded allegation of disorder prevailing in our army, we shall confine ourselves to facts within the knowlege of Napoleon himself. It was now four o'clock; no intelligence had been received of Grouchy, and the Prussians under Bulow were coming into action: before five o'clock, their firing became warm and destructive: they pressed towards the centre of the fight, and sent their bullets to the spot on which Bonaparte stood. A strong body of the French Guards and a battery of 24 field-pieces were therefore sent against them, and succeeded, after a very severe conflict, in checking their progress. Meanwhile, on the side of the British, the extreme of the enemy's right had outflanked our left; and at five o'clock a body of French Cuirassiers, commanded by General Milhaud, ascended the rising ground in front of our line. Their repeated charges led (p. 156.) to the temporary abandonment of one or two of our batteries, and caused the cry of Victory! to be echoed throughout the French line. 'These attacks,' said Bonaparte to Soult, 'are too soon by an hour, but we must support what is done.' He ordered a body of Cuirassiers, commanded by Kellerman, (the son of the veteran General,) to support the attacking cavalry: but this did not suffice for French impetuosity; and the Cuirassiers were followed by the heavy cavalry of the Guard commanded by Guyot, whom Bonaparte endeavoured to recall, for these troops were meant to be his reserve, but they were already engaged.

We are now arrived at the most arduous part of the contest. The French cavalry in the field exceeded the number of 12,000 select troops, and regiment after regiment rushed on our lines: they were resisted less by our horse, who had orders to retire, than by our squares of infantry; who, howsoever harassed and thinned, were no where disordered, and inflicted such a loss on their assailants that Bonaparte afterward declared (Chaboulon's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 217.) that 'his cavalry was, in a manner, massacred.' From this time, it became evident that, even if the Prussian main body did not come up, the farther attacks of the French against us could lead to no decisive success. It was now seven o'clock, and Bonaparte could not fail to see that fresh bodies of Prussians were advancing: but he still reckoned on the arrival of Grouchy, and ventured, with his characteristic confidence, to bring forwards against the English the last stay of his army, the Foot-Guards, supporting them by the infantry that had been engaged in the early part of the day at Hougoumont. The Imperial Guards marched forwards, but no general attack took place; four battalions advanced opposite to our centre in the vicinity of La Haye Sainte, and, after a warm contest, restored the battle on that spot: eight battalions, all that now remained in reserve, followed their comrades; and Bonaparte has the hardihood (p. 168.) to insinuate that the British army, which had already repelled so many attacks, would have been broken as soon as this slender corps should attack it. By this time, however, Blucher had reached the extremity of the French line, effected an opening, and obliged his opponents to press on each other: the Duke of Wellington, now assuming the offensive, pushed on 2000 cavalry to separate the French left from its centre, and moved forwards his whole line. The disorder of the French then became dreadful; and retreat was unavoidable, though hardly practicable, the Prussians under Bulow out-flanking the right wing and pressing on the high road. Cavalry, artillery, and infantry were now mingled together, all rushing towards Genappe; a part along the high road, and others, with their leader and his disordered Guard, through the fields. The sun had set, but the moon shone bright, and afforded the Prussian cavalry ample opportunity of avenging the fate of their comrades.

Bonaparte's Observations on the Campaign. — To the narrative are subjoined (p. 186.) a series of observations, all or almost all marked by the confident and exaggerating style of a person long accustomed to command. Here the great difficulty, and one which without a previous knowlege of facts would be almost insurmountable, is to separate the true from the false; and, amid a number of misrepresentations, to select the precious hints which can be conveyed only by a director of operations. The Ex-imperial author is perfectly justified in saying that he had gained an important advantage by his rapid advance on the 15th of June, and still more by fighting separately and disordering the Prussian army on the 16th: but how absurd is the assertion that the English were twice on the point of losing the battle of Waterloo, when, after all the attacks made on our squares, and all the loss that we incurred, (about 10,000 men, previously to the arrival of the Prussian main body,) our line was unshaken, and in a state to repel the final charge of the French reserve. Had it even happened that our left wing had been driven back, a new position for it was provided, with its left leaning on the forest of Soignes.

Few new facts or specific communications are given in these details, except such as (p. 196.) that Napoleon's intention was to withhold a part of the cavalry of his Guard from attacking until after six o'clock, when they were to be supported by the Foot-Guards and field-pieces. As he lays great stress on the probable result of an attack thus combined, we refer our readers to the Historical Sketch of the Campaign of 1815 by the Prussian General Müffling; (M. R. April, 1817, p. 100.) who, while he regrets the deficiency of our army in light troops for detached service, pronounces it to be the fittest of any in Europe for standing a close contest: "no soldiers," he adds, "are so well armed or so exclusively trained for the purpose of giving battle." Moreover, at the hour when Bonaparte doomed us to discomfiture, our artillery was unimpaired; a part of our cavalry was still fresh; and our right wing had suffered comparatively little, and was about to take that concave position which enabled it soon afterward to pour its flank fire on the advancing enemy. How much better would it have been for the author of these Memoirs to have acknowleged at once that any advantages gained by the French were partial; that neither Ney nor Friant, nor any of the Generals engaged, had seen our whole line; and that an attack made by the French reserve, whether at five, or at six, or at seven o'clock, would have been founded not on a direct prospect of success, but on the general supposition that men so long engaged must labour under a considerable disadvantage when assailed by fresh troops. The truth comes out indirectly and reluctantly in the last page of these Memoirs; where, in contradicting the well-known pamphlet given some years ago to the public under the name of "*Manuscrit de Ste. Helène*," Bonaparte adds, 'in other times the French would have gained the victory; which, indeed, the obstinate and unyielding bravery of the English troops alone prevented them from obtaining.'

Conduct of Marshal Grouchy.—To the mismanagement of this General, still more than to that of Ney, we here find Napoleon imputing the disastrous issue of the campaign; and he alleges that this officer might have pressed the Prussians much more closely on the 17th, and have marched on the next day as soon as they did to the field of battle at Waterloo. Grouchy has published an explanation of his conduct; and the facts of the case are briefly these. After the loss of the battle of Ligny, the Prussians passed the night at a short distance from the field; and, beginning their retreat at an early hour, they arrived before the evening at Wavres, a small town situated fully sixteen miles from Ligny. Though they were not pursued by the French, this retrograde march was attended with much confusion; partly from the heavy rains, and partly from the multitude of men, horses, and carriages, that encumbered the roads. The enemy, however, having gained at Ligny nothing but the field of battle, and Bonaparte being eager to march his main body to the left against the English, Grouchy did not set out in pursuit of the Prussians until noon; by which time they were at the distance of eight or ten miles. Their numbers were so great as to mislead the inhabitants of the country, from whom the French sought information; and Grouchy, possessing little discrimination as to reports, instead of marching straight to Wavres, turned to Gembloux on his right, and was not apprized till six in the evening that he had mistaken the direction of the Prussian main body. At that hour his troops were taking rest and refreshment, and he committed a second fault in postponing their march till the next morning. The following day proved rainy, the roads were wretched, and, by a delay wholly at variance with the habits of the French or the plans of Bonaparte, the troops under Grouchy were not in motion till after nine o'clock: whereas the Prussians, as early as four o'clock, had detached Bulow from Wavres, in the direction of Waterloo. *They* also experienced inclement weather and miserable roads, being obliged to occupy more than ten hours in conveying their artillery a distance of ten miles. Some time afterward, a farther and more numerous body, led by Blucher, followed on the same road; a measure which, says Bonaparte, would never have been adopted, if Grouchy's army had been in sight and threatened an attack. To complete the disappointment, one of the officers dispatched by Bonaparte on the morning of the 18th, with notice of the approaching battle, did not reach Grouchy; who, learning only at four o'clock the urgency of the Emperor for his aid, conceived that his best plan was to follow up the attack already begun on the Prussian force at Wavres, considering it as their main body, and having no idea that the latter had marched to Waterloo. Still, supposing Grouchy to have marched early, and to have reached the vicinity of Waterloo as soon as Blucher, the result would have been only that he might have covered the retreat of the French, who had already lost 20,000 men in the battle; and who would, even after the junction, have been considerably inferior to the Allies.

After so long a period of retirement, it was natural to imagine that the lapse of time and the lessons of misfortune would have moderated, or, to use an expression of his own, *retrempé* the character of the ex-Emperor: but nothing of the kind appears from the present Memoirs: which contain no acknowlegement of past errors, nor any tribute to the generalship of his adversaries, but repeated assertions that, had not accidental causes prevented, his boldest schemes would have been crowned with success. He censures not only Grouchy, Ney, and Vandamme, but Blucher and Wellington; the latter of whom, in his opinion, committed a great imprudence in standing a general engagement at Waterloo. Had the weather been fair during the night, the French, we are told, would have begun the battle, and have decided it before the arrival of the Prussians: but, in the case of dry weather and good roads, the Prussian corps under Bulow would have reached the field of battle by eleven o'clock instead of four, and Blucher a few hours afterward. Next, as to the chance of support from Grouchy, can it be deemed probable that a force of 36,000 men should have been allowed to march across the country, without a corresponding movement on the part of the far greater army opposed to it by the Prussians? A campaign, said Frederick II., is little else than a series of mistakes: but the ex-Emperor puts in the scale only those that operated against him, instead of admitting that the efforts of his opponents were enfeebled by similar causes; and that, if we strike a fair balance, the result was exactly such as he might have anticipated from incurring so great a hazard with an inferior force. As well might the Duke of Wellington assert that, had the Prussians come up earlier, the French would have been defeated in the afternoon; or that, had there not existed disquietude about Brussels, his troops at Halle (18,000 men) might have joined him on the evening of the 17th, and have won the battle without the aid of Blücher. Nothing, it was evident, but a miracle could have prevented the overthrow of Bonaparte, whether he began hostilities in the middle of June, when the Prussians and the British already out-numbered the French, or waited till the middle of July, when the arrival of the Austrians and the Russians would have doubled the superiority of the Allies. Equally vain would it have been to await the Allies at Paris, relinquishing a third of the French territory, and being, after all, unable to defend the capital. In short, no other resistance could have been effectual than that of the nation collectively: but the French were sick of war; and, with the exception of the military, adverse to Bonaparte.

We decline to dwell on the papers in the Appendix, which consist of documents illustrative of the text; and we should not have again trodden the ground of Waterloo, had it not been for the unusual interest presented by the relation of the principal actor. The strictures on the pretended "*Manuscrit de Ste. Helène*" contain several curious facts concerning the life of Bonaparte: but we must confine our remarks to the general impression produced on us by this work. The mind which it discloses is, in a great measure, that of a military and political adventurer; — a mind certainly of great invention and activity, but far too ready to contemplate the favourable side of circumstances, and to incur hazards which an opponent of talents, such as Clairfait, Suwarrow, or Wellington, would have been able, we think, to have made the source of discomfiture. Wonderful as were the successes of Bonaparte, he who analyzes their causes will discover that much was owing to the incapacity of his adversaries, to their antiquated system of tactics, and to that general backwardness and want of combination in the continental nations, which must have struck every observant Englishman who has travelled. How much is it to be regretted that one whose career was so pernicious, and marked by so lavish a sacrifice of human blood, should not have been driven from the scene at an earlier date, — at Arcola, in Egypt, or at Marengo! After having surmounted the dangers of his early years, arrived at sovereign power, and acquired the disposal of all the military means of France, a man of such vigour and enterprize became in the highest degree dangerous, and was scarcely to be overcome but by the effects of his own extravagance. His character, at least the false and secret part of it, is still very imperfectly understood by the French; who, whatever may be our estimate of their penetration, have little skill in detecting duplicity, or in pursuing a wayward mind through the mazes of Italian artifice. At present, indeed, such investigations are of secondary interest: lost as Napoleon now is to active life, our chief interest with regard to him is as a narrator of the past; and what shall we say of him who carries hyperbole to such a length as to assert (p. 63.) that 'he fought and fought successfully in the spring of 1814, with 40,000 men against 250,000?' We are thus obliged to close our report by lodging an impeachment against the ex-Emperor in his new character; and by regretting that the man who is best qualified to write the military and political history of his age, and best fitted to explain the causes of the inferiority of other continental nations to the French, has made his *debut* with a work that certainly possesses interest, but is disfigured by assertions so much calculated to impair the credit of his subsequent publications.

Art. IV. *The Æneis of Virgil.* Translated by Charles Symmons, D.D. of Jesus College, Oxford. 2 Vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s. Boards. Hailes, &c. 1820.

We receive with pleasure and satisfaction this new, handsome, and more accessible edition of Dr. Symmons's translation of the Æneis; to which, on its first appearance, we devoted all the attention and space which its merits and the interest of its subject demanded, and much more than we are usually enabled to bestow on any of the multifarious productions of our press. It has, therefore, the fewer calls on our notice in its new garb; and that those calls are not enforced by any essential deviations from its original costume, the ensuing sentences from the additional preface will evince. 'The alterations,' says Dr. S., 'which I have been induced to make, are not either so numerous, or of so important a nature, as sensibly to affect the great body of the poem; and it is believed that the possessors of the former edition will not regard the value of their property as materially diminished in consequence of the small verbal changes which may be discoverable in this.'

After this declaration, we shall allot the little time, which we consider to be required of us, to a short notice of the new preface, rather than to any farther discussions of the text. — First, then, we sympathize most cordially in those feelings of natural pride which a father must entertain, in recording the valuable assistance received from the learning and abilities of his son: feelings which Dr. S. has expressed with just dignity and truth. — He next proceeds to acknowlege his obligations to his critics; and on this subject, as far as *we* are the critics to whom he refers, without naming them, we shall merely say that he does us no more than justice in supposing a pure literary feeling to have been the sole cause of the labour, which we cheerfully employed in the critique on his version of the Æneid. With regard to the value of the favourable remarks there offered on various portions of his work, we can only observe that we are not the proper judges of that value; and, as he has specified but one of the objections which we made to his style, (namely, the too large number of Latinized words which we supposed it to contain,) to that objection only we can return. The question, then, is not whether Dryden used too many or too few of these words, but whether the use of them by Dr. Symmons has not, in many instances, given a cramped and pedantic effect to his phraseology. Without a much more ample induction of fresh particulars than we have room or leisure to detail at present, we are aware that we can add nothing to the confirmation of our former opinion: but we are bound to state that we retain it, on the grounds adduced in our former review.

At page 57. of the original preface, we have remarked an interesting passage, and breathing a high literary spirit, which we did not present to our readers before, and therefore will offer it now.

'The names alone of Vicars and Ogilby (the latter of whom has equally violated the muse of Homer and of Virgil) will supersede the necessity of any further notice of their performances: but the work of Lord Lauderdale is of a much higher character, and is intitled to considerable respect. Though finished before Dryden commenced his Virgilian undertaking, its publication was subsequent to that great man's, and did not take place till after the decease of its noble author, when it was offered to his memory by the just regard of his family. Dryden, to whom it was communicated in manuscript by Lord Lauderdale, availed himself very largely of its beauties; having transplanted from it not fewer than 370 entire verses into his own page, beside more than double that number which he has made his own at the expence of no very laborious variation. On this particular topic, I may observe that Pitt has acknowleged his obligation to Dryden for 60 of his lines; and that I am not conscious of standing indebted to either of my predecessors for the loan of a single verse. Similar thoughts will sometimes suggest, to different writers in the same language, a similarity or even an identity of expression: but, wherever I have detected the property of another in my pages, I have studiously relinquished it, not from the affectation of originality, but from a wish to offer to the public nothing which was not new, and, as it was professed to be, my own. On the subject of a coincidence of rhymes I shall say nothing, as it is a coincidence which must necessarily occur in almost innumerable instances.'

A vignette adorns the title-pages of these volumes, intending to give us, from a gem, the head of the Mantuan bard: but we apprehend from the laurelled and flowing hair, and from the delicacy of the features, that it is rather a representation of Apollo.

Art. V. *The Commemoration of Handel*, the Second Edition, and other Poems: to which is added, A Prospectus of a Translation of Virgil, partly Original, and partly altered from Dryden and Pitt, with Specimens. By John Ring. 8vo. 6s. Boards. Longman and Co. 1819.

Undoubtedly we might hold ourselves excused from noticing this re-publication, both on account of its principal contents having already attracted our attention, and for another very sound reason, with which the author himself has now furnished us. In reply to our strictures on his Specimens of a New Translation of Virgil *, he has indulged in some angry and even abusive remarks; and, especially, he has ventured to insinuate a charge of partiality in the M. R., to which supposed bias he attributes the preference avowed for Dr. Symmons's version to those portions of his own which are yet before the public. This is an insinuation which we can receive only with the calmest disdain: but we wonder that an obvious cause for his unworthy suspicion did not occur to Mr. Ring. Is it not extremely possible that he may deceive himself, by the all-powerful suggestions of self-love, and really be unreasonable in imagining that his own translation is superior to that of his rival?—Mr. Ring, however, shall no longer complain of our not resting the cause on quotation; and we will here enable our readers to judge for themselves, instead of relying, as we ventured to hope in the present case they might do, on our opinion.

For once, we will violate the French canon, and begin with the end. The concluding passage of the Æneid is thus altered by Mr. Ring from Pitt's translation:

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* See Review, vol. lxxxviii. p. 211.

' Awhile the hero, touch'd with gen'rous woe,
His hand repress'd, and gaz'd upon the foe.
The plaintive strain began to soothe his mind,
Now, now to mercy more and more inclin'd;
When, lo! by chance, the golden belt he spied,
The belt of Pallas, glitt'ring at his side,
Which Turnus seiz'd when he despoil'd the slain,
And bore the hostile ensign through the plain.
With pensive look the melancholy chief
Surveys the sad memorial of his grief;
Then, stern and terrible in wrath, he cries,
Flames, while he spoke, came flashing from his eyes,
Thou wretch accurst! canst thou to grace pretend,
Clad in the trophies of my hapless friend?
Go, then, to him a destin'd victim go!
'T is Pallas, Pallas, gives the fatal blow!
And thus thy guilt atone. The hero said,
And in his bosom plung'd the shining blade.
Prostrate he fell; the chilly hand of death
Relax'd his frame, and stopt his vital breath:
His spirit groans, o'erwhelm'd with mighty woe,
And flies, indignant, to the shades below.'

We must refer to Pitt's translation, and indeed to that of Dryden, in order to shew how little Mr. Ring has altered or added in this passage: but we may state that the first and third couplets are *verbatim* the same with Pitt; that the seventh only substitutes ' my *hapless* friend' for " my *dear murder'd* friend;" and that the eighth reads

' Go, then, to him a destin'd victim go!'

instead of

" Go, then, a victim to his spirit, go!"

In couplet the ninth, we have

' And thus thy guilt atone. The hero said,
And in his bosom plung'd the shining blade,'

in the room of

" Thus is his ghost aton'd. The hero said,
And buried in his breast the furious blade."

From this brief comparison, we are prepared to contend that, in all the altered lines above quoted, Mr. Ring has enfeebled the translation of Pitt; while the only remaining line of energy in his version,

' Flames, while he spoke, came flashing from his eyes,'

is taken from Dryden, word for word.

We now come to an examination of Mr. Ring's original lines.

Couplet the second:

> ' The *plaintive strain* began to soothe his mind.'

Can any thing be less appropriate than the expression *plaintive strain*, when applied to the dying prayer of Turnus?

> ' Now, now to mercy more and more inclin'd,

should have been mentioned among the adoptions, and perhaps improvements, from Pitt.

> ' Which Turnus seiz'd when he despoil'd the slain,
> And bore the hostile ensign through the plain.'

This is not the sense of the original:

> —— " *victum quem vulnere Turnus*
> *Straverat, atque humeris inimicum insigne gerebat.*"

Gerebat, the imperfect, signifies *was then in the act of wearing.* Mr. Ring refers it to the time when Turnus killed Pallas: but, if this *could* have been the poet's meaning, he would have said *gesserat*, in opposition to *straverat.* Both Dryden and Pitt have preserved the true and obvious meaning of the original; the latter, indeed, only altering the lines of the former:

> " Which from the dying youth the warrior tore,
> And the refulgent prize in triumph wore."

Equally falsified is the sense, and, we need hardly add, equally lost is the spirit of the subjoined:

> " *Ille, oculis postquam* sævi *monumenta* doloris
> *Exuviasque hausit, furiis accensus, et irâ*
> *Terribilis.*"

> ' With *pensive* look the *melancholy* chief
> Surveys the *sad* memorial of his *grief.*'

In this redundant *verbiage*, in this truly " *melancholy* music,"* who can descry a trace of the *sævus dolor* of the hero? Or what authority is there for the *succession* of passions expressed by

> ' *Then*, stern and terrible in wrath, he cries?'

— — — — — —

> ' Prostrate he fell; the chilly hand of death
> Relax'd his frame, and *stopt his vital breath.*'

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* Of this phrase of Dryden, which Mr. Ring seems wholly unable to appreciate, and of his own '*plaintive*' strains, we shall say more anon.

Again redundancy, and *verbiage.*

> ' His spirit groans, o'erwhelm'd with mighty woe,
> And flies, indignant, to the *shades below.*'

Can any thing be more tame, more common-place? With these hackneyed poetical stores, *shades below, vital breath, plaintive strains,* &c. &c., Mr. Ring *ekes* many of his verses out.

We will now enable our readers to decide whether there be not ample reason for preferring the style and spirit of Dr. Symmons's version, to such a poor ineffectual mixture as the above:

> " Though fierce in arms, Æneas softened stood;
> Rolled his eyes round, and check'd the hand of blood.
> The more he paused, the more compassion stole
> On his touched heart, and melted in his soul:
> When, as his falchion drooped, (unhappy chance!)
> His friend's known baldrick flashed upon his glance;
> That spoil which, from the corse of Pallas torn,
> A fatal trophy, was by Turnus worn.
> Soon as the dire memorial smote his eye,
> The victor's rage, with dreadful energy,
> Burst into flame: ' And shalt thou live to boast
> My friend's dear spoils, and unatoned his ghost?
> Pallas — 'tis Pallas who inflicts the blow!
> He claims thy guilty blood, and immolates his foe.'
> ' Speaking he struck: and, with the furious sword,
> Life's warm recesses in the breast explored.
> Straight the chill nerves relax: clouds veil the sight;
> And the soul, groaning, springs in rage to night."

This we maintain (with some exceptions*) to be the production of an author as visibly superior in classical taste as in poetic energy, to the rival who has himself obtruded the comparison, here instituted, on our readers. Perhaps Mr. Ring will be satisfied with the present extent of this comparison: but we can assure him that it is fully in our power to prolong it, through almost every line of his olio of translation. When he endeavours to identify the literary spirit which prompted that olio, with the plagiarisms of Homer from preceding works, (of which we know nothing,) or with those of his own great original, we can only say with Solomon, "Vanity of vanities, *all* is vanity;" † or, rather, that the confusion of things so utterly different does little credit to any judgment.

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* The chief of these is the parenthetic phrase (" unhappy chance!") *Infelix* would, perhaps, best be rendered *ill-omen'd.*

† At page 159. Mr. Ring calls his own verses ' golden armour,' and those of Dryden ' brass!'

We feel bound to lower something of Mr. Ring's visible exultation, when he contrasts his own version of the famous simile of the nightingale with that of Dryden; and we venture, then, to assert that the phrases "*unfeather'd innocence*" and "*melancholy music*," of Dryden, are in a style of poetical expression far above the reach of those drilled and disciplined recruits from the rhyming Dictionary, which fill the ranks of Mr. Ring's couplets. "The Mother Nightingale," * we will add, is more touching to our ears than the everlasting *Philomela* of modern verse: but, with these exceptions, our praise of Dryden on this occasion must be postponed to the praise of Mr. Ring, whose version of the passage we give entire, as the best specimen of his skill which we have seen.

> 'So Philomela, from the poplar shade,
> Laments her loss through all the lonely glade;
> For ever doom'd her unfledg'd young to mourn,
> From the soft nest by barb'rous ploughmen torn.
> She moans, and perching on the plunder'd spray,
> Through the still night prolongs her melting lay;
> In warbling notes incessantly complains,
> And fills the woodlands with her plaintive strains.'

Those who think with us, on the subject of poetical language, will easily discover our sentiments on the general character of this extract: but it is not, we contend, sufficient evidence that the author is capable of supplying any imagined vacancy in the list of classical translations; and we are forced to add that no passage in the Prospectus, altered or amended or re-written by the author, affords such evidence.

Before we conclude this article, we must say that the reprint of the Commemoration of Handel, whatever merit it possesses †, has more strongly than ever convinced us of the utter inadequacy of this writer to the task of translating any considerable portion of Virgil with spirit and fidelity. We are also far from thinking that his alterations from his predecessors are invariably amendments. On the contrary, much is deteriorated in the same manner as we have already shewn.

Besides the present specimens of Mr. Ring's talents as an English poet, he has given us an opportunity of judging of his attainments as a Latin versifier. Now, although it may not be a necessary qualification for a translator of Virgil to

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[*] We scarcely feel it necessary to guard ourselves against the imputation of *physical ignorance* on this subject. We are speaking with the poets.

[†] We are not here called to discuss the shade or degree of that merit, but there are darts in our quiver ready to be discharged.

compose *well* in Latin verse, yet, if such a translator composes *very ill* in the language of his original, we must take it as some sort of proof that he does not thoroughly appreciate the beauties of the style which he so woefully misrepresents. For instance, in his Latin version of Psalm viii.:

> '*Nomine quam totum præstas ingen*TE *per orbem!*'

"How excellent is thy name in all the world!" *Nomine ingen*TE shews neither the classical ear nor the knowlege, nor the taste, of a scholar. Yet several of the lines in that version are better than any in the elegiac Epistle to Edward Harwood:

> '*Solicitus, mœstus, mœstam tibi mi*TTO *camœnam.*'

Mr. Ring, we see, has his own "melancholy music," on more occasions than one.

Fueret, we presume, is a false print for *fureret*.

> '*Jam tua non solito* PROSÆ *mens ardet amore.*'

This line excites a strong suspicion in our minds, that the *amor prosæ*, or "*love of prosiness*," is no uncommon feeling with this author.

> '*Gratia divino carmine nulla manet,*'

we suspect not to be correct Latin. It should either be *divino carmini*, and thus spoil the verse, or *divino in carmine*.

> '*Ipsa probat refugi litera scripta manu.*'

The *litera scripta* here sins against those correct canons of Latin verse, which the best MSS. and the best critics have joined to establish.

> '*I Pegaso, vates, I super astra tuo.*'

Mr. Ring's Pēgasus is lame in the off-foot before. He has taken too long a stride at starting. How he will get out of this difficulty, we cannot conjecture.

> "*Vix illigatum te triformi*
> *Pegasus expediet chimærâ.*"

At parting, we must admonish Mr. R. that the *lip-honour* which he pays to Dryden, in parts of his Prospectus, is contradicted by other passages; and that his *vulgar vituperation* of us, when we happen to doubt his pre-eminence over his rivals, is somewhat at variance with the complacency with which he quotes the brief and general commendation bestowed in the M.R. on the first edition of his poetical tribute to Handel. If our praise be accepted, as honest and judicious, is our censure to be rejected as malignant and blundering?

Art. VI. *Memoirs of Granville Sharp*, Esq.; composed from his own Manuscripts, and other authentic Documents in the Possession of his Family, and of the African Institution. By Prince Hoare. With Observations on Mr. Sharp's Biblical Criticisms, by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of St. David's. 4to. pp. 524. 2l. 12s. 6d. Boards. Colburn and Co. 1820.

We rejoice that we have at length to notice some authentic memoirs of a man whose life was a blessing to the age in which he lived, as well as a noble commentary on the excellence of that religion which he professed; and who formed one of those instances, in which this country has been fertile, of men of family and fortune devoting themselves to the cause of humanity, and labouring with indefatigable enthusiasm for the communication of substantial knowlege and the diffusion of happiness. To the energy of this great and good man, we are indebted almost exclusively for the liberation of the African slaves in England; and for the complete recognition of that antient and venerable doctrine, that " England is too pure an air for slaves to breathe." To him also we owe, in a very eminent degree, the ultimate abolition of the English trade in slaves; and he well deserved the title with which he was hailed as " the father" of that cause in England. We shall have great pleasure in tracing the steps of such a favoured being through life; and our readers, we are sure, will participate not only in that satisfaction, but (we hope) in that benefit also which the contemplation of such an example is calculated to produce.

Granville Sharp was born in the year 1735. His grandfather was the celebrated Archbishop Sharp; and his father was Archdeacon of Northumberland and one of the prebendaries of Durham, to which dignities his elder brother John succeeded. At the age of fifteen, he was apprenticed to a Quaker linen-draper in London, of which transaction his own account is somewhat remarkable:

' " Though my father," he says, " was a dignified clergyman of the church of England, and brought me up in the public profession of that church, yet he was so far from being prejudiced against any man for being of a different persuasion from himself, that he did not scruple to bind me as an apprentice to a Quaker, at the distance of nearly three hundred miles from home, though I was of so tender an age that I could not be supposed capable of discerning the propriety or impropriety of any difficult argument that might be thrown in my way, and, consequently, was liable to receive prejudices of education even in favour of Quakerism.

' " After I had served about three years of my apprenticeship, my master the Quaker died, and I was turned over to a Presbyterian, or rather, as he was more properly called, an Independent. I afterward lived some time with an Irish Papist, and also with another person, who, I believe, had no religion at all.

' " This short history" of himself, he adds, may serve to " remove any suspicion of" his " being influenced by prejudice of education against any particular sect;" and he grounds on it a rule of conduct which cannot be too warmly recommended to our notice: — " This extraordinary experience," he says, " has taught me to make a proper distinction between the *opinions* of men and their *persons*. The former I can freely condemn, without presuming to judge the individuals themselves. Thus freedom of argument is preserved, as well as Christian charity, leaving personal judgment to Him to whom alone it belongs." '

While in this situation, a discussion with a Socinian induced him to cultivate the Greek language, for the purpose of reading the New Testament in the original; and a like controversy with a Jew impelled him to the study of the Hebrew. In 1758, his father died, and he then quitted business, and obtained a subordinate appointment in the Ordnance-office. In 1764 he was appointed a clerk in ordinary, and removed to the minuting branch. In 1765, he entered into a literary controversy with Dr. Kennicott; and in the same year occurred the case of Jonathan Strong, the negro, which instigated him to commence a thorough investigation of the rights of slaves in this country. This inquiry seems to have been the principal subject of his attention till the final decision of the question in 1772, in the famous case of James Somerset; when the proposition of Sergeant Davy that, " as soon as a slave sets his foot on English ground, he becomes free," was fully established by the decision of the Court of King's Bench.

Shortly before this event, a question was agitated between the Crown and the Duke of Portland respecting some estates in the north of England; to which Granville Sharp deemed that the Crown was at all events precluded from establishing its claims by the lapse of time. He therefore entered into a correspondence with the Duke of Portland, and published a short pamphlet on the doctrine of " *nullum tempus occurrit regi;*" explaining the manner in which he considered that doctrine to be qualified and limited. The following declaration of his independence is truly manly:

' " Although I am a placeman, and indeed of a very inferior rank, yet I look on myself to be perfectly independent, because I have never yet been afraid to do and avow whatever I thought just and right, without the consideration of consequences to myself: for, indeed, I think it unworthy of a *man* to be afraid of the world; and it is a point with me, never to conceal my sentiments on any subject whatever, not even from my superiors in office, *when there is a probability of answering any good purpose by it.*" '

His feelings on the subject of the rights of America were very strong and decided; and the iniquitous and impolitic war, which England commenced against that country, subjected to a severe test the principles of independence which he had avowed. At length, in the year 1775, after having requested and obtained three or four respites from the service of his office, finding that the war would be prosecuted with vigour, and that nothing could induce the ministers of the Crown to abandon their violent measures, he resigned his situation. A letter from his brothers, James and William Sharp, (the latter, the eminent surgeon,) written to him during his suspense previously to resignation, is an honourable testimony of their affection:

' " Dear Brother Granville, *London, Oct.* 5. 1775.

' " Many thanks for your very affectionate letter of the 26th of last month. We very much approve, *here*, of your asking a farther leave of absence. It will give you a little leisure, which you so very much want; and it will let you have a little enjoyment of the friends you see so seldom; and, above all, it may give some chance for a turn in public affairs; and of this I do not at all despair; but if it should be otherwise, and you should think it proper to give up your employment — I will now speak for my brother William as well as for myself — we are both ready and willing, and, God be thanked, at present *able*, to take care that the loss shall be none to you; and all that we have to ask in return is, that you would continue to live amongst us as you have hitherto done, without imagining that you will, in such a situation, be burthensome to us, and also without supposing that it will then be your duty to seek employment in some other way of life; for, if we have the needful amongst us, it matters not to whom it belongs — the happiness of being together is worth the expense, if it answered no farther purpose. But I will go farther, I have no doubt but the mutual assistance we are of to each other, and the consequence we acquire by it, is more than adequate to any third employment we might reasonably hope could be obtained; and, in case of the death of either party, much more would be lost to the family by your absence than perhaps might be produced by other means. These are only a few reasons drawn up in haste, as they appear to me to enforce what I have said above; but I trust you will have no occasion for it: it is not every part of office-duty you object to — you will, of course, refuse particular parts. It may pass on so till times come round — but if not, I shall not be at all uneasy at the resignation, if what is now said shall be agreeable to yourself.

' " Your sincerely affectionate Brother,
' " James Sharp."

' " Dear Granville, I most heartily approve of what my brother has written above; and I hope you will think of the matter as we do.

' " Much love, as due, from your affectionate Brother,
' " William Sharp." '

In the following year, 1776, his writings introduced him to the notice of General Oglethorpe, whose esteem was increased by acquaintance, and ripened into confidence and intimacy. We extract one of his earliest letters to Mr. Sharp, as a curious document; independently of its being a memorial of an eminent man, a soldier of the old school, and whose name merits always to be mentioned with respect.

' " Sir, *Cranham Hall, Oct.* 13. 1776.

' " With great pleasure I received the favour of yours of 27th September, and since, several excellent tracts of your composing, which I have read with much satisfaction, as they all point to the great end of life, — the honour of God and love of our neighbour. You have, with great judgment, showed the threats of the Prophets against the slave-owners and slave-sellers. As I have not the happiness of being known to you, it is necessary to tell you I am the person you will find mentioned in Harris's Collections (the last edition in two fol.), and in Smollet's, in Rolt, and all the histories of that time.

' " My friends and I settled the colony of Georgia, and by charter were established trustees, to make laws, &c. We determined not to suffer slavery there; but the slave-merchants, and their adherents, occasioned us not only much trouble, but at last got the then government to favour them. We would not suffer slavery (which is against the Gospel as well as the fundamental law of England) to be authorized under our authority: we refused, as trustees, to make a law permitting such a horrid crime. The Government, finding the trustees resolved firmly not to concur with what they thought unjust, took away the charter by which no law could be passed without our consent.' —

' " This cruel custom of a private man's being supported in exercising more power over the man he affirms to have bought as his slave, than the magistrate has over him the master, is a solecism in politics. This, I think, was taken from the Romans. The horrid cruelty which that proud nation showed in all they did, gave such power to the masters of slaves, that they confused even the state. Decius Brutus, by the gladiators his slaves, defended the conspirators that killed the Dictator, Cæsar. The cruelty of the slave-masters occasioned them to join Spartacus, who almost overturned Rome. — Their laws were so severe, and the masters' power so horrid, that (Tacitus says) four hundred slaves, entirely innocent, were put to death, because two slaves had murdered their master; and he justifies this step. A Roman threw his old and useless slaves into a pond, where he kept fish, to feed them up to an excellent taste; and their laws did not contradict it.

' " I find in Sir Walter Rawleigh's history of the Saracens, that *their* success, and the destruction of the Grecian and Persian empires, was chiefly owing to their having vast numbers of slaves, by whom all labour and husbandry were carried on. And, on the Mahometans giving freedom to all who professed their law, the multitude in every conquered province joined them.

' " You mention an argument urged by Hume, that the *Africans were incapable of liberty*, and that no man capable of government was ever produced by Africa. What a historian! He must never have heard of Shishak, the great Sesostris, of Hannibal, nor of *Tir-haka* king of Ethiopia, whose very name frightened the mighty Assyrian monarch. (2 Kings, xix. 9.) Is it possible he never should have seen Herodotus, where the mighty works of the pyramids, remaining to this day, are mentioned; and, in the ΘΑΛΕΙΑ, the answer of the king of Ethiopia to Cambyses? In Leo, the African's geographical description of Africa, he would have found that Africa had produced races of heroes.

' " The *Christian* emperors would have qualified the laws for slavery; but the senate of Rome, in whom the old leaven of idolatry still prevailed, stopped such good designs. St. Austin, in '*De Civitate Dei*,' mentions that idolatry was sunk into the marrow of the Romans; — that the destruction of Rome by the Goths seemed to be a necessary dispensation of Providence to root out idolatry. The Goths, and all the northern nations, when converted to Christianity, abolished slavery. The husbandry was performed by men under the protection of the laws. Though some tenures of villeyn were too severe, yet the villeyns had the protection of laws; and their lords could not exact more than was by those laws regulated. (Bracton.)

' " Spain and Portugal were subdued by the Moors: afterwards Portugal was recovered by the Christians. The Portuguese carried the war into Africa, discovered the sea-coast of Guinea, brought the unhappy natives away, and, looking on them as black heathens and hardly men, sold them for slaves.

' " The Spaniards imitated them, and declared that Moors and Turks, taken in war, might be held as slaves. But the French still hold the noble law of the northern nations; they allow no slaves in France: but, alas! it is too true, in their plantations, where the king's will is the only law, Lewis the Fourteenth, by the '*Code-Noir*,' permits and regulates slavery.

' " I am exceeding glad that you have entered the lists in opposition to these horrors. It is a proper time to bring these abominable abuses under consideration; and if those who have the power of legislation will be admonished, and correct

them,

them, it may save them and us from the justly-menaced destruction.

' "Your most obedient, &c. &c.

' "J. OGLETHORPE." '

With the General, Mr. Sharp zealously co-operated in furthering the discussion of a question, on which very learned and very honest men have entertained contrary opinions, the legality of impressing seamen in a time of war. Some of our first constitutional authorities, Foster, Lord Chatham, and Junius, have justified impressment on the ground of necessity; while others, and persons of considerable eminence, have considered it as violating one of the principal objects of political association, viz. personal security, and have most earnestly objected to it on the score of injustice and inhumanity. It appears from Mr. Sharp's minutes that, in 1779, "he had a long debate with Dr. Johnson upon this subject; that Dr. Johnson said it was a condition necessarily attending that way of life, and that when men entered into it they must take it with all its circumstances; and, knowing this, it must be considered a voluntary service, like an innkeeper, who knows himself liable to have soldiers quartered upon him." On this doctrine, Mr. S. thus comments in his memorandum-book:

' "I have been told, that it is the common lot of the poor and laborious part of mankind to endure hardships and inconveniences; that the pressing and forcing them into service is no injustice, nor illegality, being nothing more than one necessary contingent circumstance of their low condition of life, in which they were bred; and that the *cruelty* rather rests with persons, who, like me, take notice of their grievances, and render them unhappy by persuading them that they are so. All this has been urged to me with such plausible sophistry, and important self-sufficiency of the speaker, as if he supposed that the mere sound of words was capable of altering the nature of things; as if there were no distinction between good and evil, but the circumstances of persons, or occasions, might render it expedient or necessary to practise the one as well as the other. Thus the tyrant's plea of necessity is made to remove all bounds of law, morality, and common right! But 'Woe be to them that call evil good, and good evil!' Happy would it be for this nation, and the eternal souls of such as mislead it, if the feelings of the seamen and other laborious poor had no other stimulation than the recital of their unhappy case by such poor advocates as myself! Are they not surely of the same blood; have they not the same natural knowledge of good and evil, to discern, and the same feelings to be sensible of injuries, as those who cause their sufferings?

' "It is to prevent and dissuade from acts of violence and injustice, but surely not to aggravate the sense of them, that such circumstances are noticed. Nay, it is charity towards the oppressors, as well as the oppressed, to endeavour to convince them of their error; and how can this be done, but by speaking of the oppressions? It is even a crime to be silent on such occasions; for the Scriptures command, 'Open thy mouth; judge righteously, and plead the cause of the poor and needy.' (Prov. xxxi. 9.) Nay, it is the cause of God himself, who has declared, 'For the oppressor of the poor reproacheth his Maker; but he that honoureth him, hath mercy on the poor.' (Proverbs, xiv. 31.)" '

The case of Millachip, which was tried before Lord Mansfield, and by which it was expected that this great question would be determined, was first narrowed down to a point about the privileges of the city of London, and after all went off on a paltry matter of pleading.

In 1782 occurred the case of the ship Zong, from which one hundred and thirty negroes had been thrown over-board alive by the command of the captain; and this was not a trial in the Court of Admiralty, of the captain, for the murder of these human beings, but an action in the King's Bench on a point of *jetsom* and *flotsom*, whether the insured or the underwriters should bear the loss. The facts of the case conduced much to illustrate the horrors attendant on that infamous traffic in men, and Granville Sharp was unwearied in his efforts to give publicity to the proceedings in every quarter.

Soon after the end of the American war, several considerable bodies of Protestants in America were desirous of having the series of their religious ministers continued by the antient forms of ordination. In England, by the act of Uniformity, the oath of allegiance was required to be taken as part of the ceremony; and, on application made by Americans in one or two cases, it was found that this form could not be overlooked. Recourse was had to the Archbishop of Paris, who demanded that the candidates should take an oath of allegiance to him; and, on application to the Pope's nuncio, he required the profession of the Roman Catholic faith. In this dilemma, Dr. Franklin, who was consulted, inquired in what mode the applicants would deem it right to proceed if England were swallowed up in the sea. Granville Sharp, in some pamphlets which he had published several years before, and in others which he wrote about this time, stoutly maintained that, during the first five centuries of the Christian church, bishops had been elected: these pamphlets he industriously circulated in America; and several American congregations proceeded to the election of bishops. A correspondence took place between Mr. Sharp and Dr. Franklin, in which the former insisted that only half the work was done, and not the *essential* part; that it was true the freedom of episcopal elections existed in the primitive church, but that it was the rite of consecration which really constituted a Christian bishop; that no progress was made without the outward form of imposing hands by other bishops; and that he was assured, on the best authority, that the English bishops would procure the removal of the impediment arising from the act of Uniformity. Great exertions were made in England to have an act of parliament passed, authorizing the bishops to ordain or consecrate persons not subjects of the King without the oath of allegiance: but nothing more could be obtained than an act empowering the Bishop of London, or any other bishop by his appointment, to admit such persons in such manner to the order of deacon or priest. Dr. Seabury came over some time afterward from Connecticut to be consecrated, and applied to Dr. Moore, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who desired time to consider: on which Dr. Seabury proceeded to Scotland, and was consecrated there by some nonjuring member of the old episcopal college. In another year or two, came over Dr. White, who had been elected Bishop for Pennsylvania; and Dr. Prevost, for New York. The Archbishop of Canterbury was again very much perplexed, and tried to find some flaw in their qualifications, but could not. He then consulted authorities; and on what grounds he finally made up his mind it is hard to say. Lord Thurlow insisted that the act of Uniformity was a bar to the extension of the jurisdiction of the English bishops beyond the British dominions: but Granville Sharp asserted, as he states in his minutes, "that, if the act of Uniformity contained any words which denied the right of the bishops of England to extend the primitive apostolic church of Christ all over the world, it must be deemed a mere nullity." This proposition, in the only sense in which it can apply to the question, we consider as entirely false; and that Mr. Sharp himself did not always believe it to be true, but had far other notions of the efficacy of the act of Uniformity, appears plainly from his letters, from his exertions and those of his friends to procure an act of parliament containing ample powers for the English bishops, and from the act of parliament with limited powers which they actually did obtain. Eventually, however, the Archbishop of Canterbury did consecrate Dr. White and Dr. Prevost, and about three years afterward another bishop; and we find that there are now six bishops in the United States of America.

In the year 1787, an overflowing number of negroes had been brought over to this country as slaves, and had procured their liberty by landing on a free shore: but their freedom rendered them paupers, and their ignorance and incapacity compelled them to infest the streets as mendicants and vagrants. From the earnest desire of a great number of them to be sent back to their own country, Mr. Sharp, in concert with Mr. Smeathman, projected the establishment of a negro colony at Sierra Leone; and Mr. Hoare gives a very clear and copious history of that colony, from its establishment in 1787 to the surrender of it into the hands of Government in 1807. For four years, Mr. Granville Sharp had the sole direction of it: but it must be admitted that, independently of the extraordinary calamities that befell this infant-establishment, many of which could not have been foreseen or prevented by the soundest judgment, he was absolutely unequal to the task which he undertook; and in 1791 it was transferred to the Sierra Leone Company. A letter, which he wrote on the occasion to a friend, exhibits the chagrin natural to an ardent and enthusiastic mind on the disappointment of its benevolent efforts:

' " Sir, *Leadenhall Street, London,* 5th *Oct.* 1791.

' " Dr. Lettsom having informed me that you have again expressed a desire to receive from me some accounts respecting the new settlement on the coast of Africa, for the sake of the poor free blacks in America, it is necessary for me to acquaint you that I long ago, on your first requisition, wrote out for you a very full account of it, which probably never reached your hands. Having afterwards received similar applications from John Jay, Esq. in behalf of the blacks at New York, and from the Rev. Mr. Hopkins, in behalf of the blacks at Rhode Island, I sent to both these gentlemen copies of what I had written for you, and several copies also of the printed Regulations; so that the free blacks of America have not wanted information on the subject: but I suppose the accounts they have since heard of the many disadvantages that the poor settlers have laboured under for want of pecuniary assistance, and their subsequent misfortunes, may probably have prevented any further application from these gentlemen; and the inducements to go thither are still further curtailed (at least I apprehend they will be deemed so in your esteem) by the new Act of Parliament in favour of the Sierra Leone Company; because the community of settlers, though they are now restored to their actual possessions in the settlement, are no longer *proprietors of the whole district* as before, as the land has been granted, since they were driven out, to the *Sierra Leone Company;* so that they can no longer enjoy the privileges of granting land by the free vote of their own Common Council, as before, nor the benefits of their former Agrarian law, nor the choice of their own Governor and other officers, nor any other circumstances of *perfect freedom* proposed in the Regulations: all these privileges are now submitted to the appointment and controul of the Company, and no settler can trade independently of it.

'"I am very sure that such restraints cannot accord with your ideas of perfect liberty and justice. But I could not prevent this humiliating change: the settlement must have remained desolate, if I had not thus far submitted to the opinions of the associated subscribers. However, all slavery, and the oppression of involuntary labour, are absolutely prohibited, and the laws of England are to be established. I hope to prevail on the Company to bind themselves to reciprocal conditions in trade; to furnish goods at certain fixed profits to all settlers equally, without respect of persons, and to purchase their produce on equal terms; in order to make amends for the monopoly, and to make it their interest to maintain the mutual terms inviolate.

'"To yourself I mention these very disagreeable circumstances with less chagrin and reluctance than I should do to any body else, because I think they must deter you from all thoughts of removing to Africa, which would be attended with a considerable risk of health, as well to yourself as to your amiable and accomplished partner; so that your removal, under the present circumstances, would not be justifiable."'

The slave-trade was at length abolished in 1807, under an administration which it is the fashion to calumniate as having promised much and effected little: yet this grand service to humanity, which Mr. Pitt in the plenitude of his power so long *appeared* unable to accomplish, was by them at once effected. Granville Sharp had been for many years a member of the Society formed for the abolition of the slave-trade; and the exertions of that Society, with the general progress of discussion on the subject, had been before communicated to the public in a very able manner by Mr. Clarkson: but Mr. Hoare has judged it necessary to travel over the same ground again; though he has given us neither an impressive detail of the general question, nor a succinct view of the particular labours of Mr. Sharp. Within a month after the abolition, the African Institution was formed; for the admirable purpose, as announced in one of their reports, of collecting and diffusing instruction concerning the natural productions of Africa, its agricultural and commercial capacities, and the condition, as well intellectual as political, of its inhabitants: intending likewise to introduce and promote among them letters, arts, medical discoveries, improvements of husbandry, and methods of useful and legitimate commerce. Of this establishment, which succeeded (as it were) to the Sierra Leone Company, being composed chiefly of the same members, Mr. Sharp, at the age of seventy-three, was called to be one of the Directors; and he attended its meetings constantly, until the last but one before his death. The objects of this Society, as originally announced, we consider to be of the most meritorious nature: but we are aware that the attention of many of its members has been since much diverted to other purposes, and their zeal has in our opinion much outstripped their judgment. To such persons we would recommend, for their serious consideration, a sermon preached by Bishop Warburton about the year 1756, before the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel; which contains many admirable hints on the necessity of civilizing savage nations by other means, before any attempt is made to convert them to Christianity. Granville Sharp was also, during the latter years of his life, a zealous member of the Protestant Union, a Society originating in hostility to the claims of the Roman Catholics, and of which we cannot say either that we admire its principles of exclusion or approve its vehement temper.—In the month of July, 1813, the world was deprived of this venerable philanthropist. We insert the account of that event which is given by Mr. Hoare; and which will serve at once as a specimen of the style of his narrative, and as an instance of that *mysticism* in which Mr. Sharp and his biographer have indulged rather to excess:

'The term which bounds mortality now rose to Granville's view. But, although formed, by the fixed habits of a pious mind, to a submissive acknowledgment of the dispensations of Providence, and a cheerful resignation to the Divine will, he beheld the approach of death not wholly without emotion. The ardent prosecution of his religious studies had gradually led him to indulge a persuasion, which many of sainted memory have felt, that the epoch foretold in Scripture, when the reign of holy men shall be established on the earth, was on the eve of its commencement. He conceived that it might even precede the natural period of his own earthly existence. The encouragement of this favourite idea had tended insensibly to exempt him from the apprehensions of a time, when the consciousness of being was to be suspended under the hand of death. That expectation was now shaken;—in *what degree* shaken, or how far the soothing image might yet have continued to impress his soul with belief, during the remaining portion of his existence here, is known only to that All-seeing Mind, to whom the hearts of men are open, and who, amidst the darkness of decline and death, is to the righteous an everlasting light and glory.*

'The

'* An anecdote of an extraordinary nature is related of Mr. Sharp on the above-mentioned point. From an opinion which he had adopted, of the striking resemblance of many actual circumstances of his own time to those which, in the scriptural prophecies, 'The distress, which the approaching loss of this excellent man brought on a house of which he now remained the sole male representative, needs not be described. He was attended with the most faithful care and tenderness; and the even, although rapid, decay of life within him, allowed almost to its last hour the melancholy pleasure of viewing him still forming a part of the small domestic circle, at the once happy mansion of Fulham. On the day preceding his death, he breakfasted as usual with the family. His weakness was much increased; and he was several times compelled to lie down on his bed during the course of the afternoon. He appeared often to labour for breath. Night, and partial repose, came on. In the morning, his countenance was changed — in colour only: — in expression it remained unaltered. About four o'clock in the afternoon he fell into a tranquil slumber, in which, without a struggle or a sigh, he breathed his last. His decease was a gradual (and, to those who watched around him, an imperceptible) decline into total rest. He only ceased from his mortal state; — and who shall presume to judge, if the prepossession of his pure and holy feelings was not in that moment accomplished? He ceased from life, when that life could no longer be powerfully exerted to combat the pride, to promote the virtue, and enlarge the happiness, of his fellow-creatures. May it not be pardonable to think, that Providence had allotted to a creature of so pure a spirit the entire development and use of his high faculties in this his station, and that their exhaustion was the signal of his departure? The talent, which had been entrusted to him, was faithfully disbursed, and he returned to the bosom of the Giver!

'He expired on the 6th July, 1813.'

Mr. Hoare afterward gives several eulogiums on Mr. Sharp by different writers, together with the impressive epitaph inscribed on the monument erected to his memory by the African Company in Westminster-abbey, written by Mr. William Smith of Norwich. The observations of the Bishop of St. David's on Mr. Sharp's Biblical Criticisms, announced in the title-page, occupy only seven pages altogether, and contain nothing which Mr. Hoare might not have himself communicated if he had chosen to peep into the controversy. On the settled rule of criticism, therefore, we must object to this

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cies, are believed to announce the happy state of the good on earth, he had encouraged in his mind a belief that the desired period was speedily approaching, and once, in the fervour of his hopes, declared its probable arrival *in the ensuing spring*. Being then in company with several ministers of the Gospel, he was asked by one of them if he did not speak of these things *doubtingly*. "*Not at all*," was his reply, "*but as a positive truth*." Mr. H———, a Baptist preacher, exclaimed, "What would we give, Mr. Sharp, for such a faith as yours!"'

interposition of *extraordinary powers* without any ade
occasion.*

In concluding, it is not a difficult matter to appreciate
Granville Sharp's character. On occasions on which
every thing to be right-minded,—when the impulses o
heart are a sufficient guide, — and the soundest judgme
the most ardent imagination can only confirm or illustrat
common principles and universal impressions of huma
ture, — on such occasions, this excellent man deserve
bounded admiration. He had industry and patience
possessed a remarkable power of concentrating his atten
and he was endowed with the energy of a hero, and th
flexible zeal of a martyr. On those subjects, however,
which experience and observation preside, which require
attention to the state of society and the fluctuating con
of human affairs, in which characters and passions are
studied and allowance is to be made for the whole m
human imperfections, as in all questions of policy and
dence in life, we think that Granville Sharp displayed m
good intention than of good sense. Even when he was ri
his conclusions, his arguments often appear to us to be w
He seldom examined a question in its various bearings
his mind seemed to take a minute view of some corner
and then his opinion became pertinaciously fixed. F
stance, on the question of parliamentary reform, he
resolute opponent of any scheme for triennial elec
and was warmly in favour of annual parliaments; not
any considerations of expediency, on which ground it
be difficult to account for his predilection, but simply be
this was the form of the old original writs. So, when ex
himself to promote the establishment of Episcopacy in
rica, his thoughts seem always to have been turning o
duty "to hold fast the faith once delivered to the saints,
on "the primitive apostolic form of episcopal governn
In like manner, with regard to the question whether
subjects of the realm should be under political disabilit
account of their religious notions, his mind could look
other quarter of the subject, but perpetually dwelt on
anti-Christian principles of the papal apostacy." I
on most subjects connected with religion, he shewed
dency to travel into matters which, to say the least, a

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* For a very elaborate discussion of the question resp
the Greek article, in which Mr. Sharp engaged, the reader ma
sult our account of Dr. Middleton's work, in M. R. vo
pp. 68. 145. 266. 381.

very intelligible to ordinary understandings; as when he inquired, in a set dissertation, whether the description of Babylon contained in the eighteenth chapter of the Revelations agrees perfectly with Rome as a city. Perhaps, however, we may be quite mistaken in undervaluing these whimsies, since we find Mr. Hoare gravely making such remarks and telling such anecdotes as these:

> ' That he merited the confidence which his sincerity and religious zeal inspired, is confirmed (if any proof were wanting) by an occurrence, which derives importance from the eminently virtuous character with which it is connected.
>
> ' Among his *MSS.* is one thus inscribed, " A Letter by G. S. to the Author of a Tract on Prophecy, entitled ' *Application of a Prophecy in the Eleventh Chapter of Daniel to the French War.*' " To this superscription is added, in the hand-writing of Mr. Sharp, the following notice, which discloses a circumstance probably little known, and of no common stamp in the annals of the political world. " The anonymous writer, to whom this letter was addressed by G. S., *as an unknown author*, very soon afterwards acknowledged the receipt of it, as well as his full approbation of the contents. That author was *the late very worthy and learned Spencer Perceval, Esq.*, at that time his Majesty's Solicitor-General, but afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer. During all the time of his last high and important office of Prime Minister, he steadily maintained a just and proper sense of the anti-Christian principles of the papal apostacy, and regularly, to the day of his death, opposed the false and mistaken benevolence of the inconsiderate advocates for what they call *Catholic Emancipation.*" '

To the authority and example of these learned and enthusiastic lay-expositors of Scripture, we venture with great hesitation to prefer the authority of a prelate whose subtilty is surpassed only by his eloquence:

> " I remember," says Taylor, " that Agricola, in his book *De Animalibus Subterraneis*, tells of a certain kind of spirits that use to converse in mines, and trouble the poor labourers; they dig metals, they cleanse, they cast, they melt, they separate, they join the ore; but when they are gone the men find just nothing done, not one step of their work set forward. So it is in the books and expositions of many men; they study, they argue, they expound, they confute, they reprove, they open secrets and make new discoveries; and when you turn the bottom upwards, up starts nothing; no man is the wiser, no man is instructed, no truth discovered, no proposition cleared, nothing is altered, but that much labour and much time is lost; and this is manifest in nothing more than in books of controversy and in mystical expositions of Scripture. *Quærent quod nusquam est, inveniunt tamen:* concerning which I shall need to say no more but that they are safe when they are necessary, and they are useful when they teach better,

and they are good when they do good; but this is so seldom and so by chance, that oftentimes if a man be taught truth, he is taught it by a lying master; it is like being cured by a witch, an evil spirit hath a hand in it; and if there be not error and illusion in such interpretations there is very seldom any certainty."

To us, many of the mystical solutions and strange *double entendres*, grafted on prophecies deemed to be not yet fulfilled, seem to originate sometimes in political views, and more frequently in the reveries of men of too ardent temperaments, but they almost always tend to aggravate religious bigotry. When an event is considered as predestined and predicted by Heaven, it appears to be the duty of man to forward its accomplishment; and for so good and sanctified an end zealots are less scrupulous about the means than they otherwise would be.

Mr. Sharp's disregard of time and place, and the magnitude which his fervency impressed on trifles, sometimes made him appear pragmatical, and at others gave his character a slight tinge of the ludicrous. It surely was "Much Ado about Nothing" when he addressed a remonstrance to the Archbishop of York on his son having acted the part of Thais in Terence's comedy of the Eunuch, at Westminster-school; and we know not exactly under what head, except that of zeal unseasonably displayed, to class the anecdote of his suddenly rising in a committee of the Sierra Leone Company, after a long discussion of the difficulties which had impeded their undertaking, and declaring with great warmth that "all these impediments arose from their great enemy the Devil, against whom there was no power of resistance except by fervent prayers to God." His ardour made no allowance for the feelings, the prejudices, or the ignorance of others; and he considered all accommodation of plans to the actual condition of human nature, all consideration of what might be practicable as distinguished from what might be desirable, as despicable temporizing: accordingly anathematizing his fellow-labourers in favour of the Africans, because they wished to intitle themselves "A Society for the Abolition of the Slave-trade," and not "for the Abolition of Slavery" in general. His charity, also, was indiscriminate; and his friends had great difficulty in saving him, during his last illness, from being infested with the importunity of some notorious impostors, who among other mendicants had long preyed on his bounty. We are not disposed to reprove his harmless vanity in singing David's Psalms in Hebrew to his harp. Bentley, we believe, fancied that he was an adept in the old Greek music, and would occasionally indulge some of his favoured pupils by chaunting an ode or two of Pindar in the original. — Some of these traits indicate want of discrimination, and of sound practical judgment: but they were only the imperfections, the intemperances, the indiscretions, and the excentricities, of a man whose intentions we believe to have been uniformly upright. His exertions were steadily devoted to the propagation of what he deemed just doctrines: his zeal, even when its tendency was the most questionable, was sincere and honest; and he was not one of those who inflame popular prejudices for the sake of some sinister purpose of their own, and fall into the cant of enthusiasm because by such means they may best procure their own advancement. Granville Sharp was in every respect a disinterested and conscientious man, passed through this life with a heart constantly alive to the noblest feelings of human nature, and his aim was always direct. Where he seems to us to have been wrong in speculation or in practice, we still respect his candour, his ardour, and his research: — where all but the interested must deem him to have been right, who else can doubt that he exhibited the finest example of humanity invigorated and directed by the principles of Christianity, of "righteousness dipped in the fountains of truth?"

With regard to the biographer's merits as a writer, we must confess that his production appears to us rather pompous in style and confused in the arrangement, though a system has been attempted. It is full of declamation, but deficient as to any connected view of Mr. Sharp's labours, or any vigorous sketch of his character. The whole is disjointed; and we see before us a mass of materials without a vivifying spirit to wield and give shape to the uncouth chaos. Mr. Hoare occasionally refers to a short obituary memoir of Granville Sharp, but does not state where it is to be found. It is, however, in the third volume of a periodical work called *The Philanthropist*, and bears strong internal evidence of having been composed by a person who was a strenuous coadjutor of Mr. Sharp in some of his most meritorious exertions, and who is at present one of the greatest ornaments of the Society of *Friends*: it gives a tolerably succinct and impressive outline of Mr. Sharp's public services; and, short as it is, we should prefer it to this bulky volume, were the latter not valuably stored with the original letters and authentic documents which have been furnished to Mr. Hoare. They form, however, a very small part of a large collection of MSS.: of which Mr. Hoare speaks of printing the remainder at some future time, though he does not favour us with any distinct form of the farther publication which is projected. We wish that he had at once supplied us with a selection from Mr. Sharp's correspondence with his friends, accompanied by a slight tissue of remarks, just sufficient to keep up the thread of the narrative.

In the table of errata, the misprint at p. 163. l. 21., 'Fletes' for *Fleta*, is not corrected.

Art. VII. *A History of New York*, from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty. Containing, among many surprising and curious Matters, the unutterable Ponderings of Walter the Doubter, the disastrous Projects of William the Testy, and the Chivalric Achievements of Peter the Headstrong, the Three Dutch Governors of New Amsterdam: being the only authentic History of the Times that ever hath been published. By Diedrich Knickerbocker, Author of the Sketch-Book. A new Edition. 8vo. pp. 520. 12s. Boards. Murray. 1820.

Although Mr. Washington Irving seems disposed to change his name as often as he appears in the world, and may therefore soon have as many *aliases* as the most *constant customer* at the Old Bailey, he is not in any danger of really *holding up his hand* at that place of wide-spred fame; or even of being recommended to the cognizance of the "Society for the Protection of Trade against Swindlers." If he *lives by his wits*, and by making demands on the pockets of the community, still his predatory excursions are so harmless, and his drafts on the good humour and laughter of the public are so willingly paid, that his career is likely to be not only uninterrupted as long as he chuses to pursue it, but, whenever it is closed, will leave him in possession of fair fame and honest profit; and his retirement from *trade* will be the source of general regret instead of congratulation. He has now presented us with one of those lively and playful *jeux d'esprit* which set all criticism at defiance, and discompose the gravity even of our reverend muscles, albeit of late "unused to the *laughing* mood." In *The Sketch-Book*[*], the writer tried his hand at a variety of styles: the pathos and sentiment of one essay was relieved by the gaiety and humour of the next, and simple narrative was soon succeeded by luxuriant and picturesque description: but, after all, his forte is the satirical. Not that personal and poisonous satire which stings like the Tarantula, and forces a man to laugh and dance and sing to get rid of it, while he is suffering under all the agonies of the venom which is working within him. No: there is not a particle of ill-nature in the whole book: the *badinage* is easy and sportive; and he must be of a very testy temperament indeed, who, after having appropriated the big wig of wisdom or the party-coloured cap of folly, and fitted it to his own head, should complain that he looks ridiculous.

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[*] See Review for October last.

As every historian of his native village, duly impressed with the dignity and importance of his subject, although the said village does not contain half a score houses besides the blacksmith's shop, the school, and the sign of *the King's Head*, goes back at least as far as the flood, so does the very learned Diedrich Knickerbocker commence his most authentic history of New York with divers ingenious theories and philosophic speculations concerning the creation and the population of the world.

'Noah, we are told by sundry very credible historians, becoming sole surviving heir and proprietor of the earth, in fee-simple, after the deluge, like a good father, portioned out his estate among his children. To Shem he gave Asia; to Ham, Africa; and to Japhet, Europe. Now it is a thousand times to be lamented that he had but three sons, for had there been a fourth, he would doubtless have inherited America; which of course would have been dragged forth from its obscurity on the occasion, —and thus many a hard working historian and philosopher would have been spared a prodigious mass of weary conjecture respecting the first discovery and population of this country. Noah, however, having provided for his three sons, looked in all probability upon our country as mere wild unsettled land, and said nothing about it; and to this unpardonable taciturnity of the patriarch may we ascribe the misfortune, that America did not come into the world as early as the other quarters of the globe.'

At present, some uncertainty exists whether America was or was not known to Noah, the first sea-faring man of whom we read: but if his log-book should be yet in existence, and should fall into the hands of some posthumous editor, all Paternoster-Row will be on the alert to get hold of the precious curiosity, and we may yet hope to see the important question settled. One thing is certain, that America has been discovered by somebody; and, as Christovallo Colon, clumsily nick-named Columbus, has the merit of having first set foot on its shores, he may as well keep his honours till another claimant appears. In the enlightened age in which America was discovered, there could be no doubt as to the right of occupation on the part of the discoverers in the name and behalf of their own sovereign. The aborigines, indeed, of all new countries, are mere wild beasts; living a vagabond and disorderly life, without law or gospel, and without troubling themselves to cultivate the soil which wastes its luxuriance under their feet.

'In entering upon a newly discovered, uncultivated country, therefore, the new comers were but taking possession of what, according to the aforesaid doctrine, was their own property — therefore in opposing them, the savages were invading their just rights, infringing the immutable laws of nature, and counteracting the will of Heaven — therefore they were guilty of impiety, burglary, and trespass on the case, — therefore they were hardened offenders against God and man — therefore they ought to be exterminated.

'But a more irresistible right than either that I have mentioned, and one which will be the most readily admitted by my reader, provided he be blessed with bowels of charity and philanthropy, is the right acquired by civilization. All the world knows the lamentable state in which these poor savages were found: not only deficient in the comforts of life, but what is still worse, most piteously and unfortunately blind to the miseries of their situation. But no sooner did the benevolent inhabitants of Europe behold their sad condition than they immediately went to work to ameliorate and improve it. They introduced among them rum, gin, brandy, and the other comforts of life — and it is astonishing to read how soon the poor savages learnt to estimate these blessings — they likewise made known to them a thousand remedies, by which the most inveterate diseases are alleviated and healed; and that they might comprehend the benefits and enjoy the comforts of these medicines, they previously introduced among them the diseases which they were calculated to cure. By these and a variety of other methods was the condition of these poor savages wonderfully improved; they acquired a thousand wants, of which they had before been ignorant; and as he has most sources of happiness who has most wants to be gratified, they were doubtlessly rendered a much happier race of beings.'

After the return of the immortal Hendrick Hudson and his illustrious mate, Juet, from the great river, which to this hour bears on its waves the name of its discoverer, a crew of Low Dutch colonists set sail in the *Goede Vrouw* for the American shores, and made a settlement which they called by the musical Indian name of Communipaw. At first, some difficulty occurred in opening a communication with the Indians, from the uncouth sound of the Dutch language: but, when good will is in the way, all difficulties get out of the way.

'The Indians were much given to long talks, and the Dutch to long silence — in this particular, therefore, they accommodated each other completely. The chiefs would make long speeches about the big bull, the wabash, and the Great Spirit; to which the others would listen very attentively, smoke their pipes, and grunt *yah, myn-her* — whereat the poor savages were wonderously delighted. They instructed the new settlers in the best art of

curing

curing and smoking tobacco; while the latter, in return, made them drunk with true Hollands — and then learned (*taught*) them the art of making bargains.

'A brisk trade for furs was soon opened: the Dutch traders were scrupulously honest in their dealings, and purchased by weight, establishing it as an invariable table of avoirdupoise, that the hand of a Dutchman weighed one pound, and his foot two pounds. It is true, the simple Indians were often puzzled by the great disproportion between bulk and weight; for let them place a bundle of furs, never so large, in one scale, and a Dutchman put his hand or foot in the other, the bundle was sure to kick the beam — never was a package of furs known to weigh more than two pounds in the market of Communipaw!

'This is a singular fact — but I have it direct from my great-great grandfather, who had risen to considerable importance in the colony, being promoted to the office of weigh-master, on account of the uncommon heaviness of his foot.'

In due course of Time, who marches with a slow, majestic, and most regular step, particularly in those regions which their "High Mightinesses" have colonized, we come to the founding of the great city of New Amsterdam, and its incipient growth under the protection of Oloffe the Dreamer. Risen from the mud, it becomes marvellously polished and polite under the golden reign of the renowned Wouter Van Twiller, whose wisdom was unutterable, and altogether past finding out.

'The renowned Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had successively dozed away their lives, and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotterdam, and who had comported themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety that they were never either heard or talked of — which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition of all sage magistrates and rulers.

'His surname of Twiller is said to be a corruption of the original *Twijfler*, which in English means *doubter;* a name admirably descriptive of his deliberative habits. For, though he was a man shut up within himself like an oyster, and of such a profoundly reflective turn, that he scarcely ever spoke except in monosyllables, yet did he never make up his mind on any doubtful point. This was clearly accounted for by his adherents, who affirmed that he always conceived every subject on so comprehensive a scale, that he had not room in his head to turn it over and examine both sides of it, so that he always remained in doubt, merely in consequence of the astonishing magnitude of his ideas!'

The person, habits, and accomplishments of this illustrious legislator are described with dignity and solemnity; and it cannot be doubted that, under such sapient and sober auspices, the infant colony waxed in strength and prosperity. Right happy should we be in imparting to our gentle readers some account of the grand council of New Amsterdam, and in satisfying their laudable thirst after knowlege with divers philosophical reasons for proving that an alderman should be fat; how numerous are the blessings of ignorance; and what a vast improvement it would be to society, were all the members who compose it blessed with a happy equality of intellect and accomplishment! Such was the enviable situation of New Amsterdam under the government of the great Van Twiller; who always signed his name with a mark, because the parson and the council clerk were the only two individuals in the community who were able to read. No jealousies, no broils, no heart-breakings disturbed the general tranquillity: but every respectable citizen ate his dinner before he was hungry, drank before he was thirsty, smoked all day long, and went to bed when the sun set. In short, the profoundest *repose* reigned throughout the province: the females wore petticoats (*short*, to be sure,) of linsey-woolsey, all of their own making; and scissors, pincushions, and large bunches of keys, were either suspended by some ribband from their goodly girdles, or more modestly stowed with a vast variety of *et cetera* in a pair of capacious panniers, otherwise pockets. As the wardrobe of a lady in those days was her only fortune, it may well be supposed that, in the hottest summer, she would waddle under more clothes than half the fair train of Venus put together in a modern ball-room: — but a Dutch Venus at New-Amsterdam! Ah, how different from those of Cnidus, Troas, or Medicis, portionless, and without a rag to cover them! Praxiteles, perhaps, was never in Holland. A voluminous damsel, decently arrayed in a dozen petticoats, was poetically described by a Low Dutch sonnetteer in the province of Wouter Van Twiller to be 'radiant as a sun-flower, and luxuriant as a full-blown cabbage.' Then it was that the lover, with ten pairs of breeches on him, indulged with his fair inamorata in all the innocent endearments of virtuous affection, without reproach: 'for what had that virtue to fear which was defended by a shield of good linsey woolseys, equal at least to the seven bull hides of the invincible Ajax!'

The life of man, however, is like the grass of the field; they are both mown down! One by the scythe of old Time, and the other by the scythe of the hay-maker. The peaceful soul of Wouter escaped with the very last whiff that curled from his tobacco-pipe; and it was wafted into the other world in a fragrant cloud of "the best Virginia," just in time to be spared the humiliation of those tumults and invasions which a certain intruding gentry called 'Squatters' were now preparing. This venerable legislator was succeeded by William the Testy; a bustling, waspish, little fellow, who was always putting himself in a passion about something — or about nothing; and the capture of Fort Goed Hoop by the Yankees was enough to rouse the anger of a less choleric personage. The intrepid Van Curlet and his garrison were free from all reproach as far as bravery is concerned, but their vigilance was somewhat impeachable; for the crafty Yankees took what may be deemed an unfair advantage, perhaps, in silently introducing themselves into the fort about the middle of a sultry day; when its valiant defenders, having been gorged with a prodigious dinner and smoked out fifteen pipes a-piece, were snoring obstreperously at their posts, little *dreaming* of so disastrous an attack. Language cannot express the fury of the Testy Whilhelmus Kieft, on receiving the intelligence. Oaths of every shape and dimension crowded at once into his throat, and choaked him for a time, till he was made more easy by the discharge of them from his mouth like a volley of canister or grape shot; and he anathematized the Yankees, man, woman, and child, body and soul, for a set of *dieven*, *schobbejaken*, *deugenieten*, *twistzoekeren*, *loozen-schalken*, *blaeskaken*, *kakken-bedden* crew; all which denunciations certainly must have afforded a vast relief. Very natural apprehensions were at first entertained, that these terrible warriors of Connecticut would incontinently march on to New Amsterdam, and take it by storm; which would doubtless have been the case, but for the precautions of the governor, who immediately garrisoned the town: having very prudently selected a jolly fat Dutch trumpeter, one Anthony Van Corlear, of a pleasant burly visage, famous for his long wind and his huge whiskers, and who could twang as potently on his instrument as if ten thousand bagpipes were singing right lustily i' the nose. The spirits of the new colonists, likewise, were mightily exhilarated by a conquest achieved over the enemy, who had endeavoured to gain a settlement on the eastern part of Long Island, called, from the peculiar excellence of its shell-fish, Oyster Bay. This attack on the pantry, as we may term it, occasioned the greatest imaginable sensation, and was gloriously revenged by the inhabitants of New Amsterdam; who, although they might have put up with an affront on their marriage-bed, to a man resisted the attack on their oyster-bed.

It must be acknowleged, however, if there be any truth in history, that political affairs went ill under the administration of this hero. Parties arose of long pipes and short pipes; and, although many of their squabbles ended in smoke, still did they threaten the security of government. William the

Testy, in the true spirit and policy of a legislator whose universal acquirements and surpassing wisdom were the theme of as universal praise, introduced an infinite multitude of petty laws into the province; and of course an infinite multitude also of petty lawyers and their agents, vulgarly denominated *bum-bailiffs.* Capital punishments were about this time also enacted, and a goodly gallows was erected, with other philanthropic devices for the benefit of offenders. The most injudicious part of his policy, however, was the permission of (what, by the way, he could not prevent,) debating societies; congregations of cobblers and blacksmiths, who, not satisfied with indulging their own thoughts, (which they might safely have done if they kept them snug to themselves,) had actually the audacity to canvass even the measures of the government. These impertinent pryings into the cabinet, together with the frequent irruptions of the Yankees on the frontiers of the Nieuw-Nederlandts, sent William into the other world; and his exit was of a very mysterious character. He was succeeded by the illustrious Peter Stuyvesant, the last and most renowned of the Dutch governors: in fact, they were all "the most renowned" as long as they lived; and, he being the last, of course his renown lasted the longest. He was surnamed Hard-koppig Piet, or Peter the Headstrong, as a compliment to his understanding. Having with admirable skill and judgment made peace with all his enemies, external and internal;

' Though a man of great modesty, he could not help boasting that he had at length shut the temple of Janus, and that, were all rulers like a certain person who should be nameless, it would never be opened again. But the exultation of the worthy governor was put to a speedy check; for scarce was the treaty concluded, and hardly was the ink dried on the paper, before the crafty and discourteous council of the league sought a new pretence for re-illuming the flames of discord.

' It seems to be the nature of confederacies, republics, and such like powers, that want the true masculine character, to indulge exceedingly in certain feminine panics and suspicions. Like some good lady of delicate and sickly virtue, who is in constant dread of having her vestal purity contaminated or seduced, and who, i a man do but take her by the hand, or look her in the face, is ready to cry out, rape! and ruin! — so these squeamish governments are perpetually on the alarm for the virtue of the country: every manly measure is a violation of the constitution — every monarchy or other masculine government around them i laying snares for their seduction; and they are for ever detecting infernal plots, by which they were to be betrayed, dishonoured and "brought upon the town."

'If any proof were wanting of the truth of these opinions, I would instance the conduct of a certain republic of our day; who, good dame, has already withstood so many plots and conspiracies against her virtue, and has so often come near being made "no better than she should be." I would notice her constant jealousies of poor old England, who, by her own account, has been incessantly trying to sap her honour; though, from my soul, I never could believe the honest old gentleman meant her any rudeness. Whereas, on the contrary, I think I have several times caught her squeezing hands and indulging in certain amorous oglings with that sad fellow Bonaparte — who all the world knows to be a great despoiler of national virtue, to have ruined all the empires in his neighbourhood, and to have debauched every republic that came in his way — but so it is, these rakes seem always to gain singular favour with the ladies.'

But now, — as no abbreviation of ours can or ought to satisfy the lovers of veridical history, we must refer them to the fountain-head for a hearty draught of its pure and sparkling waters, where alone they can quench the thirst of their curiosity.

It is scarcely necessary for us to add that Mr. Knickerbocker's satire is not confined to the dresses, manners, and habits of the Nieuw Nederlandters, but touches and *tickles* the political maxims, institutions, and manners of certain other people; not forgetting either English, French, or Americans. If he has not the terseness and concentration of Swift, the model which he evidently kept "in his mind's eye," but on the contrary plies us with a diffuseness and repetition of jokes about the Dutchman's breeches and tobacco-pipes, &c. which become rather tiresome, still he has none of the nastiness of the witty Dean, or of his misanthropy. — His work, we have heard, has had an extensive sale in America; and, as John Bull likes a hearty laugh, we doubt not that it will obtain *good currency* in England.

Art. VIII. *Lochiel; or, the Field of Culloden.* 12mo. 3 Vols. 1l. 1s. sewed. Whittakers. 1820.

This novel is an imitation of the popular productions of the Waverley school, but is heavy, though in some respects well written. The author has studiously given to his volumes an external similitude to his celebrated prototype, such as the unmeaning and unnecessary introduction to his story, and the prefixing of poetical and legendary mottoes to his chapters: but he has not been able to agitate the mass with the same soul, without which there may be a dead resemblance, a Paris-plaister copy, but no real likeness. His characters have not sufficient discrimination:

crimination: but, when we are introduced to one or two, we can guess at the rest, although they succeed each other most rapidly, and with so little arrangement that all distinctness of grouping seems to have been systematically banished. The author's Duncans, Kenneths, and Realds, talk incessantly about their claymores, and their bydays, and are genuine Highlanders in dialect and costume: but those nice and exquisite tints are wanting in the portraits, which are usually out of the reach of the professed imitator.

The reader will think that we have now said enough of the imperfections of this work, and need not add any thing farther about it: but with all these, and still more the languor and unwillingness which we have felt in pursuing the events of the story, it is by no means destitute of merit, and stands distinguished above the ordinary viands of the circulating library not only with respect to the ingredients of which it is composed, but in the skill with which they have been brought to table. If the dish does not turn out to be highly *piquant*, it must be remembered that we have been fed almost to satiety with the same article prepared by the hands of the master-cook, "*dans lequel*" (to use the words of the famous *Almanac des Gourmands*) "*son genie a epuisé toutes ses ressources.*"

As to the story, it is founded on the events of the rebellion of 1745, which it is now so much the fashion to recall to our mind and feelings. Allan Cameron, of Lochiel, a Highland chief of great influence, was the principal support of this desperate cause; and we have a good description of Lochiel castle, with rather too long an enumeration of the officers of the household, from the haunchman to the gilly-beg, or page. The Laird of Clanronald is also attached to the Stuart cause, and both of them had a repugnance to the covering of trews or pantaloons. Abundance of cold venison and whiskey is produced in the hall; chiefs of clans and their suites without number pour in; the leaders of the Camerons, the Macdonalds, the Stewarts of Appin, and the Macleods, take the Highland oath "not to disclose the purpose of their meeting;" and a consultation ensues, the result of which is a resolution to arm and equip, and to keep their followers in training till the important event might happen which was to restore to them the great object of their ambition, or involve them all in irretrievable ruin. A Highland feast is described with considerable power; and we must find room for the delineation of Miss Jeannie Cameron, who plays so important a part in the business of these volumes.

'Many of the wives and daughters of the Duinne Wassail had now arrived at the castle. They were received at the gate by the chief, and were introduced to the hall by Miss Jeannie Cameron, a niece of Lochiel, who now made her appearance, and was received by the gallant chiefs with many tokens of favour. Miss Jeannie was a young lady of prepossessing manners and appearance; she was not what might be termed a beauty, nor had she studied to add to her natural attractions the graces of feminine delicacy and apparent timidity: but her form, though tall, was well proportioned; and her features, though partaking much of the cast of countenance peculiar to the Highlands, and often exposed to winds less civil than those which blow

"When Zephyrus on Flora breathes,"

possessed much engaging power, and her whole character exhibited a degree of vivacity which gave her a marked superiority over her female companions.

'Miss Jeannie was the chief favourite of her uncle, but from a mistaken tenderness for her he was so long before he would put her under the restraint which her education required, that some passions were suffered to take root in her mind, which neither time, care, or expence could afterwards wholly eradicate. She at length, however, though unwillingly, applied herself to her education, in which she made such rapid progress that in less than two years she was mistress of the French and Italian, wrote a fine hand, danced well, could play the spinnet, and was a complete mistress of her needle.'

Colonel Cameron, who is the bearer of a message to Lochiel from the Prince, arrives in the midst of the feast, and states the resolution of the young Prince to win the crown of his ancestors, or perish in the attempt. The Colonel dances a reel with Miss Jeannie, and is much struck with her person and manners. In a Highland hunting-scene which ensues, and is ably described, Miss Jeannie distinguishes herself for her active intrepidity, and is victorious over a cat o' the mountains, who attacked her with great fury. This hunt is a species of allegory of the political purpose of the meeting; and the leader of the herd, who is decorated with ribbands, is emblematic of their foes the *sidier roy*, or red soldiers. Poor Miss Jeannie is dismounted by the sudden turning round of the stag, but is rescued from him by the gallant Colonel. Readers who are versed in romance will now begin to guess many of the most interesting incidents of the piece. Cameron is about to return to the Prince with assurances of support, and Miss Jeannie sings him a Jacobite song, of which the first stanza tells him somewhat intelligibly the state of her heart.

The motives which actuated Prince Charles in his precipitate enterprize are faithfully and historically delineated: the landing of the unfortunate Prince and his followers is sketched with truth and eloquence; and great praise is due to the author for the skill with which the treachery of Lovat is developed. Miss Jeannie Cameron, at the head of a loyal band, is also introduced as joining the Chevalier; and this singular but strictly true circumstance imparts considerable interest to the narrative. Those readers, who are apt to recoil at the "swaggering and martial outside" of Miss Jeannie, will be pleased with the fair Ellen Cameron, daughter of the chief, and called *the Lily of Lochiel*, on whom the author has bestowed the usual inventory of charms and accomplishments. Jeannie was denominated *the Rose of Aray*; and the contrast is depictured in a ditty, the simplicity of which must find its way to every heart.

'The Rose, the chief of Aray's flowers,
Smiles gay, midst the mountain air,
But the Lily that blooms in Lochiel's bowers
Is more beautiful and fair.

'Oh! sweet is the Rose in the wild wood glade,
When the wind thro' the green leaves is stealin';
But the Lily that loves the valley's shade
Is not half so meek as Ellen.

'The Rose of Aray is a peerless flower,
Though wildly it blooms on the mountain,
And it's bright as the sun rising after a shower,
Or the stream of a limpid fountain.

'The Rose is red on Aray's side
And its beauties are fair to see;
But the Lily that blooms in maiden pride
Is the flower that is dearest to me.

'Oh! had I a bower, a bonny bower,
I wad plant the Lily there,
And deck it with its sister flower
The Rose that is so fair.'

By way of episode, we have a mysterious monk, who grins horribly from under his cowl, and the loves of Captain Musgrave and the Lily of Lochiel. We have also a somewhat feeble attempt at a sketch of a wild Highlander, Black Hugh of the Forest, from whose grasp Colonel Cameron rescues the aforesaid Captain Musgrave; and they both visit the cave of that fearful warrior, where they are offered 'a choice o' a wing o' a leg o' a capercaillie and a tass o' usquebaugh that no gauger ever came within the smell o'.' Then we have a Mr. Saunders Macquirk, Laird o' Drummondochit and umquihile writer in Inverness, a character borrowed from that of our friend M'Wheeble, and drawn with several touches of the humour that characterizes the author of Waverley. The desertion of the unfortunate Prince by his followers, their feuds, their avarice, and the perplexities of his exchequer, are well known; as are the activity of the Chevalier, with his patience of fatigue and other hardships. Miss Jeannie Cameron, to the no small discomfiture of her lover the Colonel, was his constant companion, and the principal solace of his anxiety.

The deliberations of the good city of Edinburgh, when the Prince's army reached that metropolis, are ably and humorously drawn; and the battle of Preston-pans, which ended favourably to the rebels, is taken from authentic history. The author, however, introduces Miss Jeannie as nursing her wounded lover the Colonel; when the Chevalier for the first time perceives their mutual attachment, and magnanimously resigns the beauty of which he himself was an admirer. The captivity and release of John Roy are well imagined, and keep the attention in a state of agreeable though awful suspence: but we have a great deal too much of John Roy's and Provost Macquirk's togueries. Good taste ought also to have retrenched the puerile adventure of the Macdonalds; who were alarmed and driven away in the act of plundering a house by an old gentleman, whom they mistook for a corpse rising in his shroud from the coffin in which it was his customary whim to sleep.

The disastrous day of Culloden and the perilous retreat of the Prince follow. Here the adventures of Lord Lovat are injudiciously pursued; since they call off our attention from the regular events of the narrative, and the fortunes of those concerning whom the reader must be chiefly interested. Lochiel finds his castle in flames, but his wife and the Lily are saved by Colonel Musgrave. Evan, the page, turns out to be the lost son of Lochiel, who had been spirited away by the artifices of Lord Lovat. Colonel Cameron is rewarded with the hand of Jeannie, and Colonel Musgrave with that of the fair Ellen. The heir of Lochiel is permitted to return to his country, and to claim Amelia Hamilton for his bride; and the fictitious parties being thus married to their own and the author's satisfaction, the narrative closes.

In terminating also our account of this work, we would bear a willing testimony to the talents of the writer; whom we would not wish to derive any sinister omen from the animadversions, which, in strict justice, we have been compelled to make in the beginning of our article. *Superbiam quæsitam meritis* should be his motto. Let him strike into the path of original composition, and emancipate his fancy from the trammels of imitation. He has a lively talent for description; his skill in versification is correct; and his volumes are interspersed with flowerets which breathe the air of elegant and simple poesy that is the charm of our antient ballad.

Art. IX. *Travels of His Royal Highness the Duke d'Angoulême*, through several Departments of France, in 1817. Containing a Statistical Account of the principal commercial Towns, the present State of their Manufactures, &c. &c. By Edward Pemberton, Esq., an Eye-witness. 8vo. pp. 259. 8s. Boards. Cox.

The journey recorded in this volume is connected with some very interesting considerations in the state of French politics. After the second expulsion of Bonaparte from France, it was deemed necessary by the Bourbon government to make a public example of those who had been foremost in the defection of the army; and, notwithstanding the well-known clemency of the sovereign, the sentence of the law was carried into effect on *Ney*, *Labedoyère*, and *Mouton du Vernet*. Having, however, thus shewn that they possessed the power to overcome and punish, the King and his ministers reverted to a different course; and on 5th September, 1816, they issued an order for dissolving the existing parliament, and convening another on a plan evidently calculated to discourage the ultra-royalists. The Parisians soon comprehended the conduct and motives of their government: but it was a matter of great difficulty to persuade Frenchmen at a distance that the King was sincere in his new plan of policy, or capable of bestowing his confidence on any but declared royalists. A sense of this difficulty led to the journey of the Duke of Angoulême through the provinces of the north of France, in the latter part of the year 1817; and the object of the tour was to assure the provincialists that the principles adopted by ministry received the most full and cordial acquiescence of the King and the Princes, a time having now arrived for an oblivion of party-spirit, and for regarding with an indulgent eye those who were once adherents of the Revolution. At Rouen, Nantes, Caen, Rennes, and even among the *Ultras par excellence* in La Vendée, the Duke urged this doctrine on the minds of all who were introduced to him; which was received with acclamation by the revolutionists, but heard in sullen silence by their opponents, who had no relish for the language of moderation, and who had, moreover, anticipated an undivided enjoyment of public honours and employments.

Mr. Pemberton's book is a closely printed volume, containing a mass of statistical information relative to French Flanders, Picardy, Normandy, and Brittany: each department being described with respect to its agriculture, manufactures, and past history, with all the minuteness of a geographical gazetteer; and the whole has probably been compiled from similar materials, since neither the Duke nor his attendant-officers could have had leisure to collect such a variety of details. We extract a few passages relative to French Flanders and its vicinity.

Agriculture. — 'The department of the North has the reputation of being the best cultivated in the kingdom; and, in fact, on casting the eye over its rich plains, an agreeable surprize is excited, at the striking superiority of the agriculture of this fine country over the interior of France. The soil is deep, rich, and of a brown colour. It is almost every where composed of vegetable remains, intermixed with sea-shells. A soil so excellent yields the most abundant crops of corn, tobacco, and flax. The quantity of oil which is procured from the rape-seed, &c. is astonishing, as well as the hops. It must be said in praise of the Flemings, that their industry and application to husbandry surpass the fertility of their soil.' (P. 21.)

'Among the useful animals we must not omit to class the dogs, which in several towns are employed for draught. They are large, and are harnessed to little carts. In 1801, two hundred of them belonged to the town of Lille alone. They are chiefly employed there by the butchers, and dealers in coal, charcoal, and fire-wood. One or two, and sometimes three abreast, will draw a considerable load. Two dogs will commonly draw 1200 lb. of coals; and it is with such a team that the general hospital at Lille has every thing brought that it wants.' (P. 28.)

Manufactures of St. Quentin. — 'In 1804 were established the first cotton spinning-mills at St. Quentin; these and steam-engines have changed the face of commerce in that town. All sorts of calicoes, muslins, dimities, gauzes, and printed cottons, occupied the looms instead of lawns and cambrics, or rather in conjunction with them; and although the cotton-manufactories are as far below the English as that of cambrics and lawns is superior, yet the manufacturers of St. Quentin, protected by the prohibition of manufactured English cotton goods, have a more extensive commerce at present than in any former period. A spark of national vanity makes the principal manufacturers boast, on conducting you through their manufactories, that several articles of their commerce are much superior to those of Manchester.' —

'St. Quentin has recently commenced the manufactory of woollen for neat India shawls, &c.; and though it cannot yet boast of the perfection to which these imitations are carried in England, yet many of the shawls, both in design and execution, so nearly resemble those of *Cashmere* that they must be handled and examined closely to discover the difference.'

Towards the middle of the volume, (p. 112.) Mr. P. suspends his statistical enumerations, and enters on the itinerary of the Duke; describing the different stages of the journey with accuracy, though with too frequent a recurrence of panegyric. The great fault of the book, as of so many that fall under our critical jurisdiction, is a want of selection: insignificant matter being often mixed up with useful and even valuable details; and so little method being observed, that the description of one town (Rennes) is given in two unconnected parts of the volume. That the author trespasses by the use of French idioms is abundantly shewn by a variety of expressions; and we have to regret the want of a table of contents and index, in a book in which, from the multiplicity of facts and circumstances, these aids to research would have been eminently convenient.

Art. X. *Melmoth the Wanderer:* a Tale. By the Author of "Bertram," &c. 12mo. 4 Vols. 1l. 8s. Boards. Hurst and Co. 1820.

The taste for horrors, or for tales abounding in supernatural events and characters, compacts with the devil, and mysterious prolongations of human life, has for some years past been on the decline in England. The necromancers of the Rhine, the Italian assassins of Mrs. Radcliffe, the St. Leons of Mr. Godwin, &c. &c., had indeed begun to disappear, overwhelmed by their own extravagance, previously to any positive symptom of a returning relish for sense and nature: but when, in addition to the satiety which a repetition of this highly-peppered diet had engendered, plain and substantial food was also administered to the novel-reader, in the exquisitely true and national descriptions of Maria Edgeworth and Walter Scott, there was no excuse even for the most devoted slave of a diseased imagination, who could boast any pretensions to cultivated intellect, to continue exclusively his unwholesome recreations; and, consequently, the works in question (even the most meritorious of them) have partially descended from the shelves of fashionable repositories of light reading, to make room for worthier occupants; yet still retaining, with soiled leaves and second-hand honours, their station in the first rank of the provincial circulating library. There, while they receive the faded garlands and spiritless incense of unrefined adulation, they cast a vain retrospect on their brighter days; when the boudoir of the lady, instead of the closet of the housekeeper, enshrined their volumes; and when the *real* Captain of the guard, instead of the yeomanry-serjeant, used them as the happiest of time-killers, during the intervals of active service, and considered them as the perfection of English literature.

Still, however, it is confessedly *possible* for a man of decided genius to revive, for a while, this exploded predilection for *impossibility*, even among better readers; and if, in this up-hill work, he should even for one season gain his point, we might be disposed to ascribe to him nearly the same honours as to the inventor of gas or galvanism; inasmuch as he also would illuminate one of the darkest and most hopeless corners of literature, and might even be said to have recalled, for one apparent instant, the spirit of the dead. Besides, it must be acknowleged that the fluctuations of fashion are not more rapid than they are diametrically opposed to each other; and that to the taste for works of amusement, especially, we may apply the remark of Horace on the vicissitudes of language:

> "*Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere, cadentque*
> *Quæ nunc sunt in honore.*"

Influenced by these considerations, perhaps, and still more by the passion for the violent, the ferocious, and the dreadful in poetry, which our contemporaries have so eminently displayed;—a passion that would seem to promise equal favour to kindred flights in prose;—or, which is most likely, hurried along by the unreflecting impulse of his own fancy, Mr. Maturin has again appeared before the public as the author of a most extravagant work, in the true St. Leon tone and character. The hero, Melmoth, is a personage of a most enduring vitality, making large inroads on centuries of time in his duration; and the only novelty which we have discovered in the plan of the book (to which novelty, however, we are disposed to allow considerable praise,) is the idea of this miraculously gifted being, of bright eyes and black disposition, attempting to gain proselytes to his friend the Devil with indefatigable zeal, but, throughout his lengthened existence, *attempting in vain.* Not that he entirely fails in his amiable pursuits, but that he finds no single individual, in his varied and protracted 'wanderings,' (in which, by the way, it is odd enough that he should never encounter his old friend "the Wandering Jew,") whom he can induce, however misled and rendered miserable by his temptations, to barter the hopes of eternity for the super-human longevity and magical locomotivity which he has himself gained in exchange for his own soul. This idea, Mr. Maturin quaintly enough informs us, was borrowed from one of his sermons! and he quotes the passage in his preface. At the close of that preface we find a statement, which will occasion us double regret at any severity of censure that we may be compelled to inflict on portions of the work before us: but which will add largely to the pleasure that we always feel in being able to accord the meed of praise to a writer of merit. Mr. Maturin himself '*regrets the necessity*' that compels him to appear again before the public, 'in so unseemly a character as that of a writer of romances;' adding, 'did my profession furnish me with the means of subsistence, I should hold myself culpable indeed in having recourse to any other, but — am I allowed the choice?'

In explanation of this allusion, we are obliged to notice a rumour that Mr. Maturin has lost his ecclesiastical employment, in consequence of his having written the play of Bertram. Of that tragedy we spoke fully in a former article, and certainly we have not changed our opinion on the subject: — but it is a very different question, indeed, whether a clergyman should be deprived of the means of subsistence in his profession for a literary offence of that nature, or whether he should be condemned for it in a critical journal. We are not sufficiently informed to speak farther: but we must, at present, consider Mr. Maturin as very harshly treated; and we are bound to remind his judges, whoever they may be, of the merciful injunction of the heathen satirist:

"*Ne scuticâ dignum, horribili sectêre flagello.*"

While we are on this part of our subject, we think that the best opportunity offers of doing justice to Mr. Maturin on a point of great importance. The following quotation explains itself:

> 'As by a mode of criticism equally false and unjust, the worst sentiments of my worst characters (from the ravings of Bertram to the blasphemies of Cardonneau) have been represented as *my own*, I must here trespass so far on the patience of the reader as to assure him, that the sentiments ascribed to the stranger are diametrically opposite to mine, and that I have purposely put them into the mouth of an agent of the enemy of mankind.'

We, of course, give full credit to Mr. Maturin for the sincerity of this declaration: but, as a matter of prudence, we must still retain our doubts of the propriety of *venting vollies* of infidelity without their accompanying antidotes of sound reasoning. The novel-reader, it is obvious, may be averse from graver studies; and, if so, it is more than possible that he may be in the habit of swallowing poison only, and not at the same time, or indeed at any time, imbibing the due correctives. We particularly, however, object to the frequent use, or rather abuse, of sacred names and things. From whatever mouth such titles and subjects, so handled, repeatedly issue, they take something away from the inviolability of the ideas which suggest them; and neither hearer nor speaker is benefited by the practice. "A word to the wise."

Of the purity of the author's *intentions* we will not doubt: but on this, as on all important occasions, we must be allowed to rely on our own judgment, and to offer it modestly but firmly to all parties concerned.

To come now to the story, or rather stories, of 'Melmoth.' The connecting link is very slight; merely that of a descendant of the family of Melmoth witnessing, at the beginning and the end of the four volumes, some impressive instances of the supernatural power of his ancestor 'the Wanderer;' and, during the greater part of those volumes, hearing tales from a Spaniard who is shipwrecked on the Irish coast, which carry to the highest pitch the curiosity of young Melmoth concerning the wonder-working wickednesses of his great progenitor. From these tales we shall select one or two detached passages: but, as the principal merit and attraction of the work depend on the variety of the incidents scattered throughout the four volumes, we should ill perform our duty to the author or the reader by offering any thing like an abstract of their contents.

We are bound, however, to record the great fertility of invention which Mr. Maturin has exhibited in these incidents; and also the strong graphic power to which he lays claim in the delineation and contrast of character. — 'Walberg and his Wife' (although the author, as is too frequently the case, *out-horrorizes* horror in this story,) are indeed powerfully described; and if the original of the lady be living, as Mr. M. intimates, we can only say that he who is acquainted with her is so far happy. The tale of 'John Sandal and Elinor Mortimer' is said to have foundation in fact. At all events it is very interesting, and displays (perhaps *displays* rather too much) a very amusing knowlege of English historical anecdote, during a long period. The parts of the work which depicture the crimes and miseries of conventual life; which lead us from the dungeons of a monastery into those of the Inquisition, and through false doors under the floorings of rooms, down sloping passages, into subterraneous apartments, where old conjurors sit by candlelight surrounded with sculls; those parts, we say, in which the author seems lost in a kind of wearisome climax of the surprizingly wretched, and where the toiling reader yawns after him in vain, have in our opinion by far the least originality. They are, "in good truth," (to use a comfit-maker's phrase,) nothing but ten-times repeated copies of the *Radcliffe-romance;* of which, as Mr. Maturin tells us, he was warned by a judicious friend. His distinction between his own convents and those of old is rather fanciful than real. He imagines that he has made the sufferings of an unwilling monk novel in their appearance, by dwelling more on that 'irritating series of petty torments,' which 'solitude gives its inmates leisure to invent, and power combined with malignity the full disposition to practise, than on the startling adventures one meets with in romances.' Many of these 'petty torments,' however, are most serious inflictions, and strange events (we should hope) even in a convent; while, with regard to 'startling horrors,' we should think that few romances could boast any thing equal to the nocturnal visits of Melmoth, unchecked by the bolts and bars of the most *perfect* of human prisons.

The most original portion of the work is perhaps that in which the island in the Indian ocean is described, and the rare being who inhabits it. To our taste, however, the author has greatly impaired the charm of his own creation, by introducing this delicate vision into the gross realities of human life: but, throughout, he has shewn much strength in the balance of kindness and cruelty, of diabolical malice and manly affection, which agitates the mysterious mind of the Wanderer, in his intercourse with the lovely Immalee. We shall make a quotation from their story; which, although it may have borrowed ideas from various sources, (perhaps, among others, from the tale of Pocahontas,) certainly does set the imaginative power of the author on an eminence of distinction. We are aware how easy it would be to turn this whole romantic tale into successful ridicule: but Immalee is rather a favourite with us; and we have not so wholly forgotten the delight of the *Fairy Tales* of our youth as to be insensible to any similar attempt that possesses merit.

Of the introductory scenes we can give no fair idea by quotation: we would only, *en passant*, suggest to the author a doubt whether he should, in any manner, have alluded to *some* of the circumstances of Indian worship which disfigure his page; and, still more, whether he should have polluted a scriptural phrase by so misapplying it as in vol. iii. p. 137. Of this fault we meet with other instances.

The Wanderer has given dark hints of his unhappy condition; and he now stands, with his devoted and innocent companion, at the entrance of a ruined edifice, watching the progress of a tremendous thunder-storm.

' "Immalee, as she gazed around her, felt, for the first time, terror at the aspect of nature. Formerly, she had considered all its phenomena as equally splendid or terrific. And her childish, though active imagination, seemed to consecrate alike the sunlight and the storm, to the devotion of a heart, on whose pure altar the flowers and the fires of nature flung their undivided offering.

' " But since she had seen the stranger, new emotions had pervaded her young heart. She learned to weep and to fear; and perhaps she saw, in the fearful aspect of the heavens, the developement of that mysterious terror, which always trembles at the bottom of the hearts of those who dare to love.

' " How often does nature thus become an involuntary interpreter between us and our feelings! Is the murmur of the ocean without a meaning? — Is the roll of the thunder without a voice? — Is the blasted spot on which the rage of both has been exhausted without its lesson? — Do not they all tell us some mysterious secret, which we have in vain searched our hearts for? — Do we not find in them an answer to those questions with which we are for ever importuning the mute oracle of our destiny? — Alas! how deceitful and inadequate we feel the language of man, after love and grief have made us acquainted with that of nature! — the only one, perhaps, capable of a corresponding sign for those emotions, under which all human expression faints. What a difference between *words without meaning*, and that *meaning without words*, which the sublime phenomena of nature, the rocks and the ocean, the moon and the twilight, convey to those who have ' ears to hear.'

' " How eloquent of truth is nature in her very silence! How fertile of reflections amid her profoundest desolations! But the desolation now presented to the eyes of Immalee was that which is calculated to cause terror, not reflection. Earth and heaven, the sea and the dry land, seemed mingling together, and about to replunge into chaos. The ocean, deserting its eternal bed, dashed its waves, whose white surf gleamed through the darkness, far into the shores of the isle. They came on like the crests of a thousand warriors, plumed and tossing in their pride, and, like them, perishing in the moment of victory. There was a fearful inversion of the natural appearance of earth and sea, as if all the barriers of nature were broken, and all her laws reversed.

' " The waves deserting their station, left, from time to time, the sands as dry as those of the desert; and the trees and shrubs tossed and heaved in ceaseless agitation, like the waves of a midnight storm. There was no light, but a livid grey that sickened the eye to behold, except when the bright red lightning burst out like the eye of a fiend, glancing over the work of ruin, and closing as it beheld it completed.

' " Amid this scene stood two beings, one whose appealing loveliness seemed to have found favour with the elements even in their wrath, and one whose fearless and obdurate eye appeared to defy them. ' Immalee,' he cried, ' is this a place or an hour to talk of love! — all nature is appalled — heaven is dark — the animals have hid themselves — and the very shrubs, as they wave and shrink, seem alive with terror.' — ' It is an hour to implore protection,' said the Indian, clinging to him timidly. — ' Look up,' said the stranger, while his own fixed and fearless eye seemed to return flash for flash to the baffled and insulted elements; 'Look up, and if you cannot resist the impulses of your heart, let me at least point out a fitter object for them. Love,' he cried, extending his arm towards the dim and troubled sky, 'love the storm in its might of destruction — seek alliance with those swift and perilous travellers of the groaning air, — the meteor that rends, and the thunder that shakes it! Court, for sheltering tenderness, those masses of dense and rolling cloud, — the baseless mountains of heaven! Woo the kisses of the fiery lightnings, to quench themselves on your smouldering bosom! Seek all that is terrible in nature for your companions and your lover! — woo them to burn and blast you — perish in their fierce embrace, and you will be happier, far happier, than if you lived in mine! *Lived!* — Oh who can be mine and live! Hear me, Immalee!' he cried, while he held her hands locked in his — while his eyes, rivetted on her, sent forth a light of intolerable lustre — while a new feeling of indefinite enthusiasm seemed for a moment to thrill his whole frame, and new-modulate the tone of his nature; 'Hear me! If you will be mine, it must be amid a scene like this for ever — amid fire and darkness — amid hatred and despair — amid ——' and his voice swelling to a demoniac shriek of rage and horror, and his arms extended, as if to grapple with the fearful objects of some imaginary struggle, he was rushing from the arch under which they stood, lost in the picture which his guilt and despair had drawn, and whose images he was for ever doomed to behold.

' " The slender form that had clung to him was, by this sudden movement, prostrated at his feet; and, with a voice choaked with terror, yet with that perfect devotedness which never issued but from the heart and lip of woman, she answered his frightful questions with the simple demand, '*Will you be there?*' — 'Yes! — THERE I must be, and for ever! And *will* you, and *dare* you, be with me?' And a kind of wild and terrible energy nerved his frame, and strengthened his voice, as he spoke and cowered over pale and prostrate loveliness, that seemed in profound and reckless humiliation to court its own destruction, as if a dove exposed its breast, without flight or struggle, to the beak of a vulture. 'Well, then,' said the stranger, while a brief convulsion crossed his pale visage, 'amid thunder I wed thee — bride of perdition! mine shalt thou be for ever! Come, and let us attest our nuptials before the reeling altar of nature, with the lightnings of heaven for our bed-lights, and the curse of nature for our marriage-benediction!' The Indian shrieked in terror, not at his words, which she did not understand, but at the expression which accompanied them. 'Come,' he repeated, 'while the darkness yet is witness to our ineffable and eternal union.' Immalee, pale, terrified, but resolute, retreated from him." '

That this scene manifests an extravagance passing all the sober bounds of sense, we are as ready to acknowlege as the reader will be to discover: but does it not also exhibit eloquence and imagination, with a strong perception of the powers and energies of nature, and of their corresponding impulses in the heart of man? It is not every one who can so feel and so describe these secret harmonies. With regard to eloquence, (for we will advance no farther in the regions of mysticism,) we think it is plain that, under the curb, and the bit, and the well applied lash, the rhetorical Pegasus of Mr. Maturin would carry him a strong, a lofty, and a steady flight, and nearer to heaven than earth in *some* of its ascending path. Why will he not direct that "courser of ætherial strain" into a more regular career? Works of amusement let him write, by all means, and with every good omen: but let them be regulated by some principles of taste; and, above all, by a recollection of that prudent intimation of danger *on a certain subject*, which we have already given him with the most friendly purpose. To that hint we must add the equally well intended caution that, as it was through the sides of *Romanism* that Voltaire and Co. (partners in the great foreign firm of Infidelity) attacked the whole faith, it behoves every votary of that faith to be on his guard to render due honours to what is true, while he exposes what is false; and to take active care lest the knife which he uses against an unsound limb should, in the judgment of any weaker brother, really make an incision into the healthy vitals of the system.

While we are executing the ungracious but necessary task of advice, we would also put it to the author's better judgment whether, in any subsequent work, he will not do well to keep himself within the bounds of nature and probability, however fresh a colouring his fancy may give to a real picture; and, finally, whether a hero, involved in whatever distress he may be, yet displaying various and unconquered virtue, would not at the present moment be a more *novel* character than any other that he could devise? The uninterrupted representation of vicious characters, which for a succession of years has filled and disgraced our popular works of every description in lighter literature, and the adornment of those characters with the dangerous attributes of sensibility and courage, must at length have exhausted the sympathies of the most indulgent public. Let a new novelist, or new poet, seek for fame in the exploded path of *merit in affliction*, enduring the ordeal. The very change will be something; and who knows what may follow? Genius, deriving its inspiration from the forgotten source of goodness, may actually be again astonished to find itself in union with taste! and, as wonders never cease when they have once begun,

gun, we may positively see revived in England the long faded dream of classical composition.

As a beacon to this author, and to others, we must now point out a few of the prominent *extravaganzas* in thought, or phrase, in which 'Melmoth' indulges.

Vol. i. p. 225. 'The *rushing of their robes*, as he dragged them out, seemed like the *whirlwind* that attends the presence of the *destroying angel*' *!!!* We remember to have heard, when boys, of a person who "split his breeches as if heaven and earth were coming together;" and we presume that this was the prototype of Mr. Maturin's illustration just quoted.

Vol. ii. p. 253. 'I swam for some moments in a sea of flames and blood. My frenzy returned, and I remember only uttering curses, that would have *exhausted Divine vengeance in its plenitude to fulfil.*' These are liberties, revolting liberties, which we cannot pass in silence. Let us hope that this work is the last from Mr. Maturin's pen in which they will appear. Even madness, in a fictitious character, is no excuse for this.

Vol. iii. p. 133. — ' "Multitudes of them dropt dead as they crawled. Multitudes still living, faintly waved their hands, to scare the vultures that hovered nearer and nearer at every swoop, and scooped the poor remnants of flesh from the living bones of the screaming victim, and retreated, with an answering scream of disappointment at the scanty and tasteless morsel they had torn away."

> ' "Many tried, in their false and fanatic zeal, to double their torments, by crawling through the sands on their hands and knees; but hands through the backs of which the nails had grown, and knees worn literally to the bone, struggled but feebly amid the sands and the skeletons, and the bodies that were soon to be skeletons, and the vultures that were to make them so." '

This is mere *disgust.* * The business of the writer of imagination is to select, and combine, and represent, vividly: but out of the realms of *Terror and Pity* his tragic descriptions should never wander, and least of all should they approach the caverns of *Loathsomeness.*

Vol. iv. p. 146. From the tale of Walberg:

> ' "Ines! Ines! What? am I talking to a corse?" He was indeed, for the wretched wife had sunk at his feet senseless. "Thank God!" he again emphatically exclaimed, as he beheld her lie to all appearance lifeless before him. "Thank God a word then has killed her, — it was a gentler death than famine! It would have been kind to have strangled her with these hands! Now for the children!" he exclaimed, while horrid thoughts chased each other over his reeling and unseated mind, and he

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* So also, if not worse, the description of the Spanish mob-murder, in the same volume, p. 29.

imagined he heard the roar of a sea in its full strength thundering in his ears, and saw ten thousand waves dashing at his feet, and every wave of blood. "Now for the children!"—and he felt about as if for some implement of destruction. In doing so, his left hand crossed his right, and grasping it, he exclaimed as if he felt a sword in his hand, —"This will do—they will struggle—they will supplicate,—but I will tell them their mother lies dead at my feet, and then what can they say? Hold now," said the miserable man, sitting calmly down, "if they cry to me, what shall I answer? Julia, and Ines her mother's namesake,—and poor little Maurice, who smiles even amid hunger, and whose smiles are worse than curses!—I will tell them their mother is dead!" he cried, staggering towards the door of his children's apartment—"Dead without a blow!—that shall be their answer and their doom."'

The conclusion of this passage is in better taste. The idea of seizing one hand with the other, and mistaking it for a sword, is burlesqued from the "*Avare*" of Moliere; and the preceding caricature of horrors cannot be too forcibly ridiculed.

If we had room for another laudatory quotation, we should select the final scene, the fate of the Wanderer:—but, perhaps, we should only be taking something from the general interest of the work, and in that case should frustrate our own intention; which has been to recommend it, with the exceptions and drawbacks that we have been in duty bound to specify, to the favourable notice of the novel-reader of mature growth and understanding, who can discern and foster its claims to praise, while he detects its faults, and feels them only to avoid them.

Art. XI. *The Poetical Decameron*, or Ten Conversations on English Poets and Poetry, particularly of the Reigns of Elizabeth and James I. By J. Payne Collier, of the Middle Temple, 2 Vols. Crown 8vo. 1l. 4s. Boards. Hurst and Co. 1820.

To the literary antiquary, and especially to the poetical bibliographer, these volumes are intended to furnish an elegant intellectual repast: but, though the author displays a very ample knowlege of his subject, we fear that his work will be considered as heavy and useless by the *learned in his way*, while it will have few charms for the general reader. It is manifest that a book in which the names of Breton and Brathwayte, and Constable and Churchyard, bear prominent parts, and which tells us much of Fitzgeffrey and Fleming, and Gascoyne and Goddard,

"And all such reading as is *rarely* read," speaks only to the initiated; and that the mere *mysta* is not qualified to become an *Epopta* of this bibliographical Eleusis. He must go through some preliminary purifications; which (we conclude) are to be found among the rules of the Roxburghe club. — *Ἐστι δὲ παραπλησίη ἡ κάθαρσις τοῖσι Λυδοισι και τοῖσι Ἑλλησι.*

We cannot introduce the author in so good a manner to his readers as he has introduced himself in the opening paragraphs of his preface.

> 'The intention of the author has been to treat an antiquarian subject in a popular way: he has found in his progress that he has not been able to accomplish that purpose to the extent of his wishes. If he had accomplished it, he might, perhaps, have made a better speculation, but a worse book: — it would have possessed even less substance than in its present shape belongs to it.
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> 'The general success which attended the publication of such works as *Censura Literaria*, the British Bibliographer, and *Restituta*, the numerous reprints made of late years from judiciously selected productions of our early writers, without taking into view the prices which original specimens of the poetry of our ancestors now uniformly obtain, may be considered tests of the public taste in this respect. Though the author's plan is different, his design is the same: neither in his title, nor in his object, does he claim any novelty, nor is it of consequence that he should. The general scheme of this work was formed long before the appearance of the Rev. Mr. Dibdin's "Bibliographical Decameron," a work of far deeper research and far wider learning than the author can pretend to. Yet the subject of these inquiries, if not as curious and recondite, is at least as inviting and important, for, as a living critic has well said, "poetry is 'the stuff of which our life is made:' it is not a mere frivolous accomplishment — the trifling amusement of a few idle readers or leisure hours — it has been the study and delight of mankind in all ages."'

It is very true that poetry has delighted mankind in all ages: but what sort? Poetry of an original and everlasting stamp; — and what portion of mankind? The cultivated and the kind-hearted. The ballads that please savage nations ill deserve the name of poetry; although they may, in some few happy instances out of the immense variety of their contemporary songs, have possessed occasional boldness and felicity as well of expression as of design. Neither are the feeble copies of a copy, which abound in polished ages and countries, intitled to this much-injured name. Poetry is that mixture of art and nature, that association of the elements of original genius with the perfect combinations of knowlege and of taste, which has appeared in some few favoured examples of antiquity, and alas! in fewer, miserably fewer, of modern times. This is all that is *generally* pleasing in the long catalogue of poets; and therefore it is impossible that the admiration of rare and curious authors, whose merits are only *occasional*, and who *never* have won the general suffrage of polished minds, can, by the efforts of any bibliographer, be diffused beyond his own narrow circle. Still there is much to occupy the idle, much to relax the good-humoured scholar, and much to employ worthily the resources of the rich, in the pursuits of bibliography; and, among the many *scientific* works of this nature which, in the present luxury of literary taste, have issued from the British press, the present may obtain by courtesy an indifferent station.

We are aware that we are rather degenerating from the high feeling, and descending from the dignified tone, which we once deemed it right to express on this subject: but, in truth, the *folly* is gone too far to be extirpated; and, therefore, to direct and modify its *indulgences* is all that a reasonable reformer can expect.

Mr. Collier's individual claim on our attention now calls on us to quit our lucubrations on the general merits of his *hobby-horse*, and to discuss the peculiar air and manner of Roxburghe chivalry in which he rides it:

'There was another writer of blank verse, who ought to be mentioned before Gascoyne — a poet with a most unpoetical name, John Vandernoodt, who, in 1569, printed "A theatre wherein be represented as wel the miseries and calamities that follow the voluptuous worldings, as also the greate ioyes and pleasures which the faithfull do enioy." Nothing is known of the biography of this author, whose production is of very rare occurrence. The following sonnet was copied from it for me by a friend, who could not prevail upon the owner to part with the possession of such a treasure, even for a day. It is, however, a sufficient specimen.

' "It was the time when rest the gift of Gods
Sweetely sliding into the eyes of men,
Doth drowne in the forgetfulnesse of sleepe
The carefull trauailes of the painfull day:
Then did a ghost appeare before mine eyes
On that great riuers banke that runnes by Rome,
And calling me then by my proper name,
He bade me vpwarde vnto heauen looke.
He cried to me, and loe (quod he) beholde,
What vnder this great Temple is containde;
Loe all is nought but flying vanitie.
So I knowing the worldes vnstedfastnesse,
Sith onely God surmountes the force of tyme,
In God alone do stay my confidence." '

This, in our judgment, is one of the most popular selections which we could have made from the work. The three interlocutors in the dialogue (Morton, Elliot, and Bourne, in whom we cannot honestly profess much interest,) observe on the merits or demerits of the quotations, besides minutely entering into the "birth, parentage, and education" of the works which they quote; and on the present occasion they speak thus:

'Morton. For the early date at which it was written, it is uncommonly harmonious.

'Elliot. The sentiments are expressed both easily and elegantly: the description of sleep "sweetly sliding into the eyes of men," is very happy.'

Neither of them, however, notices the plagiarism of Mr. Coleridge from this expression. This is not the first occasion, by many, on which we have remarked the propensity to poetical larceny in the readers and imitators of old English poetry. "Rest sweetly *sliding* into the eyes of men" cannot be overlooked as the original of Mr. Coleridge's *peculiar* expression:

"She sent the blessed sleep from Heaven,
That *slid* into my soul."

We will now advert to a passage in which the *minutenesses* of antiquarianism are somewhat more clearly displayed. Philology, it may be said, should and must be *minute*:—true:—but the *date* in which a word was introduced, is it so *very* important?

'Bourne. Did you observe the word *swagger* in the second line?

'Elliot. I heard it; but is there any thing remarkable in it?

'Bourne. It is one of the few words of which we can ascertain the period of its introduction into our language.

'Morton. How is it ascertained?

'Bourne. By a very decisive passage in the Epistle to the Reader, prefixed to Chapman's translation of the Shield of Achilles: speaking of *swagger,* he says, "it is a new word amongst them, and round-headed custome giues it priuiledge with much imitation, being created as it were by a natural Prosopopeia without etimologie or deriuation." This was written in 1598, and the word repeatedly occurs in writers about that time.

'Morton. Does the Rev. Mr. Todd notice that quotation in his new edition of Johnson's Dictionary?

'Bourne. He does not.

'Elliot. Yet I take it, that in general he gives the oldest authorities that can be found for words, does he not?

'Bourne. If he did, his work would be much more valuable than it is, as a sort of history of the progress of our language.

Another instance of the same kind as *swagger* is afforded by the word *beleaguer.*'

We turn next to page 112., and (on the principle which we must always advocate) introduce our readers to more generally interesting though less *curious* matter.

'ELLIOT. By the by, let me ask you if you ever met with Hobbes's translation of Homer (1684).

'BOURNE. Never. I have read a poem he published on his own life, but his translation of Homer I never saw.

'ELLIOT. Then it is my turn to digress (but it shall not be long), by repeating just the opening lines of the Iliad, as he gives them.

> "O Goddess, sing what woe the discontent
> Of *Thetis* son brought to the Greeks; what souls
> Of heroes down to Erebus it sent
> Leaving their bodies unto dogs and fowls;
> Whilst the two princes of the army strove
> King *Agammemnon* and *Achilles* stout.
> That so it should be was the will of *Jove,*
> But who was he that made them first fall out?
> *Apollo.*"

'MORTON. But, bad as that is, it is far better than the translation of Virgil by the notorious Vicars, published in 1632. The following lines are a part of the description of the storm in the first book:

> "Whiles thus he spake a whistling northern puff
> Whiffs up the waves, gives the sails such a cuff,
> As brake their wingy oares, turn'd the fore-deck,
> And lays the ships broadside to th' billows check.
> Then follows, flows, a mountainous burst wave,
> These, turret-like, on floods tops station haue;
> Those 'twixt two gaping seas seem sunk to ground,
> Whom boiling, foamy, frothy floods confound."

'ELLIOT. It is to be wondered that Dryden should have thought it necessary to publish his *poor* translation, when the market was forestalled by such an admirable performance!

'BOURNE. One would think that, like Cotton's Travestie, what you repeated was intended for burlesque. And yet this Vicars is the author usually coupled with the admirable Wither.'

Let us now have a word or two about our old mysterious friend Marlowe; whose real existence, "in the days that are gone," has lately, we are told, been placed beyond all doubt by a sufficiently strong proof that he lived, viz. the discovery of the record that he died, in the register of the church of St. Nicholas, Deptford.

'BOURNE. Here we have a book of much rarity, and, in its way, not of less merit, — a blank-verse translation of the first *book of Lucan, by a noted* poet, whom you have frequently heard mentioned, and who died before 1593, as is said by some of a wound he received in a scuffle arising out of a low amour.

'MORTON. You mean Christopher Marlow. — Can you give us a specimen?

'BOURNE. A short one; but perhaps sufficient for our purpose. It is from that part of the first book which begins

> *Fert animus causas tantarum expromere rerum,*
> *Immensumque aperitur opus, &c.*

what is called in the language of poetical arguments "the subject proposed."

> "The causes first I purpose to vnfould
> Of these garboiles — whence springs a long discourse —
> And what made mudding people shake off peace.
> The fates are enuious. High feats quickly perish
> Vnder great burdens falls are euer greuous:
> Rome was so great it could not beare itselfe.
> So when the worlds compounded union breakes
> Time ends, and to old Chaos things returne."

'ELLIOT. There is a fine terseness and fulness of meaning in those lines.

'BOURNE. They serve as one example out of many that could be produced, that it is possible to translate the full sense of a Latin hexameter poet in as many English heroic lines.

'MORTON. Yet *Nec se Roma ferens* is extended to a whole line by Marlow.

'BOURNE. It is, but eight of Lucan are perfectly translated in eight lines of Marlow. I do not, however, say that this is always the case, for there are amplifications. Marlow goes on thus:

> "Confused stars shall meete, celestiall fire
> Fleete on the flouds, the earth shoulder the sea,
> Affording it no shore, and *Phœbes* waine
> Chace *Phœbus*, and inragd affect his place,
> And striue to shine by day; and full of strife
> Dissolue the engines of the broken world." '

We must conclude with an extract from the second volume, relating to the "*Funebria Floræ*," "the downefall of May-games," by *Hall:*

'BOURNE. You have guessed rightly; but the most ludicrous part of his attack, is a mock trial of the heathen patroness of these sports, under the title of "the Inditement of Flora," in which this "Floralian harlot" is regularly arraigned, and a jury impannelled for her trial.

'MORTON. A monstrous absurdity.

'BOURNE. Yet detailed with the utmost gravity and solemnity, as if it were the formal proceeding of a constituted court. You shall see: it begins thus — The clerk says,

' "Flora, — hold vp thy hand:

' " Thou art indited by the name of Flora of the City of Rome, in the County of Babylon, for that thou contrary to the peace of our Soveraign Lord, his Crown and Dignity, hast brought in a pack of practical Fanaticks, viz. Ignorants, Atheists, Papists, Drunkards, Swearers, Swash-bucklers, Maid-marrions, Morrice-dancers, Maskers, Mummers, Maypole-stealers, Health-drinkers, together with a rascalian rout of Fidlers, Fools, Fighters, Gamesters, Whore-masters, Lewd-men, Light-women, Contemners of Magistracy, Affronters of Ministry, rebellious to Masters, disobedient to Parents, Mis-spenders of Time, Abusers of the Creature."

' Elliot. What says the poor prisoner at the bar to this accusation — does she plead guilty or not guilty?

' Bourne. The following colloquy occurs between Flora and the Judge.

' " *Judge.* What sayest thou, guilty or not guilty?

' " *Prisoner.* Not guilty, my Lord.

' " *Judg.* By whom wilt thou be tried?

' " *Pris.* By the Popes-Holiness, my Lord.

' " *Judg.* He is thy Patron and Protector, and so unfit to be a Judge in this case.

' " *Pris.* Then I appeal to the Prelates, and Lord Bishops, my Lord.

' " *Judg.* This is but a tiffany put off, &c.

' " *Pris.* Then I appeal to the rout and rabble of the world.

' " *Judg.* These are thy followers and thy favourites, and so unfit to be judges in their own case.

' " *Pris.* My Lord, if there be no remedy, I am content to bee tried by a Jury.

' " *Judg.* Thou hast well said, thou shalt haue a full, fair, and a free hearing."

' Morton. The English bishops and the Romish pope are here considered much upon a par: Hall was a furious mar-prelate, I have no doubt. Does the unhappy prisoner obtain a full, fair, and free hearing?

' Bourne. You may judge from this fact, that the Judge acts as the Crown-advocate, and the jury are both jurymen and witnesses: but we have not arrived at the end of the ridiculousness of this mock trial. Holy-Scriptures is the first called to come into court.

' " *Holy-Scriptures.* My Lord, I cannot get in.

' " *Judg.* Who keeps you out?

' " *Holy-Scriptures.* My Lord, here is a company of ignorant, rude, prophane, superstitious, atheistical persons that will not suffer me to come in.

' " *Judg.* Cryer, knock down those prophane persons and make room for *Holy-Scriptures* to come in."

' Elliot. He is as summary as Jack Cade with the soldier; who omitted to call him Lord Mortimer; " Knock him down there!" '

This is all lively and good in the manner of its introduction; and we have no doubt that to many of the more *rational* bibliographers it will be quite acceptable: but others will deem a quotation from *Hall* much too ordinary and commonplace for any Roxburghe-man. It may seem ungracious to conclude by adding that, though we believe Mr. Collier to be a sufficiently accurate compiler and reporter, he is in general by no means animated in his dialogue: yet such is the fact; and we scarcely refrain from appropriating to him one of his own remarks:

'In short, we think that his book deserves the opinion given by an epigrammatist of a certain poem—

'"From England take your work,
Such lines we will not keep;
Where *Opium* fails the Turk,
Your book will make him sleep."'

MONTHLY CATALOGUE,

FOR JANUARY, 1821.

POETRY, &C.

Art. 12. *Jack Randall's Diary of Proceedings at the House of Call for Genius.* Edited by Mr. Breakwindow. To which are added, several of Mr. B.'s minor Pieces. 12mo. 4s. Boards. Simpkin and Marshall. 1820.

This is somewhat too much. We may be induced to read, and certainly cannot help smiling when we do read, some few of the records of "*The Fancy*" in the news-papers. The figurative terms of this new language have indeed their own species of merit about them: but to embody them in printed books, one after another, and to turn them into the materials for mis-named poetry, is really beyond all good-humoured toleration. We have before treated some of these whimsies with a forced grin, but we cannot go on enduring them. The two following specimens are taken from different parts of the book, and are more than fair examples of the whole:

'AIR,—"*The Legacy.*"

'When in gaol I shall calm recline,
Bear my best coat to some Pawnbroker near;
Shew him how stylish the gilt buttons shine,
And ask him a price that is not too dear.
Bid him not search for Bank Notes in the pocket,
For they were *lugg'd* out to discharge an old debt;
And all that he'll find will be an old locket
Of *Sal's*, which she gave me the last time we met.

'When the use of each *gin can* is o'er,
Sack them, and take them over the way,
For I know the *Cove*, and he 'll lend you more
Than any *Flat* can afford to pay;
Bid him not turn 'em up for the rincing,
That oftentimes lies at the bottom so dim,
But tell him, my *old one*, without any mincing,
You *mopp'd them out* * ere you brought them to him.

'Take then this glass, which the *gaol-bird* is twining,
With bright *flashy* flowers, which spring for him yet,
And think how oft in it we 've seen the gin shining,
And bath'd our ripe lips in the *Deady's light wet.*
And wonder not, if in some inspired minute
As intently you gaze on this cup o'er and o'er,
A *Go* of *blue ruin* should start up within it,
The *inside of your white neck to wet once more.*'

Mr. Moore has parodied himself in this way, but how will he like another to do it?

'RANDALL; — *a Fragment; with Notes.*

'*By the late Richard Ranger, Esq.*

'Immortal Randall! Thou whose fadeless name
Stands like a sun-burst on the scroll of Fame,
Inspire the Muse, who seeks in votive lays,
To sing thy god-like deeds, and hymn thy praise.

'The Muse is right, who hath auspicious popt
Upon thy birth, and says that thou wert *dropt*
In that most sacred spot in all our Isles,
That 's 'neath the patronage of great *St. Giles:*
There, in some *cellar*, didst thou, chief of men!
First breathe the air, — but if thou didst — what then?
The Ajacian † Wanderer, whom Fate so kind,
Permitted long to *ruffian* all mankind,
First saw the light within some secret cell,
Where none but shoe-blacks were allowed to dwell;
Gazed on the scene his soul disdained to own,
And fleetly strode from soot-bags to a throne.
That mighty Pope ‡, whose iron-fisted sway,
Rome trembling own'd, and own'd but to obey;
Who in the Capitol *run so many rigs*,
Once fed his appetite by feeding pigs.'

If there be those who can *feed* on such husks as these, we leave them with their kindred swine. Mr. Breakwindow has the audacity to publish a boxing parody of the noblest little lyrical effusion in our language, the "Hohenlinden" of Mr. Campbell.

'* Drank up the remainder.'

'† Napoléon Bonaparte.'

'‡ Sixtus the Fifth.'

Art. 31. *Edmund and Anna*, a simple Ballad; with other Poems. By Edward Green, Corresponding Member of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, &c. Crown 8vo. 7s. Boards. Allman. 1819.

Although these verses are unobjectionable on the score of morality, we can select none that are deserving of the reader's attention. Some of the rhymes are wholly inadmissible, such as *away* and *me*, *say* and *me*, &c., in p. 14.; and the following lines at p. 18. are inexcusably incorrect:

> '*Every* stranger passing nigh
> Who *chance* their tale to hear,
> *Bestows*,' &c.

Art. 14. *Fancy's Wreath*, a Collection of Poems. By J. L. Stevens. 12mo. 5s. Boards. Scatcherd and Letterman. 1820.

Among the numerous poetical productions of a very secondary species of merit, we have frequently observed individual passages and solitary lines, sparkling like sudden flashes of light in utter darkness bursting through the gloom and dulness of the pages by which they are surrounded. It would appear, also, that uniformity in mediocrity and in bad writing is as far from being invariably maintained by inferior authors, as a constant standard of excellence by those of a superior character; and we thus not unfrequently find very common-place thoughts and lame expressions in the writings of our first poets. Mr. Stevens, in numerous instances, seems to be an exception to that prevailing dulness which "keeps the even tenor of its way" through an indefinite space of letter-press, without affording even the most questionable proofs of merit. He displays taste and feeling in disposing a few of the flowers in 'Fancy's Wreath,' yet the general manner and effect of the whole are not pleasing; while we perceive too much affectation and mannerism in the style and sentiments; an imitative tone, tamely "mocking the sound of mightier lyres;" an idle and loose display of figures and eloquent words, which mean nothing; and "passages which lead to nothing." We have often decried this weak and flimsy mode of poetic composition: but it still seems to be the prevailing sin with a large class of our periodical poetlings. Mr. Stevens is extremely fond of practising it, as well as another poetic failing of a still more heinous nature; viz. that of adopting Scotch idioms and phraseology, to express sentiments and descriptions which are too trifling and ridiculous to deserve record in any language whatever, but in this manner betray such conceit and affectation that the few less exceptionable passages will scarcely save the work from speedy oblivion.

Art. 15. *Cathluna;* a Tale, in Five Cantos. 12mo. 5s. Boards. Stodart. 1819.

This is a little work of a very unequal character; exhibiting much feeling and just sentiment, conveyed in an extravagant and exaggerated manner, which bespeaks a study of fine language and dramatic effect; with a display of tropes and figures, introduced rather at the expence of sound thought and judgment. We have often, especially in late years, had occasion to denounce those new principles of poetic composition which have obtained such a mischievous influence over the character of our English literature; and which, from being adopted for the sake of novelty by several of our most distinguished writers, have given rise to wretched imitations on the part of second-rate geniuses. That this attempt is the result of a change and renovation of thought and feeling, favourable to our modern poetry, we are willing to admit: but the principles of revolution in taste have been carried much too far, and have produced a re-action extremely injurious to the interests of good composition. We are disgusted with the excesses of this revolutionary system in the hands of "the mighty in the land of song:" but what shall we say of the locust-cloud of followers, who have no greatness of thought or beauty of sentiment to relieve their dull monotony of rhyme, or extenuate its gross defects?

In this anonymous tale of Cathluna, occasional passages evince sensibility and taste: but,

"Like angel-visits, few and far between,"

they are permitted to meet our mortal eyes very seldom and indistinctly indeed. Yet we ought, perhaps, to be thankful to meet even with these, when we consider the spirit in which the greater part of our modern poems is conceived, and the mode in which they are executed. The story of Cathluna appears to be the offspring of the author's own imagination, without any assistance from antient ballad or modern history, or piteous tales on record of false knights and distressed heroines, in prose or verse. The heroine is cast in too slight a mould to interest us "after the fashion of the heroines of old;" and her sighing swain Dugald is not a sufficiently accomplished "false deceiver" to remind us in the least of a Lovelace, or a Lara, or a Giaour, or even a Bertram of Sir W. Scott or Mr. Maturin. The writer's poetical powers may be appreciated from the opening of the third canto, which will also illustrate our observation that the author possesses a degree of poetic feeling, with some force of language and versification:

'Hail, fairest visitant, propitious power,
Whose radiant form dispels the darken'd hour;
Bright glowing Fancy — from whose flashing wings
A thousand blended colours bless mine eyes,
Swift as the sheeted lightning, where it springs
From forth dark bosom'd clouds 'mid summer-skies,
To deck ideal shapes in rosy light,
  And sooth with visionary view,
  The pilgrims of the night.

'Now with thy magic smiles allure again,
Over this wintry waste sweet summer's reign;
And pair'd with memory waft me to those shades
Where Lothian's stream by mountain rills supplied;

In accents mild their virgin fear upbraids,
And with soft murmur woos them to his side;
Then lay me down in some sequester'd dell,
And lull me to my dreams
Beneath thy potent spell.

'The fitfull charm involves me — all grows dim —
As in a heaving sea around me swim
Disjointed objects — shiver'd with a stroke,' &c. &c.

Art. 16. *The Protocol;* or, Selections from the Contents of a Red Box, found in the Neighbourhood of St. James's Square. Edited by Leigh Cliffe, Esq. 12mo. 7s. 6d. Boards. Spence. 1820.

Since the editor of this political squib, in imitation of "The Two-penny Post Bag," has in his short preface not hesitated to describe his friend L—d C———h as alighting from a hackney-coach at the end of *King's Place,* we cannot reasonably expect much delicacy, or regard to probability, in the ensuing satire. When his Lordship's own carriage and own door were at hand, we cannot compliment the author on the cleverness of his invention, or the correctness of his moral taste. With much of the politics of this trifle we are disposed to agree, but with nothing in the author's manner of defending them. He has all the personality of Tom Brown the younger, without any of his wit;—he has all the "venom of the shaft," (to borrow Johnson's illustrious simile,) "without any of the vigour of the bow."

Whatever we may think of time-serving principles, we are sure that injury rather than service is done to the cause of truth and honour by the virulence of individual abuse. An over-statement of offences enlists the public on the side of the criminal. Of this we need no proof. Why, then, do satirists so constantly err against this great rule? Because their zeal for the truth carries with it an over-weight of vanity. They are eager to display their own power of uttering words like arrows, — of saying strong things; — a power, we believe, not unfrequently possessed by minds of very little depth and comprehension; by *tongues,* indeed, rather than *minds:* but all this heat and passion (we are justified by Locke in the assertion) is to be set down to the love of something beyond, or beside, the truth.

We are, however, wasting reasoning on a very weak effort of fancy, as our readers shall judge. Some of the book is gross in allusion; particularly the letter on the Bill of Pains and Penalties: but, steering clear of this combustible topic, we shall make an extract or two of a less dangerous nature; though still, we think, extremely unjust and offensive. Who will approve such an address as the following?

'TO THE PR—NC—SS S—PH—A.

'"ALL-PERFECT, in thy presence what are we?"

'Tho' the blossoms of youth from thy cheek have gone by,
Thou, *forsooth, must* affect to be prudish and shy,

Hadst thou noticed thy Qu—n, e'en as now, thou wouldst be,
A mere rain-drop that falls in the fathomless sea.
And none, except those to thy MERITS a stranger,
Would e'er have supposed thy fair VIRTUE in danger!'

The preceding lines to the 'D—— of W———n' are equally vile, though not equally cruel and unmanly.

'The stream, whose dull waters most idly feed
The cold depths of the earth where no sun-beams e'er shine;
The desolate strand — the Siroc-blighted mead,
Are a type of the heart in that bosom of thine!

'The sun of thy glory has faded away,
Thy fame slowly sunk in the darkness of night —
Thou'rt now but a vapour that beams o'er the spray
That shines for a moment — then vanishes quite.'

However we may regret that the politics of a great soldier do not accord with our own, or may condemn his views of the good of his country, or even stigmatize those views as unpatriotic, still we should be ashamed to talk in such extravagant terms of censure of the hero of Waterloo; and we are honestly indignant at hearing them. — Some of the 'Portraits,' in 'Christie's Sale of Original Pictures,' are not unhappily hit off; and, as it is the last, we also think it is the best thing in the book.

'The next I shall offer, my Lords, is a head
Of the man who has tax'd every thing save WHITE LEAD!
He's famous for praying, and prosing, and prying,
And is said to be skilled in the science of lying.
The truth, for unrighteous Mammon forsaking,
Though once celebrated for EPIGRAM MAKING! *
'Tis worth a clear thousand, my Lords, I am sure,
If but as a study for caricature!
[Bought by commission for R—wl—nds—n.

'Here's the Doctor, employed, drawing blood from a corse,
A charming companion to 'Death on the Horse!'
Though the latter was drawn by the pencil of West,
In my humble opinion the former's the best:
While a group in the front (men employ'd by commission)
Are assiduously sowing the seeds of sedition!
[Purchased by special command, to be presented
to Mr. R—yn—lds.'

'* We have selected, for the satisfaction of the curious, the following epigram, as a specimen of the gentleman's talent and weather-cock versatility:

'See the vengeance of Heaven! America cries,
The K—'s lost his reason, Lord N—th's lost his eyes;
And when we made war it was clear to mankind
That the M—n—ch was mad and the Minister blind!'

This, with some exceptions, is fair fun; and we earnestly recommend it to the author, and all similar editors of *squib-politics*, to remember the stale but inimitable adage of "*Suaviter in modo — fortiter in re.*"

Art. 17. *Occasional and Miscellaneous Poems.* By Lucy Joynes, Author of "Original Poetry for Infant and Juvenile Minds." 12mo. 3s. Boards. Simpkin and Marshall.

We have read a few of the lighter pieces contained in this little volume with some approbation: but we must observe that by far the greater part seem little calculated to answer the object of their publication, viz. to promote the growth of piety and virtue. In the words of the author, whose prose is a tolerably good criterion of the quality of her verse, the volume may be 'likened unto a few grains of good seed cast into the field of this world, which may be productive of some pleasant fruit in that decisive day,

> ' "When all arrears of wages shall be paid;
> Each well meant toil rewarded."

'With this in view, the writer of "Occasional and Miscellaneous Poems" submits them to their fearful — to their hopeful destiny: and with feelings not indifferent to their success awaits the result.'

We really are at a loss to perceive, in these compositions, even the faintest glimmerings of that powerful and vigorous spirit of thought and language which characterizes the productions of the true poet. It appears that Miss Joynes is the author of a volume intitled "Original Poetry for Infant and Juvenile Minds;" and, judging from the present work, we should suppose that her genius would be much better confined to the simple and useful path which she had before chosen, without again attempting to awaken the "strings of a louder lyre."

NOVELS.

Art. 18. *The Bard of the West,* commonly called Eman ac Knuck, or Ned of the Hills. An Irish Historical Romance, founded on Facts of the Seventh Century. By Mrs. Peck, Author of the "Maid of Avon," &c. 3 Vols. 12mo. Baldwin and Co.

Seldom have we seen such a rhapsody as is contained in these volumes, which are also replete with anachronisms. A gentleman who resided 'in an elegant villa in Wales,' during the seventh century, is made to set off on a tour with 'Ned of the Hills' in search of truth; and an Irish princess followed them into Greece, where, meeting with misfortunes, we are told (vol. i. p. 241.) 'she wept till her eyes literally melted away:' but on taking a particular sort of snuff invented by Ned of the Hills, they grew again directly! The fair author asserts, in a note, vol. ii. p. 8., that 'this is not a matter of imagination but a fact, a cure similar in every respect having been performed on herself!' — "*A' cela l'on n'a rien à dire.*"

Art. 19. *Zeal and Experience:* a Tale. 12mo. 2 Vols. 10s. 6d. Boards. Hookham, jun. 1819.

We can recommend this tale as being in many respects useful and attractive. The self-complacency of Caroline's youthful '*zeal*' for reforming her husband, and all the world, by her example and admonitions, is aptly and naturally pourtrayed; and many of Mrs. Orville's observations display excellent sense, particularly her strictures on weeping, (vol. ii. p. 53.) which, without having the bluntness of an old divine's remark that "women's tears are not worth a penny a quart," are appropriate and forcible enough to merit the attention of our fair readers. Her hints (p. 70.) to the self-opinionated are also shrewd and striking; but the conduct supposed to be dictated by this lady's '*experience*' partakes too much of chicanery, and presents a dangerous example, notwithstanding every qualifying circumstance; since she is represented as endeavouring to make herself agreeable to her husband by 'laying herself out for general admiration,' and 'securing partizans' by 'encouraging her associates in their respective absurdities.'

Art. 20. *Forman.* A Tale. 12mo. 3 Vols. 18s. Boards. Ogle and Co. 1819.

This writer has taken the most prominent defect of the popular Scotch novels as the objects of his exaggerated imitation; those insinuations of supernatural agency and appearances, which shade the merit of "Guy Mannering" and "The Bride of Lammermuir," being so amplified in the history of *Forman*, that a wizard, a sorceress, and the prince of darkness himself are among the *dramatis personæ*. When these revolting personages, however, are not obtruded, the tale is pleasing, and ably written: the reader feels a real affection for *Sir Giles Harlande*, in whose speeches and those of his daughters are several masterly touches of nature; and the character of the times, during which they are supposed to have lived, is preserved sufficiently for every purpose of illusion and of interest.

Art. 21. *The Wharbroke Legend;* a Tale of the Dead. By Albert Marmacopt, Esq. 12mo. 2 Vols. 14s. Boards. Ogle and Co. 1820.

A tolerably interesting romance; in which, however, the ghost of Earl Robert is the heaviest and most clumsy of the persons introduced: never, as it seems, appearing to those who had injured him, but frightening his innocent friends, and running in and out of the arras like "a rat," without "unfolding his tale," or turning his visit to any useful purpose.

Art. 22. *Supreme Bon Ton,* and Bon Ton by Profession. By the Author of "Parga." 12mo. 3 Vols. 18s. Boards. Spence. 1820.

The avowed attraction of this book consists in the introduction of various gossiping and scandalous anecdotes, which, by a slight alteration of names, the *courteous* reader may apply to living characters. The authenticity of these stories may perhaps be on a par with the propriety of their publication: but "the manners living as they rise" are *not* here always depicted; for the circumstances of Inis travelling as a guest from one noble family to another, alone, and at night, and her being carried off and forcibly detained by Lord William Rushdale, with her escape, and subsequent adventures, are not gifted even with probability. Neither could any lady with an income of three or four hundred pounds a-year, like *Mrs. Fletchingly*, occupy a house in Baker-street, give dinners to all her morning visitors, routs and balls to her evening friends, and enter into all the expences of a gay London life, without incurring debts, or obligations. Our readers may also judge how far the language of 'Supreme Bon Ton,' or even of 'Bon Ton by Profession,' is maintained in this novel, from the following samples: Vol. i. p. 261., 'I advise you to speak to her yourself, and learn your fate *at one!*' Vol. ii. p. 101., 'The *Honourable Mrs. Sprat* was the *illegitimate* scion of a peer;' p. 130., 'he could act *unequivocally rude;*' p. 143., 'Venus *Anadyomène,*' for Anadyomene. Some new musical instruments appear to be in vogue with these personages; for in vol. ii. p. 310. we read that 'Lord Belport *blew a loud blast* from a *Chinese gong,*' &c.; and in vol. iii. p. 97., Lady Harriet figuratively entreats her governess, whose accents were too loud, to 'play on the *tympanon*, instead of the *tymbale.*'

Art. 23. *Tales founded on Facts.* By M. A. Grant, Author of "Sketches of Life and Manners," &c. 12mo. 7s. Boards. Boosey and Sons. 1820.

It is a common fault in novel-writers to make their heroines behave like fools, and then expect the readers to pity them: but our sympathy is faint for griefs which might have been avoided by a little common sense. For instance, on reading in this volume the story called *Ellen*, how are we to believe that a mother would endure the horrors of a prison, and leave her unprotected children in penury, merely because she was loth to intrude on a friend who had promised to assist her? In another of these tales, a common-place love-story is unaptly engrafted on the historical account of the massacre of Glencoe; and in them all we notice occasional errors with respect to grammar, &c. such as the following: Page 3., 'She, with her orphans, *were* conveyed;' p. 61., 'Sir H. Colville's compliments *waited upon the lady, and would be happy in the honour;*' p. 95., 'the ladies were introduced to the *beaux* monde;' p. 114., 'the fortitude and resolution of that amiable creature *was* in the mean time;' p. 155., 'an omen that she feared *baded* no good,' &c. &c.

EDUCATION.

Art. 24. *Letters to a Child, on the Subject of Maritime Discovery.* By Emily Taylor. Small 12mo. 2s. 6d. half-bound. Harvey and Darton. 1820.

An accurate account of the principal maritime discoveries is given in these letters, which are written in a clear and simple style that will enhance their value.

Art. 25. *Something new from Aunt Mary.* By Mary Hughes, Author of "The Ornaments Discovered," &c. Small 12mo. 2s. half-bound. Darton. 1820.

This little book has really 'something new' in its subject, and nothing objectionable in its morality.

Art. 26. *A Present for Infants; or,* Pictures for the Nursery. 12mo. 1s. plain. 1s. 6d. coloured. Darton, Harvey, and Darton. 1819.

The well-executed engravings which this book contains will probably render it a welcome present in many nurseries, and to their protection we consign it.

Art. 27. *Papa's Present;* or, Pictures of Animals, with Descriptions in Verse. 12mo. 1s. plain. 1s. 6d. coloured. Darton, Harvey, and Darton. 1819.

As the humblest and earliest lessons in natural history are not without use, we recommend these prints and descriptions to the very youthful readers for whom they are designed.

Art. 28. *Pensées,* &c.; *i. e.* Thoughts, Maxims, and Moral Reflections. By Madame Cottin; collected, and accompanied by a Memoir of her Life. By A. Bernays. 12mo. 3s. Treuttel and Würtz. 1820.

Many of these reflections and maxims, though they might be pretty and even striking in the body of a novel, yet scarcely merit extraction; and for young readers, to whose notice M. Bernays especially recommends them, they offer but doubtful advantages. For instance, he is lavish of Madame Cottin's observations on the subjects of *Love,* and *the Heart;* whereas we are inclined to think that, for young people, on such topics, according to an old saw, "the least said is the soonest mended."

Art. 29. *Les Ogres du Seizième Siècle,* &c.; *i. e.* The Ogres of the Sixteenth Century, an historical Fairy Tale. By Madame D——. 12mo. pp. 118. Boards. Baldwin and Co. 1820.

A very pretty fairy tale, in which the history of Mary Queen of Scots and a part of the reign of Elizabeth are detailed with much precision; and yet so ingeniously mystified by representing the personages either as *ogres* or fairy favourites, that they will scarcely fail to excite the curiosity and interest of young readers. In page 56., however, the account of the death of Queen Mary (of England), 'from an attack of palsy,' differs from that which is usually given by historians; and in page 54., when speaking of Philip and Mary, the fair writer says, 'the fruits of this union perished one after the other in the cradle,' whereas we are not aware that any of them ever arrived there.

Art. 30. *Les Protégés du XVIII^e. Siècle,* &c.; *i. e.* The *Protégés* of the Eighteenth Century, a religious and moral Story. By Madame D——. 12mo. Boards. Baldwin and Co. 1820.

This is a longer and more serious work than that which we have just mentioned, by the same author; and the scenes of the French

Revolution are, perhaps, too recent to admit of fictitious additions, such as the supposed escape of the Dauphin, and the introduction of young Napoleon, Prince of Parma, as the lover of his daughter. (Page 322.) The story, however, is perfectly moral, and justifies the fair writer's assertion that she has studied to make her descriptions conformable to English ideas of propriety.

Art. 31. *Flowers of Instruction*, on Familiar Subjects, in Verse. By Mary Elliott, late Belson. Illustrated with Copper-plates. 12mo. 1s. Darton. 1820.

The subjects are here natural and well chosen; and, although the versification is not always correct, yet this little volume displays a variety and animation which render it agreeable.

Art. 32. *The Infant's Cabinet of Birds and Beasts*. 12mo. 6d. Harvey and Darton. 1820.

A collection of neat engravings, representing the forms of several birds and quadrupeds.

Art. 33. *English Stories*, Second Series: including the Period between the Accession of Henry the Third and the Death of Henry the Sixth. By Maria Hack. 12mo. pp. 400. Harvey and Darton. 1820.

We may recommend this second volume of Stories from English history, as being an able continuation of a work which we have already had the pleasure of noticing with commendation. (See M. R. for May, 1820.)

POLITICS.

Art. 34. *A Letter to Lord John Russell on French Affairs*. 8vo. pp. 54. 2s. 6d. Murray. 1820.

Our readers will not have forgotten the short but able pamphlet on foreign affairs published by Lord John Russell, and reported in our Number for May, 1819. The present writer, having apparently passed some time in France, and acquired a knowlege of French affairs, takes up the pen to combat the views of his Lordship; and to censure that attention on the part of the King to the *Libéraux*, or moderate revolutionists, which distinguished the ministry of M. De Caze, and was not intermitted until the last summer. At that time, the rising strength of that party in the Chamber of Deputies induced Louis to retrace his steps, and to obtain an act for new-modelling the plan of voting in parliamentary elections; — a change which has operated in the returns that have just taken place, and which have given a decided majority to the royalists.

The author is perfectly right in condemning (p. 21.) the tax in France on *patentes*, or professions; and in stigmatizing the Conscription-law, even in its present mitigated form, as highly impolitic and subversive of useful education: but we can hardly join with him in considering it as a measure likely to increase the military strength of France, or to excite the jealousy of her neighbours. Still less can we subscribe to the notion that the *Libéraux*, if in office under the King, would revive the turbulent politics of the Revolution; or that the degree of unpopularity, existing against England on the Continent, is in any degree to be ascribed to the speeches of our Opposition-members, when translated and circulated among our neighbours. A more effectual cause is to be found in the state of commercial suffering on the Continent; and in the impression so generally diffused by Bonaparte, and not yet eradicated from either the French or the Germans, that England aims at a monopoly of commerce, and directs all or almost all her commercial edicts to the favourite object of raising her productive industry on the ruin of that of her neighbours.

Art. 35. *Considerations on the Trade, Manufactures, and Commerce of the British Empire*, addressed to the Merchants of the Metropolis on their late Petition to Parliament. 8vo. pp. 70. Richardson. 1820.

This writer is an advocate of the old commercial system, adverse to the abrogation of existing restrictions, and inclined to anticipate relief not from any change in the plan and principles of our commerce, but in that extension of it which he thinks may be found in remote and hitherto unexplored countries, viz. South America, China, Tonquin, &c. In supposing the practicability of an extension of such intercourse we have no hesitation in coinciding: but we consider it as remote, and anticipate only a very partial relief either from it or from that improvement of our herring-fishery, to which the appendix of this pamphlet is appropriated.

Though we thus differ from this writer, we by no means pass an indiscriminate censure on his opinions; for those which (pp. 10. 13. 15.) relate to cash-payments, the wool-tax, and the corn-laws, are marked by moderation and good sense. Of his style we cannot in justice speak favourably: since it contains occasional passages in a strain of hyperbole altogether unsuited to a plain practical discussion, as our readers will at once perceive from the following paragraph:

'Must the learned professions be loaded with dulness, and literary bachelors, swept from the counting-house, crowd our universities? — Shall our factories fall to decay, and our merchants cease to be the "great and the honourable of the earth?" — Must the holocaust of a million of men be offered up by the economical system of the day, for "a sweet smelling savour" to the nation, that plenty may abound and order be restored?'

Art. 36. *Remarks on the Merchants' Petitions,* and Publications respecting Restrictions on Foreign Commerce; on the Depression of Agriculture; and also on the Petitions praying the Repeal of the Duty on Foreign Wool. Reprinted, amended, and enlarged. 8vo. 1s. Hatchard. 1820.

We have here a resolute advocate for the interest of agriculture, an adherent of the corn-law system in all its plenitude, and a decided opponent of the new doctrine of commercial freedom. He disclaims all disguise, and subscribes himself 'a considerable owner and occupier of land:' but the addition to his signature, 'of upwards of fifty years' experience,' will satisfy most of our readers that he can hardly be *à la hauteur des principes du jour*. He expresses great surprize that advocates should be found for the repeal of the lately imposed duty on foreign wool; and he stoutly maintains that agriculture has not had its due share of the national capital: forgetting that the present low price of corn,—the evil of which he most loudly complains,—is owing not to import from abroad, but to the application of additional labour and capital to agricultural purposes!

BIOGRAPHY.

Art. 37. *Lives of Statesmen.* By John Macdiarmid, Esq., Author of an "Inquiry into the System of National Defence in Great Britain," and of an "Inquiry into the Principles of Subordination." Second Edition. 8vo. 2 Vols. 1l. 4s. Boards. Longman and Co. 1820.

We feel induced to notice this second publication of a work which as yet is of limited extent, but of no inconsiderable interest in the light of an addition to the materials for the history of our country. The first edition of these 'Lives' appeared about twelve years ago, and was introduced in our Number for September, 1808; when we took occasion to do justice to the impartiality and the extent of research which were evinced in the work, while we lamented the fate of the writer, who was unfortunately cut off in the prime of life. The new impression has undergone several alterations: particularly an abridgment of a variety of passages which originally trespassed on the score of prolixity; and the addition, in an Appendix, of Clarendon's characters of several of the leading men in the reign of Charles I. The first volume contains the lives of Sir Thomas More and Burleigh; each possessed of attraction, but in a very different manner,—the one fixing our attention by his private virtues, the other by his political wisdom. Of the second volume, the first and larger part is appropriated to the eventful and finally unfortunate life of Wentworth, Earl of Strafford; the latter to the less violent but not less affecting vicissitudes of the career of the Earl of Clarendon. The whole, however, can be termed little more than a fragment of our political biography: but a continuation is, we understand, in forwardness; and the writer of it cannot, in all that concerns the vindication of our civil rights, follow a fairer model than that of his short-lived predecessor, of whose success in combating several of the partial representations of Hume we before took due notice.

HISTORY, &c.

Art. 38. *Historical and Descriptive Sketches of the Town and Soke of Horncastle,* in the County of Lincoln; and of several Places adjacent. By George Weir. Royal 8vo. pp. 120. With various Engravings. 12s. Boards. Sherwood and Co. 1820.

This very handsome book contains a description not only of the town and soke of Horncastle, but also of the town of Tattershall, which (we learn) had previously been published apart. Both accounts are illustrated by etchings and wood-cuts, which represent the churches, monuments, ruins, private seats, and other objects of curiosity mentioned in the text.

The first chapter treats of Horncastle,, its foundation by the Romans at the confluence of the Bane and Waring, its condition in the Saxon times, its acquisition of manorial rights, and its visitations during the civil war of Charles the First. The antiquities, the church, the grammar-school, the dispensary, and the navigable canal, are successively described; and a plan of the town is attached. — Chap. ii. is allotted to the soke of Horncastle, and visits in succession the villages of Thimbleby, Ashby, Tointon, Mareham, Roughton, Haltham, Enderby, Moorby, Wilksby, Coningsby, and Langriville. — A separate chapter is given to Baumber, another to Edlington, another to Somersby, another to Scrivelsby, and a very copious one to Bolingbroke. Revesby and Kirkstead also each employ a distinct section. Tattershall is minutely described; including its situation, manor, castle, collegiate church, and even its private dwellings. The tower on the moor is delineated both with the pencil and the pen. — The geology and natural history of the district are examined in a separate dissertation; and an appendix of vouchers completes the volume.

Although a laudable industry has been exerted in collecting antiquarian particulars of these places, and of their monuments, that information is not given in the best style of composition, the number of sentences unintelligibly equivocal being very considerable, and detracting much from the satisfaction of perusal. The volume, however, is printed with elegance, decorated with tasteful vignettes, and will naturally form a welcome addition to the libraries of those persons who reside in the neighbourhood, or are connected by property with the county. A dedication to the late Sir Joseph Banks, who had many estates in Lincolnshire, would probably have been prefixed, had that eminent and liberal philosopher not been snatched from his country and the world previously to the publication of the volume.

As chorographic sketches abound more and more in our literature, we wish that the writers would pay some attention to the crop of human merit which has been raised in a given district, and would enrich their collections with biographical notices of those persons whose birth or residence has conferred celebrity on the places illustrated.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Art. 39. *On the Trade to China and the Indian Archipelago;* with Observations on the Insecurity of the British Interests in that Quarter. By Charles Assey, Esq. late Secretary to the Government of Java. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Rodwell and Martin.

In our Number for December, 1815, (p. 446.) we took occasion to report the leading facts relative to our trade with China; the annual profits of which to the East India Company were there computed at nearly 2,000,000l. We had then under review a writer who urged that the trade ought to be laid open to the public; and that, if this alternative were not adopted, we might expect to be outdone by the Americans in the sale of tea in every country except our own, where it is secured by a monopoly. Mr. Assey, without expressing any hostility to our East India Company, is equally alive to the danger of competition from the Americans and the Dutch; and he recommends that no time should be lost in the establishment of factories, or commercial settlements, in several parts of the Indian archipelago. A conquest of tracts of territory is not urged, nor even a permanent controul over the native government: it would be enough to possess a market secured by a fort, and connected with such farther forts or factories as might from time to time be established at a distance.

It is said that the Dutch, unenlightened by the principles of political economy, are endeavouring to reduce the trade in the Indian seas to a system of monopoly: but Batavia is not a favourite resort with the native traders; and one of the chief advantages (p. 27.) of the Americans is that they traffic in small vessels, calculated to run with ease from port to port along the coast of the independent states. The inhabitants of the Indian archipelago are happily free from those religious prejudices which, in the main land, Hindoostan, limit the use of European manufactures; and they are not (p. 55.) so uncivilized, or so addicted to predatory habits, as they have been generally supposed. A market has already been opened in China for our printed cottons and woollens, which is likely to increase, and to be followed (p. 34.) by a market in Japan, perhaps in Cochin China; so that, in the opinion of this writer, we might carry on a considerable trade with the inhabitants of these eastern regions, by exporting suitable manufactures from England, and buying up the local products either for our own or the Chinese market.

Mr. Assey takes no notice of the hazards of climate: but his pamphlet is of considerable interest, particularly in our present commercial distress; and, without having the slightest disposition to lessen the fair competition of the Dutch or the Americans in the trade in question, we cordially approve measures calculated to exclude a monopolizing spirit, and to leave this new branch of traffic open to the exertion of unfettered enterprize.

Art. 40. *An Appendix to the Descriptions of Paris.* By Mad. Domeier. 12mo. pp. 168. 4s. Boards. Leigh. 1820.

From the title of her little volume, Mad. Domeier seems aware that she treads on ground already frequently visited, and has consequently endeavoured to condense her observations within a limited space. Her tour took place in the autumn of 1819, by way of Brighton and Dieppe; a route somewhat shorter, but scarcely preferable to that of Dover and Calais. Passing rapidly through the ill-built and uninteresting city of Rouen, (uninteresting except for commercial objects,) she proceeded to Paris, and has related in a lively and entertaining style the tour of that gay metropolis; describing the Palais Royal, the Louvre, the Jardin *des Plantes*, the *Bibliothèque Royale*, the opera, the theatres, the pleasure-gardens (such as Tivoli), Versailles, St. Cloud, Trianon, &c.: all, it must be admitted, places of attraction, but all now become familiar to the majority of our readers. Somewhat more of novelty belongs to the account (p. 86.) of a public meeting of the Institute, and (p. 91.) of the *Fête de St. Louis* on the 25th of August: as also to the remarks on the habitual sobriety of our French neighbours, and on a characteristic less known or less credited among us, — the reserved manners of the young women. We must not dismiss this little book without a favourable testimony to the impartial and sprightly tone of the fair author.

CORRESPONDENCE.

' *To the Editor of the* MONTHLY REVIEW.

' Sir,

' Having been absent in the south of France on account of my health, it was not till lately that I saw your Review for April, in which you have done me the honour to notice the Family Shakspeare. On that subject, I trouble you with only one word, merely to mention that the work under that title, which you name as having been formerly reviewed by you, was a performance of mine, but at that time including only twenty plays, and published without a name. I state this, that you may not suppose that I borrowed from another person either the title or any part of the work which in the last edition is rendered complete.

' In the same Number of your Review is a very interesting commentary on Craufurd's India, p. 389. It brings to my recollection a Dissertation on the 31st verse of the xxxvth chapter of Job, in which the author (the late Alexander Luders, Esq.) endeavours to prove that the word, which in our translation is Orion, should be Antares; and that Antares and Pleiades must at that time have been the equinoctial stars. He then supposes that by calculating the precession of the equinoxes, the date of the book of Job may be ascertained.

' I think this may be interesting both to Mr. Craufurd and to his very able commentator. Mr. Luders's Dissertation is the last article in the Asiatic Annual Register for the year 1799, printed by Debrett, 1800. It is signed A. L.

' I remain, with great respect,
' Your truly obedient, &c.
' THOMAS BOWDLER.

' Rhyddings, near Swansea,
' January 10. 1821.'

The suggestion of *Bedfordiensis* is under consideration.

We shall endeavour to effect the object recommended by *R. B——d*, for his sake and our own, and in duty to the public.

X. G.'s conjecture may be plausible, but we think it is not admissible. We therefore do not introduce it.

☞ The APPENDIX to the last Volume of the Review is published with this Number, and contains various interesting Articles of FOREIGN LITERATURE; together with the *General Title, Table of Contents*, and *Index*, for the Volume.

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THE

MONTHLY REVIEW,

For FEBRUARY, 1821.

ART. I. *Of Population.* An Enquiry concerning the Power of Increase in the Numbers of Mankind; being an Answer to Mr. Malthus's Essay on that Subject. By William Godwin. 8vo. pp. 626. 18s. Boards. Longman and Co. 1820.

WHEN Mr. Malthus published his "Essay on Population," two or three and twenty years ago, the dazzling comet received its first impulse, and was flung into its orbit, by the combination of two projectile forces, which have continued to support and urge onwards its almost unimpeded course to the present hour. The first, we suspect, was the imputed tendency of certain doctrines advanced by Condorcet, and more elaborately enforced by Mr. Godwin in his "Enquiry concerning Political Justice." The doctrine of the perfectibility of man on earth, or his indefinite progression in virtue, knowlege, and happiness, till the necessity of human restraint on his actions should be superseded, alarmed many of the friends of law, order, and government; and the abolition of all human institutions at some far distant millenium, when, by the terms of the supposition, the universal prevalence of wisdom, virtue, peace, justice, and equal liberty should render them unnecessary, was not to be made the subject even of philosophic speculation without reproach and derision. Mr. Malthus then stood forwards, resolved that Saturn should not resume his antient empire in this world; for to him it was peopled with all shapes abominable and chimæras dire; and he pictured the terrestrial paradise which Mr. Godwin's sanguine imagination had created, as the deceitful and alluring avenue to a dungeon horrible; to another hell, discovering

——— "sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell — but torture without end
Still urges."

In this frightful phantasmagoria, Saturn, by the magician's wand, is hurled from his throne, and chaos wields the sceptre. The horror excited by so dexterous and unexpected a transformation of Mr. Godwin's angels into imps may well be conceived: fear and trembling crept on the people; and his advocates receded as his antagonists advanced, till

> " At length, an universal hubbub wild
> Of stunning sounds, and voices all confused,
> Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear
> With loudest vehemence."

This we consider as the first impulse given to the work of Mr. Malthus: but it has been essentially sustained in the velocity of its course by another, of which, we are convinced, he was not aware, and which he certainly did not intend; namely, that his own doctrines flattered the selfish, the rich, the indolent, the sensual, and the proud. They furnished an excuse for pampering the opulent classes of society, and for driving away the outcast sons of Lazarus, without even suffering them to pick up the crumbs which might fall from a rich man's table. We explicitly disclaim, as we have ever repressed, all intention of imputing to Mr. Malthus, personally, any want of feeling for the distresses of his less fortunate fellow-creatures: we are not commenting on him but his doctrine; which has so long been viewed as calculated to deaden the charities and extinguish all the finer sympathies of our nature. Its object, indeed, is expressly to keep down the numbers of mankind, and shut the door of existence against millions of unborn human beings; and its tendency is to people a *little* elysium, to feed the rich with good things, and send empty away the poor and the hungry. A man in pursuit of truth, however, has no business with consequences. The falconer lets fly his hawk, and follows his game with steadfast eye whithersoever it may lead him. Thus did Mr. Godwin — thus did Mr. Malthus; and, instead of joining in the vulgar abuse with which they have been personally assailed, we hold them both deserving of praise for the fearlessness with which they have prosecuted their inquiries.

Mr. Malthus's title to originality has been disputed: but really the claim is not worth discussing. If Wallace dug the ore and fused it, which he certainly did, Mr. Malthus took the worthless metal to the mint, gave it his own impress, and threw it into circulation.

Since the first appearance of Mr. Malthus's theory, it has undergone much and long consideration, and various and extensive discussion. Many who were then led to concur in his hypothesis have gradually diminished their confidence in it, while the feelings of dismay and even disgust which it excited have proportionally gained strength. Those of our readers, accordingly, who may remember our original report of his work, will have perceived that it has progressively lost the hold which it then seized on our minds; and the perusal of Mr. Godwin's essay has so strengthened our dissent, that the present article will evidently wear a different complexion from that of the account to which we have alluded. We have no doubt that our coadjutor, to whom we owed that criticism, would have been open to the influence of the feelings which we now express: but it is perhaps due to his memory, to ourselves, and to the reader, to intimate that *he* is not now avowing a change of his sentiments, for he has long ceased to be troubled with the perplexities and difficulties of this world.

Before we come to Mr. Godwin's present essay, we must take notice of one of the most whimsical facts to be found in the annals of authorship; namely, that, in the second and all subsequent editions of the "Essay on Population," Mr. Malthus, with his own hand, destroyed the main principle which he had laid down in his first! The foundation of his theory was that the indulgence of the sexual passion is a physical and imperious necessity; that hunger and animal love are alike irresistible; and that the law of reason is equally powerless in restraining both. Assuming this as the very key-stone of the arch on which his theory was built, and assuming also as a mathematical truth his geometrical and arithmetical ratio concerning the relative increase of population and food, though the falsity of it is demonstrated in the multiplication of every grain of corn that grows*, Mr. M. deduced the inference that vice and misery were the two, and the *only* two checks which could keep down population to the level of the means of subsistence. He then pictured in the darkest colours all the horrors of superabundant population: life was no longer a blessing; and marriage among the poor, with a consequent family of children, became a curse. It was "to be preached against from our pulpits as an immoral act, not positively cognizable, indeed, by society, but to be left to the *punishment of Nature,*" that is, Want: "a man who is born into a world *already possessed!* if he cannot get subsistence from his parents, and if society do not want his labour, has no claim of right to the smallest portion of food, and in fact has no business to be where he is. At Nature's mighty feast there is no vacant cover for him. She tells him to be gone, and will quickly execute her own orders." *

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* Mr. Charles Miller, of Cambridge, sowed some wheat on the 2d of June, 1766, and on the 8th of August *one* plant was taken up, separated into *eighteen* parts and replanted. These plants were again taken up and divided between the middle of September and the middle of October, and again planted separately to stand the winter. This second division produced sixty-seven plants. They were again taken up and divided, between the middle of March and the middle of April, and produced five hundred plants. The number of ears thus obtained from a single grain of wheat was 21,109: which measured three pecks and three quarters of corn, weighed forty-seven pounds seven ounces, and were estimated at 576,840 grains. This remarkable fact is quoted in Dr. Rigby's "Holkham," from the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society, vol. lviii. p. 203. What human reproduction rivals this?

If the evils of excessive population be thus formidable and the ratio of its increase thus rapid, and if the only checks on this mighty power are Vice and Misery, it is clear that every legislator is urged by the purest philanthropy to encourage vice and misery to the utmost of his power; and human happiness, like Jupiter's golden apples in the gardens of the Hesperides, must be guarded by the sleepless vigilance of these dreadful dragons. — The appointment of Vice and Misery, however, as the exclusive guardians of human happiness against the encroachments of Vice and Misery, was a proposition which required some command of muscles to entertain with gravity; and the paradox could not be long concealed even under the solemn and imposing garb of mathematics. Mr. Malthus soon discovered this; and accordingly, in the second edition of his Essay, he abandoned the main principle for which he had been contending in his first, by introducing what he called a *preventive* check to excessive population, namely "Moral Restraint." Thus does one part of his book contain a refutation of the other, and Mr. Malthus commits suicide to avoid being slain in battle;

> " *Hostem cum fugeret, se Fannius ipse peremit:*
> *Hoc rogo, non furor est, ne moriare, mori?*"

Mr. Godwin has asserted the dignity of human nature, the supremacy of mind over matter, and the remote but ultimate and complete ascendancy of knowlege over ignorance, virtue over vice, reason over appetite, and happiness over misery. No, says Mr. Malthus: remove all the causes of vice and misery; war and contention, unwholesome trades, manufactories and mines, drinking, gaming, and debauchery; let the labours of luxury cease, and the products of agriculture be equitably shared; let the spirit of benevolence be guided by impartial justice; and let the commerce of the sexes be established on principles of the most perfect freedom: then you will find population, in a very few years, increasing so much faster than food for its subsistence, that this very spirit of benevolence will be repressed; the hateful passions which had vanished will re-appear; the temptations to evil are too strong for human nature to resist; corn will be plucked before it is ripe, or secreted in unfair proportions; and the whole black train of vices which belong to falsehood will immediately be generated. Mr. Godwin then, according to this representation, instead of hastening the consummation of human felicity, would

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* On the insertion of these sentences, justice to both parties requires that we should give the following note which Mr. Godwin makes on it: 'This passage, which occurs in the second edition in quarto, p. 531., is not to be found in the fifth edition of the Essay. But I beg leave once for all to observe, that those sentences of our author, the sense of which he has never shewn the slightest inclination to retract, and the spirit of which, on the contrary, is of the essence of his system, I do not hold myself bound to pass over unnoticed, merely because he has afterwards expunged them, that he might not "inflict an unnecessary violence on the feelings of his readers," or that he might "soften some of the harshest conclusions of the first Essay." [Malthus, Preface to the second *edition.*]'

> "Pour the sweet milk of concord into Hell,
> Uproar the universal peace, confound
> All unity on earth!"

for Mr. Malthus asserts in express words that "violence, oppression, falsehood, misery, every hateful vice, and every form of distress which degrade and sadden the present state of society, seem to have been generated *by the most imperious circumstances, by laws inherent in the nature of man, and absolutely independent of all human regulations.*"* Then, indeed, is poor human nature in a more hopeless and degraded state than the beasts of the field; and this corruptible cannot ever hope to "put on incorruption, or this mortal immortality!" Yet, after this fearful denunciation and anathema against human nature, lastly and reluctantly appears *Moral Restraint*; effecting all for which Mr. Godwin had originally contended in his scheme of perfectibility, which is no more than the entire subserviency of human actions to moral controul! Moral Restraint, then, is introduced by Mr. Malthus himself into his own system: but he seems aware that its introduction is like that of a wedge into a block; the small edge placed foremost, and gently tapped at first, is with difficulty inserted, and the effect produced is scarcely noticed: but afterward, when it is once in its place and fairly driven home, the knotty substance cracks, groans, splits, and at last is riven into fragments.

Here, again, is an inconsistency in Mr. Malthus. So far

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* It is not often that we have seen the metaphysical doctrine of *necessity so stoutly asserted.*

back as his first quarto edition, he draws the picture of a society as happy in itself and as delightful to contemplate as Mr. Godwin's own paradise; "where every family possesses the necessaries of life in plenty, and a decent portion of its comforts and conveniences," &c.; and this society is founded entirely on that moral restraint, on that controul over the sexual passion, the inefficiency of which he had taken so much perverse pains to establish: for, in describing this society, he directly says, "It is in the power of each individual to avoid all the evil consequences to himself and society, resulting from the principle of population, *by the practice of a virtue* clearly dictated to him by the light of nature and expressly enjoined in revealed religion," &c.—"A really virtuous society, such as I have supposed, would avoid these evils." Having made the admission, however, he so modifies and dilutes it that it is worth nothing in the argument: *pro formâ*, he makes the admission, it is true, and "in compliance with the feelings of certain readers," who were shocked at a system which excluded it: but then he qualifies it by saying that "the principle of moral restraint has undoubtedly in past ages operated with very inconsiderable force;" and he subjoins his protest "against any opinion respecting the probable improvement of society in which we are not borne out by the experience of the past." He thus alters his premises entirely, but leaves his conclusions as they were. The sexual passion, which at the beginning of his work is represented as a physical law of equal cogency with that which impels us to satiate the cravings of hunger, is in the latter part of the very same work so subdued and regulated by reason, that chastity is the corner-stone of his own new building; it is the virtue by which the permanent beatitude of Mr. Malthus's regenerated society is to be maintained. Then, again, we are told that Moral Restraint on the sexual passion is not to be more operative in future ages than it has been in past; and as in past ages it has acted with very inconsiderable force, it will have very immaterial influence in time to come.

This is not all, however. Mr. Malthus has these memorable words: "I do not see how it is possible to escape the conclusion, that Moral Restraint is the strict line of duty. At the same time, I believe that few of my readers can be less sanguine than I am, in their expectations of any sudden and great change in the general conduct of men on this subject." Nobody expects the change to be *sudden*. Mr. M. goes on thus: "And the chief reason why in the last chapter I *allowed myself* the universal prevalence of this virtue was, *that I might endeavour to remove any imputation on the goodness of the Deity.*" Mr. M., then, discovers that his theory involved an imputation on the goodness of the Deity, in as much as it excluded Moral Restraint from the Divine government, and employed Vice and Misery as the wretched substitutes, solely to controul the actions of rational beings. Accordingly, for the sake of decency, and in order to remove an imputation which his own doctrine had cast on the goodness of the Deity, *he allows himself to suppose* the universal prevalence of a virtue which, in the very same breath, he acknowledges that he does not believe will ever operate with more than " very inconsiderable force."

We owe an apology to the reader for having so long detained him from the work before us. As Mr. Godwin, by his own writings, gave occasion to the "Essay on Population," he thought that he might leave the task of refuting it to others, till " the impressive array" of a fifth edition appeared to be lending to error the stamp of perpetuity.

> ' I can refrain no longer,' says he : ' this is a task in which I am the more bound to engage, because, as I have said, if the dogmas which are now afloat on the subject of population are to become permanent, I have, instead of contributing as I desired to the improvement of society, become, very unintentionally, the occasion of placing a bar upon all improvements to come, and bringing into discredit all improvements that are past. If Mr. Malthus's way of reasoning only tended to the overthrow of what many will call " the visionary speculations" of the Enquiry concerning Political Justice, the case would have been different. I might have gone to my grave with the disgrace, to whatever that might amount, of having erected castles in the air, for the benefit, not of myself, but of my species, and of then seeing them battered to pieces before my face. But I cannot consent to close my eyes for ever, with the judgment, as the matter now seems to stand, recorded on my tomb, that, in attempting one further advance in the route of improvement, I should have brought on the destruction of all that Solon, and Plato, and Montesquieu, and Sidney, in ancient times, and in a former age, had seemed to have effected for the redemption and the elevation of mankind.'

Let us add that Mr. Godwin has very properly (except perhaps occasionally in the fifth book) confined himself to the investigation before him, without obtruding into it any thing which can shock the prejudices of those whose conceptions of political truth may be most different from his own. ' I shall make no dogmatical assertions,' he declares in his Introduction : ' I shall call upon no reader for implicit faith : I shall lay down no positions authoritatively, and leave him to seek for evidence elsewhere, and as he can, by which they may be established. All that I deliver shall be accompanied by proofs. My purpose is to engage in a train of patient investigation, and to lay before every one who will go with me the facts which satisfy my mind on the subject, and which I am desirous should convey similar satisfaction to the minds of others.'

The essay is divided into six books. The first treats of the Population of Europe, Asia, Africa, and *South* America, in antient and in modern times; and it presents a cursory 'Survey of the Creation from natural History.' Surely, if there be any thing like consistency in the operations of nature, or if any thing like analogy exists among them, Mr. M. might have suspected the unsoundness of his own theory concerning the checks to human population, by observing how utterly inapplicable they are to the brute animal creation. Are those animals more numerous now than they were three or four thousand years ago? Yet what have vice, or misery, or the moral restraint of prudence to do with them? Does the latter deter them from procreation, or do the former destroy their offspring?

> 'Every blade of grass, it may be, is peopled; but we may wander for days together in some parts of the world, without seeing an animal so big as a ferret or a hare. Why is this? Why is not nature
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> —— strangled with her waste fertility,
> The earth cumbered, and the winged air darked with plumes?
>
> The spawn of fishes is most copious, but we know not how much of this is ripened into perfect animals. All we seem to know is, that the eaters are not more numerous than they have been from the earliest records of time, and that the small animals which serve for food to the large ones, are not produced in so much greater plenty than formerly, as to occasion any disturbance to the goodly order of the universe. We know that several species of animals have totally perished. We read of the unicorn, the leviathan, the behemoth, the mammuth, and many others, and of some of them the skeletons, in whole or in part, subsist to this day. What animal was to prey on the mammuth, or to keep down the enormous multiplication of his species, by making use of him for food? If Mr. Malthus's system were true, the earth long ere this ought to have been a habitation for mammuths only; or rather this enormous animal, after having devoured every other species, ought himself to have perished, and the globe to have become one vast solitude.'

Till the star of Mr. Malthus rose above the horizon, almost all writers, sacred and profane, poets, moralists, and legislators, in every country and in every age of the world, had considered life as a blessing, and the multiplication of the human species as a positive and abstract good. Accordingly, in the institutions of Lycurgus, which prevailed at Sparta during five hundred years, and in the republic of antient Rome, every possible encouragement was given to marriage which civil honours and immunities could confer. Where the law did not positively enforce marriage, it made celibacy in a certain degree disreputable, and graduated exemptions from public offices by the number of children that a man had. Yet both Sparta and Rome were obliged to employ various expedients to increase the amount of their citizens by extrinsic accessions. In China, where, according to Lord Macartney's account, (admitted by Mr. Malthus,) the population is 333 millions, marriage continues to receive extraordinary encouragement, and every man is married before he is twenty years old. The legislators in that country, one of the earliest and oldest in civilization, and supposed to be more fully peopled than any other on the globe, do not yet seem to have any fear before their eyes of that geometrical ratio of population which may one day make it necessary to build a second story to the world, when the ground-floor has become too full. Mr. M. gives a long chapter on China, and Mr. Godwin a short one. Let it be agreed that the population of that empire (the exposure of children being balanced, at least, by the very great encouragement given to marriage *,) has been stationary at 333 millions for the last century or two. Mr. Malthus says that population doubles itself in North America, " by procreation only," in twenty-five years; and he does not pretend that women in the United States are more prolific than they are in China. Then how is the population of the latter kept down in spite of the operation of the geometrical ratios? Moral Restraint acts, we are assured, " with very inconsiderable force:" Vice and Misery *have it all their own way;* and population is kept down, not by a smaller number of children being born, but by the fortunate activity of Vice and Misery in destroying them. In China, when every deduction has been made for balancing the number of deaths by an adequate number of births, that so the population may not decrease, there must be an additional number of births, or, as Mr. Godwin terms it, a sort of superfetation to the amount of 333 millions in every twenty-five years, to provide for the doubling required by the "Essay on Population;" consequently, a twenty-fifth part, that is to say, somewhat more than 13,000,000 of infants, must annually perish to support it! What a scene of devastation! exclaims Mr. Godwin; like what we read of human bodies in the plague of Marseilles, they must lie in heaps in the streets! Has any traveller seen all this? Do the legislators of the country know nothing about it, but go on from century to century encouraging marriage and prohibiting the exposure of children? India is in very much the same predicament.

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* Strange inconsistency! Although, however, individual parents expose their children, the legislature discourages the barbarous practice, and edict after edict has been published to prohibit it; and the actual number of children so exposed cannot be deemed in any sensible degree to affect the question of population on such a scale as that of China. Nay, the licence of exposure, as it formerly existed, has even been said to promote rather than depress population. The licence is an inducement to marry, and a child is born: but the paternal feelings are too strong to suffer parents to avail themselves of it. Exceptions only prove the rule.

We have selected China from the mass of Mr. Godwin's illustrations, because of the magnitude of its population: but large numbers are not so readily grasped as those that are smaller. Let us take the population of England at ten millions:

> 'Of this population we will suppose five millions to be adults. There must then, according to the statement of Dr. Franklin and other calculators, be ten millions of children born and to be born from these five millions of adults, to give us a chance of keeping up the race of Englishmen. Of these ten millions, five millions must be expected to die in their nonage, according to the constitution and course of nature. Surely this, together with the incessant uninterrupted mortality of the middle-aged, and of the more ancient members of society, may be regarded as sufficiently rendering the globe we inhabit "a universe of death."
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> 'But Mr. Malthus demands from us, by virtue of his geometrical ratio, ten millions of children more than our unsuspecting ancestors ever dreamed of, that is, eight children for every pair of adults. I say eight, because, if in countries where they have room and every facility for rearing their children, two perish in their nonage out of the first four, there can be no reason that I can apprehend, why as many should not perish out of the second four. Thus it appears that, for every five millions that grow up to the estate of man and woman, twenty millions of children are born, of which fifteen millions, every where in the Old World, perish in their infancy. The first five millions of those who die in this manner constitute a mortality that we must be contented to witness, since such, it seems, is the condition of our existence. But the next ten millions I should call a sort of superfetation of alternate births and deaths, purely for the benefit of the geometrical ratio.'

From the history of the monarchies of Mexico and Peru, from that of the settlement of the Jesuits at Paraguay on the Rio de la Plata, and from the historical records of Hispaniola, Mr. Godwin not merely shews the absurdity of any fears of over-population, but in those countries at least exhibits the greater tendency to extinction. We cannot enter into all these particulars, but must refer those of our readers to the work who wish to slake the thirst of their curiosity.

The second book treats ' Of the Power of Encrease in the Numbers of the Human Species, and the Limitations of that Power.' The " authorities and proofs," which Mr. M. has produced for the support of his theory, are here made to undergo a scrutiny much too severe for them to withstand. Euler, indeed, seems unfairly to have been pressed into the service (see page 130. *et seq.*): he is no more responsible for fixing twelve years and four-fifths as the period of doubling human beings on the assumption of certain fanciful data, than Bonnycastle was for stating the value of a horse at nearly four millions and a half sterling, on the assumption that he was purchased at a farthing for the first nail, a halfpenny for the second, and so on by a rule of geometrical progression, according to the well-known and wonder-working supposed case. Mr. Godwin, in this book, goes more deeply into the law of our nature as to the increase or the decrement of the human species, by an examination of the statistical tables which have been given to the world in various countries. The tables of the population of Sweden are considered as the most accurate, the most comprehensive, and of course the most instructive: the plan on which they are constructed is far superior to any other; and they have been pursued with little or no interruption. A bare enumeration of people at short intervals will give us very little assistance in the business: for it is clear that the multiplication of our species can only be carried on by women arrived at, and not exceeding, the age at which they are capable of child-bearing. Tables of population, then, should specify the sex of those who are numbered, and their ages; so that the proportion may be ascertained of females who are capable of child-bearing in successive periods, with those who are yet in immaturity, and of others who have passed into decline. A similar distinction is also to be observed with regard to the male sex, and the Swedish tables are much superior in these respects to any other. Mr. Godwin has examined them minutely: but, as it would exceed our limits to follow him into the detail, we must extract only the general result:

> ' Owing to the great care and perseverance with which the observations on this subject have been pursued in Sweden, we have a large and a strong body of facts on which to proceed: and I believe it will not be found that any other country can produce a body of facts, which shall be at variance with those that have been collected in Sweden.

'We know then, first, that the marriageable women in any settled community, or over the whole globe, do not exceed one-fifth of the population.

'Secondly, that the number of marriageable women does not increase from generation to generation, or increases in a very inconsiderable degree.

'Thirdly, that the number of children born is pretty accurately in the proportion of one child annually to five marriages.

'Fourthly, that the number of children born annually is nearly in the same proportion to the number of child-bearing women in the state.

'Fifthly, that the number of births to a marriage, taken upon an average, does not exceed the proportion of *four to one.*

'Sixthly, that the women who live to reach the child-bearing age are found pretty generally to marry; and that, if the bridegrooms are sometimes a little advanced in age, this rarely happens to the brides.

'Seventhly, that early marriages do not greatly tend to increase population. In Persia, where a woman frequently marries at twelve, she is often found to be old and past child-bearing at thirty.

'These are some of the principal laws relative to the propagation of the human species, so far as we are acquainted with them: and they appear to be confirmed to us by all that we know of authentic profane history.

'They do not seem to convey to us, with any strong evidence, that there is a power of increase in the numbers of the human species.

'But they do tend very strongly to assure us, that such power of increase is at least subject to very strict limitations, and that we have nothing to fear for the well-being of any particular nation, or of the human species in general, from the operation of that power.'

A reference to the population of other countries in Europe, as far as any trust-worthy particulars can be procured, strongly confirms the conclusions of the Swedish tables respecting the general principle of increase. On the French registers Mr. G. looks with particular doubt, because the human species is represented by them to be more prolific in France than in almost any other country. The *Statistique Générale et Particulière*, published in 1803, gives four births and seven-tenths to a marriage: but the compiler recommends the deduction of an *eleventh* part for illegitimate children; thus reducing the proportion to four and three-tenths nearly. Mr. G. observes on this statement that the largest families of children, *cæteris paribus*, are to be found in those countries in which chastity and the domestic duties are most general; and France, on this principle, is not to claim a superiority over Russia, Denmark, Germany, and Great Britain. Throughout Europe, taking one country with another, the average, instead of exceeding, falls short of four children to a marriage. Chastity in France, however, (at least in Paris,) seems to be a plant of very tender habits; and, if any reliance may be placed on their registers, it is rapidly disappearing. Since the appearance of Mr. Godwin's work, the *Annuaire* or Annual Almanack for the year 1821 has been published by the Board of Longitude, and the total population of France is there set down at 29,217,465, and the population of Paris at 713,765. In 1819, the number of births was 24,344 (more than 66 in a day), of whom 8641 were illegitimate. The deaths were 22,071. So that the illegitimate children, instead of being one-eleventh part, as they were in 1803, are now stated, by documents furnished by the Minister of the Interior, to be more than one-third of the whole. According to this, he must be a very wise child indeed, in France, who shall know his own father a few years hence!

Mr. Godwin has touched on another curious question, and of importance to the subject; namely, what is the average duration of marriage-lives? He supposes a hundred thousand marriages to be solemnized, every bridegroom being precisely twenty-five and every bride precisely twenty years of age; and the result of the computation is to fix 'the value of a marriage' at sixteen years. Many circumstances, however, exist in actual life that reduce the number of children much below that which the average duration of the married state might lead us to expect. In this fancied community, it is taken for granted that every individual marries; and that all, male and female, marry at a period when they have sixteen years before them of the greatest vigour on one side and the greatest fecundity on the other: — but such a community the earth never saw.

> '1. All will not marry. 2. A great number of brides are above twenty, and bridegrooms above twenty-five years of age; and this reduces the number of years that their union might otherwise have lasted, and the period in which the woman might have been counted on as capable of child-bearing. 3. A deduction will arise upon the average of births, not only from the mortality of the child-bearing women, but from the consideration of a certain number in every year, that by ill health will be cut off from the chance of becoming mothers. 4. There will be a certain number of barren wives and imbecile husbands. 5. Some women have a predisposition to produce only abortions. 6. Many women are found never to bear more than one, or more than two children. 7. Though the actual period of the capacity of child-bearing may be stated as from the age of twenty to the age of forty-five years, yet the activeness of that capacity will be found to be greatly diminished, for a considerable time before it totally ceases.

These are the real checks on population, operating under the most favourable circumstances, and not one of which comes within the terms Vice and Misery, as used by Mr. Malthus. This is indeed the law of Nature, the reverse of that which is fallaciously and irreverently set up in the "Essay on Population." It is not a law, to use the language of Mr. Godwin, "forbidding to marry," and telling the new-born infant to "be gone" because "there is no room for him:" but it is a law every where executed, in all places and in all times, constantly and in silence, no man's attention being called to its operation, *no man's aid being required to its administration*, and accompanied with no calamity, unless we should chuse to call our common frailty by that name, and complain that the God who made us did not ordain us another species of beings.

At the close of this book is a 'Dissertation on the Ratios of Encrease in Population and the Means of Subsistence,' by Mr. David Booth; offering proof, as it appears to us, irrefragable, of the impossibility of such a geometrical progression as Mr. Malthus had assumed. Natural subsistence is indefinite: prepared subsistence, which is a manufacture from what nature has in store, must always increase in quantity in proportion to the number of manufacturers employed, until the raw material can no longer be furnished; and so long, at least, the ratios of human increase and of the means of subsistence must necessarily be the same.

Book III. treats 'Of the Causes by which the Amount of the Numbers of Mankind is reduced or restrained.' Under circumstances peculiarly favourable, population has doubled itself in rather more than a hundred years. This, at least, is a result of the statistical tables of Sweden, where those circumstances have existed: but we have no reason, from authentic history, to suppose that the globe of the earth was less populous three thousand years ago than it is now; nor have we, at present, any ground for thinking that it will in future become more so.* The population of individual countries is subject to an ebb and flow, although the aggregate numbers of mankind on the face of the earth may vary but little from century to century. The progress of population no where proceeds in an unbroken geometrical ratio: it has its fits and starts; and where is the certain proof that England is more populous now than it was in 1339, when Edward III. commenced his expedition against France? Let us take Sweden, of which the enumerated population in 1805 was 3,320,647, and allow it to have been doubled within the preceding hundred years: in 1705, its population, then, was 1,660,323: if we go back, dividing by 2 for twelve more centuries, we shall find that in the year 505 Sweden contained only 405 inhabitants; at the time of the destruction of the Western Empire, in 476, about 300; and when this part of the globe began to send forth its hordes, which destroyed the power of the Romans, it could scarcely have had a human inhabitant! For the present, however, an increase is going on in Sweden; and let us admit it likewise for England and other old and civilized countries. Are governments, on this account, to discourage the propagation of the human race? Are they to say, "The world is already occupied, there is no vacant cover at Nature's table for your offspring?" Yes — when the earth shall refuse to yield her stores to the industry of man; "when the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be upon the vines; when the labour of the olives shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; when the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stall;" — then, and not till then, let impious man presume to check the genial current. Yet Mr. Malthus rests his case on something exceedingly like this, when he makes the appalling assertion that, in old countries, "population is every where and at all times pressing hard against the limits of the means of subsistence." Mr. Jackson's Account of Marocco tells us that the plains in the neighbourhood of Dar el Baida are so prolific in grain that, when the old emperor Seedy Mohammed reigned, he received for duties on corn, annually shipped there, from five to six hundred thousand Mexican dollars: but that, since the accession of his successor, Muley Soliman, who prohibited the exportation of grain, *the soil here and elsewhere has lain fallow*, because it would be useless to sow corn without

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* Mr. Godwin is sceptical as to the rapidly increasing population of England and Wales; and in Book II. chap. x. he examines the returns of the Censuses which have been taken. *Inter alia*, as a ground for suspicion of their accuracy, he notices the wondrous statement of the editor of the Reports that, although, according to them, the population of the country had *increased* to the amount of 1,215,000 persons between the years 1780 and 1800, yet the registered burials were not more in *the latter* year than in the former.—Moreover, between the years

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years 1780 and 1810 an increase had taken place to the amount of 2,535,000 persons; while the burials still remained stationary, or nearly so: whence the editor draws "a very satisfactory inference of diminishing mortality in England!" Well he may: but is no other inference to be drawn? Does not such a statement impeach the accuracy of the returns themselves?

having a market to sell it; and "I myself know," he continues, "that in consequence of the prohibition, corn had become so cheap that many husbandmen, after the famine and plague of 1800 had subsided, let their crops stand rather than be at the expence of reaping them." A famine and plague had just desolated the territories of the Emperor of Morocco, and therefore he choked the survivors with corn to relieve them from hunger! This was indeed "killing them with kindness." Now here is a case which at once points at three checks to the natural progress of population: *plague* and *famine* need no epithets; no artifice of language is requisite to associate with them the ideas of desolation and death. Having recovered from these, however, it is evident that the subjects of his Imperial Majesty of Morocco were not pressing very hard against the limits of subsistence; on the contrary, they were pent up in the very centre of it, — like milk in a cocoa-nut. The milk is consumed by the kernel, which is strictly confined within its shell like the corn in Dar el Baida, not the kernel by the milk: these people could not consume their corn, so their corn consumes them. The crops fall ungathered to the ground, and afterward the ground itself lies fallow! Does not the reader discover here a third check to population in *bad government?* Mr. Godwin, it may be remembered, had been free in his remarks on the mal-influence of human institutions in his "Political Justice," and this stimulated Mr. Malthus to reply. The latter says, "Human institutions, however they may appear to be the causes of much mischief to society, are in reality light and superficial, mere feathers that float on the surface, in comparison with those deeper seated causes of evil which result from the *laws of nature and the passion between the sexes.*" Now, Mr. M. most assuredly is not the Hierophant, the sacred priest, whom Nature has deputed to disclose her mysteries and explain her laws. He has given us the *laws of man*, and proclaimed them to be emanations from the Divinity. — As to the passion between the sexes, we have seen that he plays with it like a boy with a shuttle-cock; he tosses it into the air when it suits his purpose, but catches it on the battledore when he wants it again.

Certain countries, Mr. G. observes, were once in an eminent degree populous and flourishing, that are now sunk into a state of comparative solitude and desolation; such are Syria, Egypt, Greece, Italy, Sicily, that part of Asia which in antient times was subject to the Great King, and the whole coast of Africa bordering on the Mediterranean. To these we may add the extensive empires of Mexico and Peru in the New World, together with the islands of the American archipelago. What has reduced them to desolation? and in defiance, too, of that gigantic and tremendous power, the geometrical ratio? If in these countries man is "pressing hard against the limits of subsistence," will any one say that it is because the earth is superannuated, or has lost its fecundity by age, or infirmity, or disease? What has occasioned the depopulation of these and many other countries? Wars, conquests *, plague, pestilence, and bad government. — Oh, says Mr. Malthus, I acknowlege these to be checks on population, because they are all resolvable into Vice and Misery; and but for them the population of these countries, and of all countries on the surface of the globe, would have gone on doubling every twenty-five years. — Mr. Booth, in his 'Dissertation,' has a passage which will serve as a reply to this remark:

> 'On the whole, it is obvious that the assertion, that human population has a tendency to increase in a geometrical ratio, is, in the utmost degree, arbitrary. It is the mere *dictum* of Mr. Malthus, and when he finds, as he always does, that this ratio of increase has not hitherto acted, instead of doubting, as he ought, the truth of his hypothesis, he looks around for concomitant circumstances which, he says, have retarded or destroyed its operation: that is, for circumstances which have retarded or destroyed the operation of a principle, of which he has brought no evidence that it ever existed. But he even gives these retarding circumstances themselves as evidence. He calls them checks upon population, before he has proved that population required such checks. "There exist vice and misery in the world; therefore these prevent mankind from doubling their number every twenty-five years!" Such is the reasoning. — The point in dispute is always taken for granted.'

Book IV. treats 'Of the Population of the United States of North America.' — Taking the hint from Archimedes, Mr. Malthus has raised the Old World by fixing his fulcrum on the new one; and he has peremptorily stated that, in North America, population has gone on doubling itself every twenty-five years for a century and a half successively *by*

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* Mr. Godwin has pointed to a few cases of depopulation occasioned by wars and conquest. By all means let him read Mr. Burke's Vindication of Natural Society; a *jeu d'esprit*, begun in jest: — did it close in the same spirit? He made the slaughter of mankind by different conquerors amount to seventy times the number of inhabitants on the globe, which is estimated at about five hundred millions. Thirty-five thousand millions of human victims! These are some of the "feathers that float upon the surface."

procreation only. If this be correct, the fecundity of the women is greater or the mortality of their offspring is less there than in other countries; the alternative is inevitable; and it became Mr. Malthus to prove his proposition from unquestionable documents, before he attempted to frighten mankind with its consequences. Perhaps more human beings are born from a given population in the United States than any where else: but where are his registers to prove what his statement requires, namely, that there are eight births to a marriage in *North* America, while in Europe, Asia, Africa, and *South* America, we can make only four?* Perhaps in a given population in *North* America, only four deaths occur for every eight in a country in which the population is stationary. Where are the registers? It must be so, or Mr. Malthus's theory bursts like a soap-bubble in the air; and Vice and Misery, for the good of mankind, are in double activity on this side of the Atlantic. The syllogism is simple: Mr. Godwin states it thus: in the United States, a given number of children die, and yet the population is doubled in every generation: if as many, in proportion, are born in China or any other country in which the population is at a stand, as in the United States, not only that number must die, but also another number, equal to the number of children that die in the United States, added to the number of mature persons that might be found necessary barely to keep up the race. Human life, then, is worth twice as many years' purchase in North America as it is in Europe, and of course the annual premium on life-assurances, &c. is exactly the half of that which it bears here.

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* Mr. Malthus would have done better if he had fixed his fulcrum at Constantinople; though, perhaps, we might then have exclaimed, "*Plague* take your geometrical ratio." Gossipping over Lady M. W. Montague's Letters the other day, we met with the following passage: "In this country 'tis more despicable to be married and not fruitful, than 'tis with us to be fruitful before marriage. They have a notion, that whenever a woman leaves off bringing forth children, 'tis because she is too old for that business, whatever her face says to the contrary. This opinion makes the ladies here so ready to make proofs of their youth, (which is as necessary in order to be a *received beauty,* as it is to shew the proofs of nobility to be admitted *knights of Malta,*) that they do not content themselves with using the natural means, but fly to all sorts of quackeries to avoid the scandal of being past child-bearing, and *often kill themselves by them.* Without any exaggeration, all the women of my acquaintance have twelve or thirteen children; and the old ones boast of having had five-and-twenty or thirty a-piece, and are respected according to the number they have produced.—When they are with child, 'tis their common expression to say, *They hope God will be so merciful as to send them two this time;* and when I have asked them, sometimes, how they expected to provide for such a flock as they desire? they answered, that *the plague* will certainly kill half of them; *which, indeed, generally happens,* without much concern to the parents, who are satisfied with the vanity of having brought forth so plentifully."

Mr. Godwin knows very well that all his readers would not be satisfied with a mere negative demonstration. It is true, indeed, that he has given proof on proof, and heaped Pelion on Ossa, to shew that the ratio of increase in the Old World is not, never was under the most favourable circumstances, and never can be, till the nature and constitution of man is altered, what Mr. Malthus asserts it to be in North America. "It has there been found to double itself, for above a century and a half successively, in *less than* twenty-five years." Were it so, this alone proves no ratio of human increase. A favourite farce at Covent-Garden might draw half the audience ftom Drury-Lane at the end of the play, and here would be a transfer of population, merely: but Mr. Malthus affirms that this periodical duplication "has been repeatedly ascertained to be *from procreation only.*" Now this is the basis on which he has built his edifice, and it is either a rock or a sand-bank. He has brought forwards no registers of births and marriages, to prove the proportion of eight of the former to one of the latter: yet this was indispensable to his theory; because, to keep the population of a country from declining, four births to a marriage are required, and of course eight to double it in a generation. Mr. M. appeals to the "three regular Censuses of 1790, 1800, and 1810, as more than confirming his statement:" but Mr. Godwin meets him on this ground, takes the figures as they are given, admits their perfect accuracy, and then clearly proves that, throughout the United States, population, as far as it depends on procreation, is at a stand; for that on an average the births are not more than four to every female capable of child-bearing. Then how are we to account for the actual and admitted increase of the population of the United States so vastly exceeding that which the fecundity of the women supplies? This is by no means the least interesting part of the very interesting and valuable work before us. Men and women do not drop from the clouds: we hear of no Deucalion and Pyrrha consulting the oracle of Themis, and raising a population from the bones of their mother Earth. No; American population rises from the sea. Every wind that blows fills

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the sails of some vessel bearing emigrants to America from one quarter of the globe or another; and her population-tables, instead of presenting, as they ought to do, a supernumerary race of children, rather announce a race of full grown men and women just emerged from the waves. America is half peopled by adventurers; by persons in the maturity of life whom the spirit of enterprize has brought to her shores. No one denies the rapid increase of population in North America. If we look at the mild and liberal government of the United States in civil and religious concerns, at the high price of labour, the light pressure of taxes, the exemption from tythes and poor-rates, the low value or rather the gratuitous allotment of large tracts of land, the general pacific disposition of the government, and the great encouragement given to all those who, from whatever feeling of real or imaginary grievance at home, are desirous of settling in their territories, — we might be more surprized that the population is not doubled there in 10 or 15 years than that it is doubled in 25. The cause of the rapid increase of population in North America is, in one word, EMIGRATION from other states.

> 'The white population of 1800 was 4,305,971. These in 10 years would be diminished by a fourth. It is very improbable that more than 3,200,000 would have been alive in 1810, for whatever proportion the births of that country may bear to the whole population, the proportion of deaths is certainly greater than in Europe. These 3,200,000 then should have constituted the number of those above 10 years of age in the census of 1810, had there been no importation from other countries. But the actual census above 10 years of age was 3,845,389, giving a surplus of 645,389, which can be accounted for in no other way than by immigration. The census of 1810 contains also 2,016,704 children under 10 years. Part of these, too, as well as the deaths of immigrants since their arrival, should be added to the 645,389 above stated; and therefore of the 1,556,122 persons, which the census of 1810 exhibits beyond that of 1800, it is as clear as sunshine that nearly one-half was added by direct immigration. Of the effects on the increase of population by the introduction of grown-up persons we have already spoken; and, adverting to these effects along with the statements now given, the additional population is completely accounted for, without supposing a power of procreation beyond what is found to prevail among European nations.'

The history, which Mr. Godwin has sketched with a rapid pen, of emigration from Europe to North America in the seventeenth century, and up to the present time, is a confirmation "strong as Holy Writ" of his position that to this cause and to *this only* is the increasing population of North America to be ascribed. It strikes us as somewhat remarkable that Mr. Malthus, when he published the first edition of his essay, went a hundred and fifty years back, and took that date as the period from which his geometrical ratio of increase began to work in America; for it was about seventeen years before that period, namely, about 1630, that the tide of emigration first began to set from the shores of England to those of America. The effect of sending forth full grown men and women was just become visible in the rapid increase of population there; since every such emigrant, for the purpose of procreation, must be considered as equal to two human beings indiscriminately taken from the rising generation of an old established country. The best statistical tables have shewn us that, for four children born into the world, we can reckon only one female who by child-bearing can contribute to keep up or increase the numbers of mankind in the next generation: but those who emigrate in the flower of their lives have already surmounted the dangers of infancy, childhood, and early life; they go at once as healthy and efficient propagators, if the expression may be used without offence; and not, as the population actually exists in Europe, exhibiting every gradation, from the imbecility of infancy to that of age, from the cradle to the grave. It is by no means unreasonable, therefore, out of every four to count on two females instead of one, who may contribute to the future population of the country: with a proportionate number of males to give efficiency to the prolific principle. A remarkable coincidence, then, exists as to the period of time when the tide of emigration first rolled across the Atlantic, and when, according to Mr. Malthus, the "double double toil and trouble" of the geometrical ratio of human increase first began to exhibit its direful effects in America. Had he been contented to state the simple fact of such a transference of population, Old Europe might, perhaps, have shed a few tears of regret at the departure of her sons and daughters, and have seriously considered within herself whether there was not some mismanagement, — some unnecessary severity, perchance, in her own behaviour, — which had driven them from home; and these "compunctious visitations" would have been attended with advantage. When, however, Mr. Malthus asserts that this rapid reduplication goes on with an accelerated velocity by the force of "procreation only;" and when on this dogma he founds one of the most heart-breaking doctrines that could ever suggest itself to a mortal being; namely, that the population of his fellow-creatures is to be kept down, the door of existence shut, or the table of Nature denied to them; that vice is to grow out of virtue, misery out of happiness, famine out of abundance, and that the empire of Reason is to be usurped by violence, lust, and rapine; — when such consequences as these are represented to flow from the unrestricted principle of population, it is time to shew that the principle is destitute of foundation.

Whatever confidence Mr. Godwin may reasonably be expected to feel 'in the exuberant strength of his argument,' he has fully redeemed the pledge which he set out with making, that he should not leave his readers to seek for evidence of the truth of his propositions elsewhere. Not contented, therefore, with shewing that the rapid increase of population in North America could not possibly be the result of "procreation only," he has evinced that it actually is the result of emigration only. We should cheerfully enter into this subject, but are fearful of trespassing too much on our readers. The whole of the fourth book, in which the History of Emigration from different parts of Europe is traced; the topography and political condition of the United States considered; the prevalent diseases noticed which render the term of human life there *shorter than in Europe*; and in which the Population-censuses are analyzed and examined; is full of curious and interesting matter.

Book V. treats 'Of the Means which the Earth affords for the Subsistence of Man.' Having destroyed the geometrical ratio of human increase, — "a source of mischief to mankind," Mr. Malthus assures us, "in comparison of which, all the evils entailed upon us by human institutions are in reality light and superficial," — Mr. Godwin now attacks the other branch of his doctrine; namely, the arithmetical ratio by which alone the means of subsistence can be extracted. This is obviously *now* become a work of supererogation. The human race, so far from increasing geometrically, appears to be stationary as to its numbers; and this being the case, the arithmetical augmentation of the means of subsistence is more than sufficient. Nature is not niggardly; there is ample space, and verge, and fertility enough in this vast globe; its boundless oceans teeming with life, its "unconquered forests" and immense deserts, the asylum only of wild beasts, and where the footsteps of man have not yet trodden, may support a population of human beings, amply and redundantly, thirty fold greater than are now in existence.

This division of Mr. G.'s work is excellent, as far as the argument is concerned: but it is not written with that calmness of temper which might be expected from so subtle and philosophic a reasoner as its author. Achilles would have been incomparably greater if he had not insulted the body of Hector by dragging it in triumph round the tomb of Patroclus. Mr. Godwin is too sarcastic and contemptuous.* It is in this book that he has indulged in some fancies which remind us of the author of "An Enquiry concerning Political Justice," and which will subject him to considerable ridicule: but his speculations, as to any future amelioration in society, are at least honourable to human nature, bright, and exhilarating, even as a dream.

The sixth and concluding book treats 'Of the Moral and Political Maxims inculcated in the Essay on Population.' The object of this section is to display the character and spirit of that essay; and 'to shew to those who have followed this leader so far, under what sort of banner they have marshalled themselves.' Whatever Mr. Burke might say, the age of chivalry is *not* gone; for Mr. Godwin has drawn his trusty blade to defend the character of the female sex, and has redeemed it from the infamy to which it had been consigned by the doctrines of Mr. Malthus. The sum-total is this; that the attainable standard of perfection, which Mr. Godwin has fixed for the human race, is vastly greater when compared with the standard of Mr. Malthus, than the geometrical ratio which the latter has fancifully attributed to the natural multiplication of the human species is greater than the stinted and dwarfish ratio of increase which he has conceded to the productiveness of the earth. If the evils occasioned by human institutions are "mere feathers that float on the surface," compared with those deeper-seated causes of evil which are immovably fixed in our nature, and if these institutions can do but little harm, it must be admitted that they are equally inefficient in doing good. This is just the language of a courtier who, as soon as he has stepped over the threshold of St. James's, whatever grievances in the Constitution he may have before perceived, now sees every thing in a new light; the people rise from their depression, and the nation flourishes in peace and plenty; while every attempt at improvement is like heightening the beauties of Paradise, or mending the air of Elysium. †

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* He makes an apology, however, in his preface, for having occasionally been hurried into undue warmth of expression, and pays a just encomium to the personal character and manners of Mr. Malthus, while he regards his doctrines with abhorrence.— Mr. M., we are confident, will not forget the distinction.

† Quoted from an old pamphlet on the Liberty of the Press, by Mr. Hall.

Zoroaster, the great philosopher and prophet of the Persians, endeavoured to reconcile the existence of moral and physical evil with the attributes of a beneficent Creator and Governor of the world, by introducing into his System of Theology two active and antagonistic principles of the universe; *Ormusd*, the principle of good, eternally absorbed in light; and *Ahriman*, the principle of evil, eternally buried in darkness. The wise benevolence of *Ormusd* formed man capable of virtue, and abundantly provided his fair habitation with the materials of happiness: but the malice of *Ahriman*, in the phraseology of the Zendavesta, long ago *pierced Ormusd's egg*, and violated the harmony of his works. Since that fatal irruption, good and evil have been intimately intermingled, the rankest poisons springing from the most salutary plants: but the conflict is not to last for ever; and the faithful Persian fights under the banner of light, in full confidence that he shall in the last day share the glory of the triumph of *Ormusd*. At that decisive period, the enlightened wisdom of goodness will render the power of *Ormusd* superior to the furious malice of his rival: *Ahriman* and his followers, disarmed and subdued, will sink into their native darkness; and Virtue will maintain the eternal peace and harmony of the universe.* — The beneficent Creator of the world "made man a little lower than the angels," endued him with reason and understanding, and clothed him with honour and glory. *Ahriman*, the principle of evil, the geometrical ratio, has endeavoured to lower him to the level of the brutes, and to strip him of those attributes which once were deemed the proud and preeminent distinction of his nature: — but the victory is gained by *Ormusd*, *Ahriman* is slain, and his spirit has fled to the shades below:

—— "*illi solvuntur frigore membra,*
Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras."
Æn. xii. 951.

Art. II. *Memoirs of the Private Life, Return, and Reign of Napoleon in* 1815. By M. Fleury de Chaboulon, ex-Secretary of the Emperor Napoleon, Master of Requests to the Council of State, Baron, Officer of the Legion of Honour, and Knight of the Order of Re-Union. 2 Vols. 8vo. pp. 445. 431. 1l. 4s. Boards. Murray. 1820.

These volumes possess considerable interest, and have a title to be ranked among the historical materials of the age; not as a systematic record of political events during Napoleon's second reign, but as a narrative of circumstances regarding the ex-Emperor personally. The former situation of the writer in the Imperial closet enables him to bring his master on the stage of action, to relate the words used by him on occasions of importance, and to explain his motives as far as they can be elucidated by one who, though evidently a man of honour, is by no means exempt from party-feeling, or capable of scrutinizing with calm severity the conduct of a person whom he was so long accustomed to revere. M. de Chaboulon treats partly of the military and partly of the civil transactions of 1815: but the former having been discussed by us in a very late article *, we shall confine ourselves to the latter. The volume has neither index nor table of contents, but we may state its various matter thus:

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* See Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

Strictures on the Bourbon government of 1814: visit of an officer (called here Colonel Z.) to the island of Elba: departure of Bonaparte: his landing, progress, and arrival at Paris; submission of the rest of France. — Hostile preparation of the allied powers: secret overture from Prince Metternich, the Austrian minister, to Fouché, Bonaparte's minister of police; interview at Bâle between M. de Chaboulon and M. Werner, diplomatic agent of M. de Metternich. The *Champ de Mai*; the *Acte Additionel*; legislative proceedings. — The campaign; advance of the French; battles of Ligny, Quatre Bras, and Waterloo. Return of Bonaparte to Paris; hostile disposition of the Chamber of Deputies; their threatened deposition of Bonaparte prevented by his abdication. Advance of the Prussians and British; negotiations between them and the provisional government of France. Communication between the latter and Bonaparte; his departure to Rochefort, embarkation, and surrender.

It has been much disputed in France whether Bonaparte took the determination of returning from Elba of his own accord, or by the invitation of a party; and the royalists, who are almost all sticklers for the latter assertion, were not a little mortified that the trials of Ney, Labedoyère, Drouot, and others, have offered nothing to confirm their favourite hypothesis. In the first of these volumes, they will find (from p. 84. to p. 166.) the narrative of an officer called there Colonel Z., who appears to have repaired to Elba in February, 1815, and by his report of the state of France to have strengthened the already conceived intention of Bonaparte to hazard a return. The authenticity of this narrative must rest on the credibility of M. de Chaboulon, for Colonel Z.

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* "Historical Memoirs of Napoleon," Article III. in our last Number.

is represented as having fallen at Waterloo: but we see no reason for suspecting imposition in what is related either of him personally, or of the conversations which Napoleon held with him, and of which we give the following specimen:

> 'I consider it as certain that the kings who have fought against me are no longer guided by the same unity, the same views, the same interests. The Emperor Alexander must esteem me: he must be able to estimate the difference which exists between Louis XVIII. and myself. I would give him Poland and a great deal more, if he wished it: he knows that I have been always more inclined to tolerate his ambition than to restrain it. Prussia and the petty kings of the Rhenish confederation will follow the lot cast by Russia. If I had Austria on my side, she would secure me all the second-rate powers. As to the Austrians, I do not know what they would do: they have never treated me candidly. I suppose I could keep Austria in order by threatening to deprive her of Italy. Italy is yet very grateful to me, and much attached to me: if I were to ask that country for an hundred thousand men, and five millions of money, I should have the men and the money. If they were to force me to make war, I could easily revolutionize the Italians: I would grant them whatever they might wish,—independence or Eugene. Murat is ours: he has little brains: he has nothing but hand and heart: but his wife will guide him. As to England, we should have shaken hands from Dover to Calais, if Mr. Fox had lived: but as long as that country continues to be governed by the principles and passions of Mr. Pitt, we must always be as hostile as fire and water. From England I expect no quarter, no truce. England knows that the instant I place my foot in France, her influence will be driven back across the seas.—As long as I live, I will wage a war of extermination against her maritime despotism.' (Vol. i. p. 142.)

M. de Chaboulon was in the early part of the French Revolution too young to participate in its extravagancy, and his political career was confined to the reign of Bonaparte. He lays claim to strict impartiality, on the ground that praise bestowed on an exile may well pass for disinterested: but, while we ask for no farther proof of 'honourable purpose' than that he declines to adopt a tone which would gratify the ruling powers, his capacity for penetrating into character must be admitted with more reserve. He appears by no means aware of the habitual dissimulation of his Imperial master; imagining (vol. ii. p. 267.) that Bonaparte was a fatalist, and a believer in fortunate days; that he was (vol. i. p. 427.) sincerely affected by the death of the Duke d'Enghien; and (vol. ii. p. 77.) that his efforts to accomplish the return of his wife from Vienna to Paris were dictated by sympathy and affection. The book, however, contains a number of curious passages illustrative of Napoleon's ardour, activity, and diversified occupations. In one part, (vol. i. p. 267.) we observe the minuteness of his direction with regard to a service in some measure foreign to his department, — the conveyance of troops by inland navigation: in another, (pp. 306. 350.) we are struck with the multiplicity of his writings, and find that he composed not only official orders and bulletins, but a number of political paragraphs for the *Moniteur*. The determination of Louis XVIII. to remain in the Netherlands, instead of going to England, is said (vol. i. p. 332.) to have been a source of no little vexation to the ex-Emperor; and it is a remarkable fact that a man who was so powerful in deceit was incapable of keeping a secret. Scarcely had he set his foot on board the British frigate which, in 1814, conveyed him from St. Tropez to Elba, when he allowed imprudent expressions about the Bourbon government to escape him; and the whole of his conversations (vol. i. p. 128.) with the mysterious Colonel Z., previously to his return from Elba, are those of a man disclosing his private views, and immediately regretting the communication.

'Napoleon,' says M. de Chaboulon, (vol. ii. p. 45.) 'conceived in secret, and conducted to their close in mystery, schemes that did not call his passions into play, because then he never ceased to be master of himself: but it was excessively rare for him to preserve a continued and complete dissimulation in affairs that strongly agitated his soul. The object on which he was then occupied assailed his mind and heated his imagination: his head, continually at work, abounded in ideas that diffused themselves in spite of him, and displayed themselves externally by broken words, and demonstrations of joy or anger, that afforded a clue to his designs, and entirely destroyed the mystery in which he would have enveloped them.'

Of his power in converting to his cause men who of themselves were very differently inclined, we have a striking instance (vol. i. p. 440.) in the case of the well-known M. Benjamin de Constant; who, previously to his arrival at Paris, had filled the news-papers with invectives against him as a *miserable transfuge*.

'Napoleon, knowing the experience and reputation of this learned civilian, sent for him, to converse with him "on liberty and the constitution." Their conversation continued more than two hours. The Emperor, wishing to attach M. Constant to his party, employed all his means of seduction; and I leave it to those Frenchmen and those foreigners, who have had access to him, to say whether it were possible to resist him. When he wished to fix any one in his train, he studied and penetrated with extreme sagacity his way of thinking, his principles, his ruling passions; and then with that familiar grace, that [illegible]ty, that force and vivacity of expression, which gave so much value and such a charm to his conversations, he insinuated himself imperceptibly into your heart, made himself master of your passions, gently excited them, and artfully flattered them: then, displaying at once the magic resources of his genius, he plunged you into intoxication, into admiration, and subdued you so rapidly, so completely, that it seemed the effect of enchantment.

'Thus M. Benjamin Constant was subjugated: he arrived at the Tuilleries with repugnance; he quitted the palace an enthusiast.'

The most prominent character in the book, after the ex-Emperor, is the former *Lieutenant de Police*, Fouché, Duke of Otranto, lately deceased; a diplomatist of the Machiavelian school, always carrying on a double intrigue, and always providing, like some adroit politicians among ourselves, a refuge with either party. Though professedly an enemy of the Bourbons, and a zealous police-minister to Bonaparte, he found means to be received into the cabinet of Louis XVIII. after his second restoration.

'Few men,' says the author, (vol. ii. p. 21.) 'possess the gift of pleasing and persuading in a higher degree than the Duke of Otranto: equally profound and witty, equally endowed with foresight and ability, his mind embraces at once the past, present, and future: he alternately seduces and astonishes by the boldness of his thoughts, the acuteness of his perception, and the solidity of his judgment.

'Unhappily, his mind, overstrained by the Revolution, has contracted a habit and taste for strong emotions: quiet is tiresome to him: he wants agitation, danger, convulsions: hence that desire of stirring, intriguing, I had almost said of conspiracy, which has driven M. Fouché into errors so deplorable and so fatal to his reputation.'

Though Bonaparte, in employing Fouché, did not place implicit confidence in him, he was not a little surprized to hear, a few weeks after his return from Elba, that an agent of M. de Metternich, the Austrian minister, had arrived at Paris, and had delivered mysteriously to Fouché a letter, the purport of which was to announce that an Austrian agent, Baron de Werner, should be at Bâle on the 1st of May, to confer with some confidential person deputed by Fouché. On making this discovery, Bonaparte sent M. de Chaboulon to the interview, as if commissioned by Fouché; and, acting his part with address, M. de C. discovered, from the conversation of the Baron, that the object of the Austrian minister was not to bring Bonaparte's life in danger, but, by means of a party headed by Fouché, to accomplish his deposition; after which the Allies would regulate the government of France in conformity to the general wish of the nation. Having made mutual communications, the diplomatists repaired to their respective capitals, returned to Bâle in a week, and had a second interview; from which the Baron departed without suspecting that he was addressing a confidential agent of Napoleon. A third meeting was appointed: but, ere the time arrived, the discovery of the manœuvre and a conviction of the necessity of war induced the Austrian minister to break off the negotiation. We have (vol. ii. p. 22.) the following account of the *éclaircissement* between M. de Chaboulon and Fouché:

> ' Conformably to the orders of Napoleon, I repaired to the Duke of Otranto, and told him, laughing, that I was come to give him an account of the mission which he had confided to me. " A fine mission, indeed !" said he to me : " it is just like the Emperor : he is always suspicious of those who serve him best. Do you think, for example, that *you* are sure of him? You deceive yourself: if you should involuntarily be guilty of the slightest inconsistency, and *he knew it*, (these words he pronounced in such a way as to give me to understand, that it was through him the Emperor might be informed of it,) nothing more would be wanting to ruin you. Here is the letter (he made me read it) : you see it says nothing ; however, if I could have decyphered it immediately, Napoleon should have known nothing of it : I would have served him without saying any thing to him. In affairs of this kind, secrecy is necessary, and Napoleon is incapable of it : he would have been so much agitated, and have set so many men and so many pens in motion, that the whole would have taken wind." '

Of the superior officers who attended the ex-Emperor in Elba, the principal were Bertrand and Drouot. The latter (a very different person from *Drouet*, Comte d'Erlon,) is comparatively little known in this country: but we would advise those of our readers, who feel an interest in the real circumstances of Bonaparte's return from Elba, to peruse the trial of Drouot, 6th April, 1816; where they will find that this officer was unfriendly to the attempt; and that, amid all the applications made to him for favour in Bonaparte's second reign, no one founded a claim on a secret correspondence with that island. Drouot was acquitted, and retired from the service with the reputation of a man of strict honour, equally incapable of flattering his master in prosperity and of deserting him in adversity. Bertrand, a person of less decision and milder manners, was actuated by similar principles; in proof of which we present to those who question the existence of sincerity in French officers the following anecdote, relative to an angry decree (9th April, 1815,) which declared certain royalists to be traitors to their country:

'It was I who wrote this decree, from the dictation of the Emperor. When I had finished it, he ordered me to go and get it signed by Count Bertrand, who had countersigned the decrees of Lyons. I went to the Marshal. He read the decree, and returned it to me, saying, "I will never sign it: this is not what the Emperor promised us: they who advise him to take such measures are his bitterest enemies: I will speak to him about it." I related this firm and courageous answer to Napoleon word for word. He ordered me to return to the Grand Marshal, to endeavour to overcome his repugnance, and, if he still persisted, to bring him to him. Count Bertrand instantly followed me, with head erect, into the Emperor's closet. "I am astonished," said Napoleon to him in a dry tone, "that you make such difficulties about it to me. The severity I wish to display is necessary for the good of the state." — "I do not think so, Sire." — "I do, I tell you, and it is my business alone to judge of it. I did not ask your advice, but your signature, which is only a matter of form, and cannot in any way compromise you." — "Sire, a minister, who countersigns the act of a sovereign, is morally responsible for that act; and I should think myself wanting in my duty to your Majestv. and perhaps to myself, if I were weak enough to set my hand to such measures. If your Majesty choose to reign by the laws, you have no right arbitrarily to pronounce, by a simple decree, sentence of death, and forfeiture of property, against your subjects. If you choose to act as a dictator, and to have no law but your own will, you have no need of the addition of my signature. Your Majesty has declared, by your proclamations, that you would grant a general annesty. I countersigned them most cordially; and I will not countersign the decree that revokes them." — "But you well know, I always told you that I never would pardon Marmont, Talleyrand, and Augereau; and that I promised only to overlook what had passed since my abdication. I began with being indulgent, even to weakness; and the royalists, instead of appreciating my moderation, have abused it: they bestir themselves, they conspire, and I ought and will bring them to their senses. I would rather have my blows fall on traitors, than on men who are misled. Besides, all those who are on the list, Augereau excepted, are out of France, or in concealment. I shall not seek for them: my intention is to terrify them more than harm them. You see, therefore," continued the Emperor, softening his voice, "you have not rightly considered the business: sign this for me, my dear Bertrand: you must." — "I cannot, Sire. I request your Majesty's permission to submit my observations to you in writing." — "All that, my dear Sir, will make us lose time: you are startled, I assure you, without any reason: sign, I tell you; I request you; you will do me pleasure." — "Permit me, Sire, to wait till your Majesty has seen my observations." The Marshal went away and delivered to Napoleon a statement of his reasons. It did not alter his resolution; it only determined him to give it a legal form.

'The Emperor, persuaded that General Bertrand would equally retain his opinion, would not have this new decree presented to him, and it appeared without being countersigned.' (Vol. i. p. 432.)

Talleyrand, having been absent from France during the first half of 1815, is seldom introduced in these memoirs. Davoust, for a time the firm adherent of Bonaparte, is described after the failure of the campaign as forsaking his master, and following up schemes of personal advantage. Caulaincourt, on the other hand, is represented as a frank and independent counsellor; the first to apprize Bonaparte of the hostile disposition of the deputies after the battle of Waterloo, and to counsel his abdication. As the public connect his name with the seizure of the Duke d'Enghien, M. de Chaboulon takes pains to explain (vol. i. p. 428.) that the execution of that order was intrusted to a different officer; and that, though Caulaincourt, who happened to be in the vicinity, might be and probably was acquainted with it, he could hardly anticipate its fatal result.

Proceedings after the Battle of Waterloo. — The campaign of 1815 is related by the author in a manner that would have called for our particular attention, had it not been lately superseded by a narrative proceeding still more directly from the fountain-head.* From the disastrous field of Waterloo, Bonaparte, accompanied by Soult, Bertrand, and a few other officers, continued riding during the whole night, and reached the small town of Philippeville in the forenoon. Here he remained a few hours, dispatched orders to several of his Generals, and sent to his brother Joseph at Paris a short confidential account of his overthrow. Proceeding to Rocroi, and afterward to Laon, it became a question whether he should remain there to rally the fugitives or continue his route to Paris: the former is said (vol. ii. p. 210.) to have been his personal wish, but it was over-ruled by those around him. The well known bulletin of the battle, dispatched by him from Laon, was conveyed to Paris by a special courier, who reached the capital when its inhabitants were indulging the most pleasing anticipations from the victory of Ligny. Bonaparte, following, was received at the Palais Elysé by Caulaincourt; who regretted his arrival in the capital, and gave him the first unqualified notice of the hostile disposition of the Chamber of Deputies. His brothers Joseph and Lucien confirming this unwelcome report, Bonaparte renounced the intention of calling the two Chambers to an Imperial sitting, and demanding from them fresh levies in the name of liberty and the country: but his ministers, assembled at the palace, now came forwards with their different opinions. Carnot recalled the military measures of the early part of the revolution, advised that the country should be declared in danger, that Paris should be put in a state of defence, and, if taken, that the armies should maintain a prolonged contest on the banks of the Loire. Fouché, Caulaincourt, and others, considered the fate of Paris as decisive of the fate of France, and urged a candid and temperate conduct towards the legislative body as the best means of preventing a demand of the Emperor's abdication. Lucien, roused at that word, and animated by the recollection of the 18th of Brumaire, urged his brother to declare himself dictator, pronounce France in danger, and call all good subjects to her defence. During this deliberation, a message arrived from the Chamber of Deputies, containing the resolutions adopted on the proposition of M. de la Fayette; viz. that "the national independence was threatened; that the Chamber declared itself in a state of permanency; and that any attempt to dissolve it would be a crime of high treason." Napoleon now dispatched one minister to the Chamber of Deputies and another to the House of Peers, but with little effect: the former called for the ministers collectively; and, a few hours afterward, those gentlemen, accompanied by Lucien, repaired to the houses and delivered an Imperial message, acknowleging the late disasters, urging measures of vigour, and recommending the appointment of a committee of five members from either house to act in concert with the executive power. The committees were forthwith nominated: but it was to little purpose that Lucien warned the deputies to put no faith in the promises of the Allies, and to regard their declaration against his brother merely as a manœuvre to deprive the nation of its military leader. On returning to the palace, he apprized Napoleon that the majority of the deputies was decidedly hostile, and that he must resort to the alternative of dissolving the Chamber or of signing his abdication. The latter was respectfully recommended by Caulaincourt and Maret, but was waived by Napoleon until the next day (the 22d); when, learning that a motion for his deposition, supported by La Fayette, Sebastiani, and other deputies, was about to be carried, he proceeded, after an interval (vol. ii. p. 239.) of great agitation, to dictate his abdication in favour of his son Napoleon II.

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* See Art. III. in our last Number, already quoted.

Our readers may recollect that the French bulletin of the battle of Waterloo was almost silent regarding the advance of the Russians, and ascribed the rout to a sudden panic among the troops. The fact was that Bonaparte stood almost as much in dread of the Deputies as of the Allies; and to have made an admission of temerity, or of pertinacity, on his part, would have been to afford his enemies in the Chamber of Deputies a handle for demanding his deposition.

Between the signature of the abdication and the departure of Bonaparte to the coast, a week elapsed; during which, though retired from public functions, and living at Malmaison, he kept an anxious eye on the proceedings of the Chambers, who had now commenced negotiations with Prince Blucher and the Duke of Wellington. Among other projects, Napoleon revolved that of proceeding to England, and declaring that he came to take up his residence among us as a private individual: but he decided on attempting to escape to the United States; for which purpose two frigates were placed at his disposal by the provisional government. The latter, however, dreading an attempt on his part for the resumption of power, withdrew most of the officers who were with him, and appointed a General of their own, Beker, to attend his person. Still he lingered at Malmaison; and, on the approach of the Prussian van-guard, the sound of the cannon seemed to revive his military energy: he discovered that the advance of the enemy was unsupported, and pledged himself, if placed for only a few days at the head of the army, to chastise their rashness: but the provisional government was inflexible, and he departed at last for Rochefort. On the road, he was treated with much attention by the people, and failed not to write to the executive powers that they had been premature in sending him away. Meanwhile, the anticipation of his attempting to escape by sea had crowded the west coast of France with British cruizers; and, when he embarked on the 8th, but was detained by the wind till the 10th, he counted eleven of our vessels, great and small, in sight of his frigate. The chances being now altogether against him, Las Casas was sent to Capt. Maitland of the Bellerophon to ascertain what instructions he had received with regard to Bonaparte: the answer was that Capt. M. had no specific instructions, but was ready to take the Ex-Emperor on board and convey him to England for the decision of government. Dissatisfied with this doubtful measure, Bonaparte contemplated a nocturnal escape in a petty bark: but, finding both that measure impracticable and the project of reaching an American vessel at the mouth of the Gironde, he proceeded, without making any stipulation, on board of the Bellerophon.

With this surrender of Bonaparte, the narrative of M. de Chaboulon closes; and we have only to terminate our report by a few remarks on its merit as a literary composition. It is on the whole possessed of very considerable interest, and may be read with gratification throughout, if we except some long official papers; such as (vol. i. p. 380.) the answer of Bonaparte to the hostile declaration of the Congress of Vienna, and (vol. ii. p. 64.) the *Acte additionel* or Supplement to the Constitution of France, promulgated a month after his return from Elba. A more favourable character is due to the hitherto unpublished documents (vol. ii. p. 312.) relative to the negociation in the end of June and the beginning of July, between the provisional government and the allied Generals: but of these, and of the account (vol. ii. p. 93.) of the war in La Vendée, our space admits no farther notice. Of inaccurate information it would be easy to point out various examples; such as the exaggeration of the number of the troops engaged under the British commander at Waterloo; the conduct of that battle; and the singular assertion that, in the night after the conflict of Quatre-bras, our army retreated to Genappe: — but neither in these nor in some other errors of the book do we perceive the slightest reason to tax M. de Chaboulon with intentional misrepresentation. The translation, though in general executed with spirit, bears many marks of haste; and of inattention in rendering French idioms *à la lettre*, instead of labouring to explain them by equivalent English phrases.

Art. III. *Kenilworth; a Romance.* By the Author of "Waverley," "Ivanhoe," &c. Cr. 8vo. 3 Vols. 1l. 11s. 6d. Boards. Hurst and Co. 1821.

It was said in praise of Shakspeare, and Dryden was the critic who said it, that he did not read mankind "through the spectacles of books." Shakspeare, however, was contented with general nature. If this vast and varied repository of manners and humours, of passion and incident, supplied his imagination with the materials which he wanted, he was well satisfied; and he cared little or nothing for those minute proprieties and petty adjustments, which give to each place or country peculiar modes and accidental fashions. His antient Romans, as Voltaire captiously remarks, have nothing Roman in them: they are merely men filled with masculine sentiments, and busily engaged in the great and lofty transactions of the scene; and, if he fixes his personages at Verona or Milan, we see nothing that betrays the slightest anxiety in the poet to accommodate his fiction to the genius, habits, or dress of the town or nation which happens to be the object of his fable. When Speed and Lance, the servants of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," meet each other in the streets of Milan, an adjournment is proposed to the ale-house, just as much in the ordinary course as if the Boar in East-cheap or the Tabart in Southwark were within a stone's throw of them. As for the localities of dress, he scarcely ever gave himself the trouble of recollecting that there was any such thing as local or national costume. When Julia proposes to her chamber-maid, in the same play, that she should escape in male attire from Verona in pursuit of her lover, the hose, the farthingale, and the peculiarities of the English dress at that time engross the whole of the consultation, without the slightest allusion to the fashions and garb of the country which is the scene of the drama. These were matters which, from his lofty elevation and in his wide horizon, Shakspeare could no more see than, standing on his own cliff at Dover, he could have seen the beetles crawling at its base.

On the contrary, the author of 'Kenilworth,' however he may resemble the great poet in the other attributes of his genius, has not claimed the privilege so cheerfully accorded to Shakspeare. He rarely *takes off* the spectacles through which he contemplates the manners and adjusts the agencies of his romance, and still more rarely neglects any of the proprieties of detail. Not only has the quaint and stiff phraseology of the conversation of the times which he has chosen for his fiction become almost familiar to him from diligent reading, aided by minute observation, but the millinery of the haberdasher's shop and the wares of a pedlar's box are as much at his fingers' ends as if he had actually taken their inventories. He has no doubt done well by attending to these verisimilitudes: which render more perfect the fascination of the story, and prevent our being recalled from the illusion by intimations that too frequently cross us while we are reading the romances of inferior artists, that the tale does not belong to the times or the actors to which it is attributed. They have all the effect which an improved attention to the *ordonnance* of the theatre has of late produced, by a closer observance of costume and propriety in scenic decoration.

He has done well also in selecting the splendid reign of Elizabeth for the period of his present story. "Ivanhoe" was thrown rather too far back in our social and moral history. He there obtained, indeed, more ample room for his invention; and, in the uncertainty and darkness of real facts, a greater licence to fill the void with those representations of life which admit all the swell of fancy and the splendor of fiction, without being rigidly brought to the test or tried by the laws of authentic and exact portraiture. He had an imposing and gallant costume to display, in the pomp of pageantry which marked the public and private transactions of that remote age; in moated castles and mailed champions; in the wild achievements that exhibited the freshness of the chivalrous honour which at that time spoke in actual deeds of "bold emprize," but of which merely the sentiments and language descended to the days of Elizabeth; — in a word, he could exhibit this costume in all the forms of physical strength and personal courage, that stand enlarged and dilated to our eyes through the hazy distance at which they are viewed, and almost overpower the imagination by their awful dimensions. At the same time, there was a disadvantage in the exhibitions of a state of life so strongly marked, and yet so obscurely known. For want of those minute and gentle strokes which a more familiar acquaintance with domestic manners and daily occurrences can alone supply, the whole delineation consisted of outline, bold and vehement and sublime, but tediously defective in variety, and fatiguing us by the sameness of the pictures and the uniformity of the sentiments and descriptions.

When the scene is laid in the good old time of Elizabeth, we feel ourselves more at home. It is at a sufficient distance for that theatrical tone and cast of diction, in which the characters of romance must in some degree express themselves in order to give effect to the dialogue, without being corrected or called to account by a living knowlege and actual experience of the style and form of conversation really prevalent; and it is sufficiently remote, also, to give effect to incidents which, if too nearly inspected, produce an enfeebled impression. Yet it is near enough not to require from the writer that exaggerated colouring which shews the picture to be fictitious, or to demand of the reader that acquiescence in strange occurrences, brought about by improbable agencies, which shocks and disgusts the understanding. It presents a happy medium between that which is too real to be pleasing, and that which, by being wholly unreal, is disgusting. There is, moreover, a certain mysterious charm that attracts us to that golden period, with its full train of delightful associations, hospitality, plenty, frugality, and content. Though vanity whispers that we are grown more enlightened and intellectual, (a suggestion which might fairly be disputed when the age of Bacon and Shakspeare is one of the objects of comparison,) yet the truly

English characteristics of that time were to be found in thei fullest strength and prominence; and while in every respec except the mere quantity of books that age was as lettere as our own, it had the higher distinction of a steadier warmt of attachment to that circle of our relations which is trul and emphatically social. We have therefore great delight i straying back to our ancestors of those days, partaking thoug in fancy of their honest hospitalities, listening to the smar but somewhat coarse reciprocations of their dialogue, mixin in their merry though sometimes intemperate carousals, an escaping, even in fiction, from a less romantic stage of society, of which the traits are tamely and coldly monotonous.

On the literary merit of the much admired author of Waverley, we have too frequently and too recently expressed ou opinion to renew either our praise or our censure, in genera terms, on the present occasion. We shall merely observe and trust to the discernment of our readers for a confirmatio of our remark, that the tale now before us, with all its beauty is still blemished by a few of the inadvertencies of hasty composition. The writer does not take sufficient time to complet the frame-work of his story before he fills it up, but his invention and execution seem to go on together. The consequence is a want of general consistency, as well as the absence of a perfect congruity between the actors and the plan of the romance; while many of his characters are brought on the stage evidently with higher destinations in the fortunes and agencies of the piece, than he has allowed himself leisure ultimately to assign them. We cannot fail to perceive this incongruity in the character of Dickie Sludge; who seems to have been primarily intended for greater things than pinching the legs of the sturdy porter at Kenilworth to prompt him in the speech which he was to deliver on the entrance of Elizabeth; or, by a clumsy and improbable contrivance, preventing the letter of the Countess from reaching her lord; or even his concluding and most important act of interference between Tressilian and Leicester. He opened on us with a promise of originality, wildness, and grotesque humour, calculated to play a material part amid the changeful events of the piece, and to fill up a more considerable space in the mind and attention of the reader. That, when he was first fashioned by the hands of the author, no slight solicitude and care were expended to make him worthy of a distinguished place among the characters of the tale, is apparent from the singularly romantic incident attending his first introduction to Tressilian; and from the anxiety exhibited in the first sketches of his habits and dispositions, to give him an intellectual port and bearin which are thrown away on an urchi who plays a few monkey-tricks and then is no more seen.

> —— " *Amphora cœpit*
> *Institui ; currente rotâ, cur urceus exit ?*"

Yet Kenilworth is a work of extraordinary talent, and is abundantly marked by the prevailing excellences of its author; general beauty of composition, vigour of character, felicity of contrast, striking situations, and a plot skilfully contrived, though too sudden, perhaps, in its developement, and revolting in its catastrophe. We shall attempt a brief summary of the tale, to explain a few extracts, in which the peculiar powers of his mind and fancy seem to have been exercised.

The time of the narrative is that part of the splendid reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the Earl of Leicester first cherished his proud aspirings to the hand and throne of his mistress; and it opens in the midst of the strife of faction and emulation which existed between that ambitious nobleman and the Earl of Sussex, whose meritorious services in the hard hour of her adversities the Queen is well known to have highly valued. The whole story, which, unlike the other romances of the same writer, is tragic in its catastrophe, receives its complexion from the fortunes of Leicester, who is obviously its hero: but the chief interest of the narrative is derived from the hapless fate of Amy Robsart, whom the Earl had privately married, his designs on Elizabeth prompting him to a concealment of their union. She was the daughter of an impoverished fox-hunting knight in Cornwall, whose estate had been impaired by habits of too great hospitality; and she had been educated with all the blind and indulgent fondness of a parent who, like 'Squire Western, loved nothing on earth so well as his horse and his daughter. Edmund Tressilian cherished an early, and, as it proves, a steady though ill-fated attachment to this interesting but giddy being, who had unfortunately not learned to value his affection in the same proportion as she esteemed his merit.

Mystery and duplicity are necessarily called forth to conceal this marriage; the coquettish encouragement of the Virgin-Queen having inspired Lord Leicester with sentiments towards her far beyond the gallantry which she exacted from all her courtiers. This mystery, with the deceitful policy which by degrees wove around his head its inextricable meshes and at length involved him in guilt and disgrace, and the cruel custody in which a subserviency to his views made him keep his unfortunate Countess, constitute the distress of the plot; and it is a portion of the work which has been executed with great pathos and feeling. It does not appear with sufficient clearness, perhaps, where or how the Earl became first enamoured of this rural beauty, and was so overpowered by her charms as to adopt the irretrievable measure of a solemn union: but the whole management of the intrigue, and of the means by which she was removed from her father's house, he had confided to Varney, one of his confidential retainers, who filled the station of Master of the Horse in his princely household. This man presents a character of unmixed and consummate villainy. Sacrificing every consideration to his own views of advancement, no compunction from the beginning to the end of this sad story ever visits him; and he, aided by one Anthony Foster, to whose custody the Countess is more immediately committed, is the principal agent of the diabolical sufferings inflicted on that unfortunate lady, with the connivance at least of the ambitious courtier who had won her affections. In this respect, the writer betrays a departure in favour of Leicester from the concurrent testimony of our historians; who impute to him in express terms the murder of his wife by poison, to make way for his designs on Elizabeth. As Varney, however, was the immediate instrument by whom she was seduced from the paternal roof, and as the profligacy of his character was well known in the neighbourhood of Sir Hugh Robsart's seat, (Lidcote Hall, in Cornwall,) her friends, and among them Tressilian, formed the melancholy conclusion that, having yielded to *his* arts, she was living with him in a state of unlawful intercourse. Urged by his own affection, which even the supposed circumstances of her disgraceful flight did not extinguish, and at the instance of her afflicted father, Tressilian set out on the desperate errand of reclaiming her, if possible, from her unholy connection. She was then in a splendid imprisonment, and clandestinely visited by her husband, at an old mansion, once an abbey, but desolated and despoiled at the Reformation, in the village of Cumnor, in Berkshire; now become the property of Varney by virtue of a grant from Leicester, and tenanted by Anthony Foster, the savage but puritanical villain whom Varney had selected for that office. Tressilian, who deemed it possible from these circumstances that this might be the place of her retreat, is first introduced to us at an inn in the above village, the bonny Black Bear; the humours of which are pourtrayed in the opening of the narrative, with the author's habitual felicity in describing the domestic manners and usages of that period of our history.

In the company at the inn was a person just arrived from the wars in the Netherlands; a swaggering adventurer, nursed in enterprize, and fit for any exploit that was likely to fill his pockets, without doing much injury to a conscience that was none of the most squeamish; by name Michael Lambourne, and a kinsman of Giles Gosling the landlord. The conversation turned on Anthony Foster, whose character inspired great terror in the neighbourhood, and on a young lady at his house, and the strictness with which she was secluded. This circumstance gave a strong hint to Tressilian; and Michael Lambourne having made a drunken bet with one of the company that he would venture up the next day to the Hall, and force Tony Foster to introduce him to his fair guest, Tressilian offered to pay half of the risk if he might accompany Lambourne in the adventure. By this artifice Tressilian calculated on obtaining entrance into the house, which was lonely, and barricadoed with great vigilance. They accordingly set forth together on the enterprize, succeed in their scheme for obtaining entrance, and we are consequently introduced to Foster, who is sketched with great power. A recognition takes place between him and Michael, they having been early acquaintances; and Foster, conceiving Lambourne to be a man whose services in furtherance of the schemes of his employer were not likely to be impeded by scruples, takes him into another apartment to talk with him, leaving Tressilian to wait their return. An accidental interview with Amy, once the object of his warmest affections, but now deeply sunken, as he imagined, in vice and dishonour, was afforded him by her casually coming into the room. We give a short extract from the pathetic dialogue which ensued, and which is in the best manner of the author:

' "Is my father ill?" said the lady.

' "So ill," answered Tressilian, "that even your utmost haste may not restore him to health; but all shall be instantly prepared for your departure, the instant you yourself will give consent."

' "Tressilian," answered the lady, "I cannot, I must not, I dare not leave this place. Go back to my father — tell him I will obtain leave to see him within twelve hours from hence. Go back, Tressilian — tell him I am well, I am happy — happy could I think he was so — tell him not to fear that I will come, and in such manner that all the grief Amy has given him shall be forgotten — the poor Amy is now greater than she dare name. — Go, good Tressilian — I have injured thee too, but believe me I have power to heal the wounds I have caused — I robbed you of a childish heart, which was not worthy of you, and I can repay the loss with honours and advancement."

' "Do you say this to me, Amy? — Do you offer me pageants of idle ambition, for the quiet peace you have robbed me of? — But be it so — I came not to upbraid, but to serve and to free you. — You cannot disguise it from me; you are a prisoner.

Otherwise your kind heart — for it was once a kind heart — would have been already at your father's bed-side. — Come — poor, deceived, unhappy maiden — all shall be forgot — all shall be forgiven. Fear not my importunity for what regarded our contract — it was a dream, and I have awaked — But come — your father yet lives — Come, and one word of affection — one tear of penitence, will efface the memory of all that has passed."

' " Have I not already said, Tressilian," replied she, " that I will surely come to my father, and that without farther delay than is necessary to discharge other and equally binding duties? — Go, carry him the news — I come as sure as there is light in Heaven — that is, when I obtain permission."

' " Permission? — permission to visit your father on his sick-bed, perhaps on his death-bed!" repeated Tressilian, impatiently; " and permission from whom? — From the villain, who, under disguise of friendship, abused every duty of hospitality, and stole thee from thy father's roof!"

' " Do him no slander, Tressilian! — He whom thou speakest of wears a sword as sharp as thine — sharper, vain man — for the best deeds thou hast ever done in peace or war, were as unworthy to be named with his, as thy obscure rank to match itself with the sphere he moves in. — Leave me! Go, do mine errand to my father, and when he next sends to me, let him chuse a more welcome messenger."

' " Amy," replied Tressilian, calmly, " thou canst not move me by thy reproaches. — Tell me one thing, that I may bear at least one ray of comfort to my aged friend — This rank of his which thou doest boast — doest thou share it with him, Amy? — Does he claim a husband's right to controul thy motions?"

' " Stop thy base unmannered tongue!" said the lady; " to no question that derogates from my honour, do I deign an answer."

' " You have said enough in refusing to reply," answered Tressilian; " and mark me, unhappy as thou art, I am armed with thy father's full authority to command thy obedience, and I will save thee from the slavery of sin and of sorrow, even despite of thyself, Amy."

' " Menace no violence here!" exclaimed the lady, drawing back from him, and alarmed at the determination expressed in his look and manner; " threaten me not, Tressilian, for I have means to repel force."

' " But not, I trust, the wish to use them in so evil a cause," said Tressilian. " With thy will — thine uninfluenced, free, and natural will, Amy, thou canst not chuse this state of slavery and dishonour — thou hast been bound by some spell — entrapped by some art — art now detained by some compelled vow. — But thus I break the charm — Amy, in the name of thine excellent, thy broken-hearted father, I command thee to follow me." '

' As he spoke, he advanced and extended his arm, as with the purpose of laying hold upon her. But she shrunk back from his grasp, and uttered a scream, which brought into the apartment Lambourne and Foster.'

On leaving the mansion, Tressilian meets Varney, who had been dispatched by the Earl to announce his intention of coming to visit his lady that evening; and, under the conviction that Varney was her seducer, he reproaches him with his baseness. The result is a combat, which would have ended fatally for Varney, had not the blow been arrested by Lambourne; and the parties are separated. The Earl next arrives; and a playful scene ensues with his beauteous bride, who amuses herself with disrobing him of his disguise, and contemplating with rustic wonder and delight the rich habiliments and glittering honours with which he now appears decorated. She then expresses a natural wish to take in public the rank and situation to which she was intitled, and to share openly in his glory and dignity:

' " Why, Amy," said the Earl, looking around, " are not these apartments decorated with sufficient splendour? I gave the most unbounded order, and, methinks, it has been indifferently well obeyed — but if thou canst tell me aught which remains to be done, I will instantly give direction."

' " Nay, my lord, now you mock me," replied the Countess: " the gaiety of this rich lodging exceeds my imagination as much as it does my desert. But shall not your wife, my love — at least one day soon — be surrounded with the honour, which arises neither from the toils of the mechanic who decks her apartment, nor from the silks and jewels with which your generosity adorns her, but which is attached to her place among the matronage, as the avowed wife of England's noblest Earl?"

' " One day?" said her husband, — " Yes, Amy, my love, one day this shall surely happen; and, believe me, thou canst not wish for that day more fondly than I. With what rapture could I retire from labours of state, and cares and toils of ambition, to spend my life in dignity and honour on my own broad domains, with thee, my lovely Amy, for my friend and companion! But, Amy, this cannot yet be; and these dear but stolen interviews are all I can give to the loveliest and the best beloved of her sex."

' " But *why* can it not be?" urged the Countess, in the softest tones of persuasion, — " why can it not immediately take place — this more perfect, this uninterrupted union, for which you say you wish, and which the laws of God and man alike command? — Ah! did you but desire it half so much as you say, mighty and favoured as you are, who, or what, should bar your attaining your wish?"

' The Earl's brow was overcast.

' " Amy," he said, " you speak of what you understand not. We that toil in courts are like those who climb a mountain of loose sand — we dare make no halt until some projecting rock afford us a secure stance and resting place — if we pause sooner, we slide down by our own weight, an object of universal derision. I stand high, but I stand not secure enough to follow my own inclination.

clination. To declare my marriage, were to be the artificer of my own ruin. But, believe me, I will reach a point, and that speedily, when I can do justice to thee and to myself. Meantime, poison not the bliss of the present moment, by desiring that which cannot at present be. Let me rather know whether all here is managed to thy liking." *

Lambourne was now engaged by Varney, who saw that he would be a fit instrument for the most atrocious projects, and directed him not to lose scent of Tressilian. From certain hints with which Varney's subsequent conversation with Lambourne, at the inn, supplied him, Giles Gosling communicates his suspicion to Tressilian that his life is in danger, and urges him to escape before day-break; suggesting also that Tressilian should present to the Queen in person, and in the name of Sir Hugh Robsart, a petition in favour of Amy, whom they considered as having fallen a victim to the artifices of Varney, and as still kept under restraint by his connivance. Tressilian accordingly departs, and in his journey towards the residence of her father meets with a singular adventure which brings him into contact with Dickie Sludge and Wayland Smith; the latter also a strange character, formerly assistant of a person addicted to studies in pursuit of the grand elixir or philosopher's stone, and tinctured in consequence with a considerable knowlege of the properties and uses of medicine. By some of those instincts which are of frequent occurrence in romance, this man attaches himself forthwith to the fortunes of Tressilian, and enters into his designs; and having cured the Earl of Sussex, then drooping under the effects of poison which had been administered to him, and which Wayland's sagacity and experience found to have been the manna of St. Nicholas, he is despatched by Tressilian to Cumnor, to obtain from Gosling the information which he had promised to communicate to Tressilian respecting the state of affairs there, and at the same time to contrive means of effecting the deliverance of Amy.

The policy adopted by Elizabeth, of keeping an even balance between the two great factions of Leicester and Sussex which agitated the early portion of her reign, by a nice and cautious distribution of her favour, has been remarked by many of her historians. The author has ingeniously availed himself of this balancing principle between the rival Earls, and has founded on it several of the leading incidents of the work. In the mean while, Sussex, eager to catch the opportunity of throwing discredit on Leicester and his adherents, had already presented to the Queen Sir Hugh Robsart's petition against Varney, which he had received from

Tressilian, who was one of the most zealous of Lord Sussex's partizans. Elizabeth, having insisted on the attendance of both noblemen at court on a day appointed for that purpose, in order to effect a reconciliation, became anxious lest the collision of two such fiery spirits, each backed by a strong and numerous band of followers, and dividing between them the hopes and wishes of the nation, should break out in actual tumult, and gave directions of precaution. When the eventful hour approached, the rival Earls entered the palace at Greenwich precisely at noon. The pomp and circumstance of the court are set before the reader in great detail; and, after the forced and reluctant ceremony of the reconcilement, the petition against Varney, to the great terror and visible confusion of Leicester, is mentioned by the Queen. The whole scene has a dramatic cast, and is represented with great spirit. Varney and Tressilian are ordered into the council-chamber: but the danger that lowered over the Earl of Leicester is averted by the promptitude of Varney, a skilful pilot in extremity, and conscious that his own chances of ruin or advancement depended on the safety of his lord. He takes it on himself to acknowlege some "love-passages" with Amy Robsart, and, after a little hesitation, avers that he has married her; dissipating the storm that was gathering in the royal bosom by some of those skilful flatteries, archly and cunningly interposed, to which that bosom was at all times too open. The Queen, however, appealed to the honour of Leicester respecting the truth of Varney's allegation; and the Earl, having gone too far to recede by not contradicting his retainer's declaration, replied, with equivocation, that to the best of his knowlege she was a wedded wife. Before this celebrated audience ended, Elizabeth intimated her intention in the week ensuing 'to taste the good cheer of Kenilworth,' to which she commanded Leicester to bid the Earl of Sussex welcome, and dismissed them both in complimentary phrase. — "My lords of Sussex and Leicester, we have a word more with you. Tressilian and Varney are near your persons — you will see that they attend you at Kenilworth — and as we will (shall) then have both Paris and Menelaus within our call, so we will have this same fair Helen also, whose fickleness has caused this broil. Varney, thy wife must be at Kenilworth, and forthcoming at my order." — The Earl and his follower bowed low, without daring to look at the Queen or at each other, for the nets and toils of their falsehood were in the act of closing around them.

Leicester, in common with many persons of rank and education in those times, had great faith in judicial astrology;

and the author introduces to us a singular character, who officiated in his household as a sage versed in the mysteries of the planets; — the very person of whom Wayland Smith had learned his science, and whom Varney had employed to administer the poison to Lord Sussex, of which Wayland Smith had administered the antidote.* In the perplexity to which the orders of Elizabeth had reduced the Earl and his agent, this astrologer is sent down under the escort of Lambourne to Cumnor, not actually to destroy her, but to administer such a portion of this delectable medicine of the manna of St. Nicholas as should produce languor, depression, and an unwillingness to change of place. This was the only expedient that occurred to them, by which the peremptory commands of Elizabeth could be evaded; to whom they were to relate the illness of Amy and her inability to travel. The thorough-bred romance-reader will not withhold the sufficient quantum of credulity, which the writer requires of those who lend their faith to the incidents of his tale, from the strange properties ascribed to this *manna*; and it would be unfair to fetter him who weaves them together, in the choice and selection of his machinery. Otherwise, means more probable and less revolting might, we conceive, have been devised, without taxing too rigorously the invention of the author. However, the operation of the medicine is again counteracted by an antidote from Wayland; who moreover enables the Countess to escape, with the determination of meeting her Lord at Kenilworth, and asserting her rights. The adventures which befell them on their way form a very interesting part of the story. At length they arrive at Kenilworth without the knowlege of the Earl, and in the midst of the princely entertainments which he had prepared for the reception of his royal mistress. A series of accidents ensue, which increase the torments and perplexities of the Countess's situation. She is restrained by her affection for Leicester, and the apprehension that an open appeal to the Queen might be injurious to his fortunes, from discovering her name and rank to Elizabeth: but, by one of those chances which are of rare occurrence in real life, though of indispensable utility in romance, she is discovered in a forlorn and piteous attitude in a sequestered grotto of the garden by the Queen herself. The result is that the infamous Varney again claims her as his wife, and asserts that she is insane: in consequence of which she is consigned back to the custody of this unfeeling wretch by the command of her Majesty; the mean and sordid irresolution of Leicester, and his fevered and restless ambition, inducing him to acquiesce in the deceit and the villainy. At Cumnor-place, it is contrived that death, as it were by accident, shall terminate the few and wretched days of the lovely and injured Amy. The truth is afterward developed by the agency of the worthy Tressilian, Wayland Smith, and Dickie Sludge: but the penitence of Leicester is too late, for he had given the fatal mandate to her assassin; having been urged to that deadly resolve by feelings of jealousy and wounded pride, which, Iago-like, Varney had stirred up in his bosom by insinuations against Tressilian.

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* The existence of this astrologer, Alasco, is not mere fiction; such a person having been in correspondence with Dr. Dee, who resided at Mortlake, in Surrey, at the time in question.

The pomp and pageantry of the celebrated entertainments, with which the Queen was received at Kenilworth, are set forth with the accustomed talent of the author; whose great felicity it is to clothe with new life and vigour the ceremonial usages of departed days, and to infuse a living interest into scenes drawn from those obscure recesses of history which no man has more diligence in exploring, or exercises a more powerful fancy in embellishing. We have not room to extract any parts of this bustling and animated description, which has indeed been made more or less familiar to the reader by the records of Laneham, Nichols, &c.: but we cannot omit the dignified and spirited remonstrance of the poor heart-sick Countess, when she had a casual interview with her Lord in the midst of these solemnities. It is a fine piece of moral painting, and derives much of its effect from its melancholy portraiture of a heart-broken victim of ambition in the vortex of pomp and magnificence, while the pride of wounded virtue breathes in her beautiful and eloquent remonstrance:

' "We will think, Amy, of some other retreat," said Leicester; "and you shall go to one of my northern castles, under the personage — it will be but needful, I trust, for a very few days — of Varney's wife."

' "How, my Lord of Leicester!" said the lady, disengaging herself from his embraces; "is it to your wife you give the dishonourable counsel to acknowledge herself the bride of another — and of all men, the bride of that Varney?"

' "Madam, I speak it in earnest — Varney is my true and faithful servant, trusted in my deepest secrets. I had better lose my right hand than his service at this moment. You have no cause to scorn him as you do."

' "I could assign one, my lord," replied the Countess; "and I see he shakes even under that assured look of his. But he that is necessary as your right hand to your safety, is fr accusation of mine. May he be true to you; and that he may be, true, trust him not too much or too far. But it is enough to say that I will not go with him unless by violence, nor would I acknowledge him as my husband, were all ——"

' "It is a temporary deception, madam," said Leicester, irritated by her opposition, "necessary for both our safeties, endangered by you through female caprice, or the premature desire to seize on a rank to which I gave you title, only under condition that our marriage, for a time, should continue secret. If my proposal disgust you, it is yourself has brought it on both of us. There is no other remedy — you must do what your own impatient folly hath rendered necessary — I command you."

' "I cannot put your commands, my lord," said Amy, "in balance with those of honour and conscience. I will NOT, in this instance, obey you. You may achieve your own dishonour, to which these crooked policies naturally tend, but I will do nought that can blemish mine. How could you again, my lord, acknowledge me as a pure and chaste matron, worthy to share your fortunes, when, holding that high character, I had strolled the country the acknowledged wife of such a profligate fellow as your servant Varney!" '—

' "My lord, my lord, bend no angry brows on me — it is the truth, and it is I who speak it. I once did Tressilian wrong for your sake — I will not do him the further injustice of being silent when his honour is brought in question. I can forbear," she said, looking at Varney, "to pull the mask off hypocrisy, but I will not permit virtue to be slandered in my hearing."

' There was a dead pause. Leicester stood displeased, yet undetermined, and too conscious of the weakness of his cause; while Varney, with a deep and hypocritical affectation of sorrow, mingled with humility, bent his eyes on the ground.

' It was then that the Countess Amy displayed, in the midst of distress and difficulty, the natural energy of character, which would have rendered her, had fate allowed, a distinguished ornament of the rank which she held. She walked up to Leicester with a composed step, a dignified air, and looks in which strong affection essayed in vain to shake the firmness of conscious truth and rectitude of principle. "You have spoke your mind, my lord," she said, "in these difficulties with which, unhappily, I have found myself unable to comply. This gentleman — this person I would say — has hinted at another scheme, to which I object not but as it displeases you. Will your lordship be pleased to hear what a young and timid woman, but your most affectionate wife, can suggest in the present extremity?"

' Leicester was silent, but bent his head towards the Countess, as an intimation that she was at liberty to proceed.

' "There hath been but one cause for all these evils, my lord," she proceeded, "and it resolves itself into the mysterious duplicity with which you have been induced to surround yourself. Extricate yourself at once, my lord, from the tyranny of these disgraceful trammels. Be like a true English gentleman, knight, and earl, who holds that truth is the foundation of honour, and that honour is dear to him as the breath of his nostrils. Take your ill-fated wife by the hand, lead her to the footstool of Elizabeth's throne — Say, that in a moment of infatuation, moved by supposed beauty, of which none perhaps can now trace even the remains, I gave my hand to this Amy Robsart. — You will then have done justice to me, my lord, and to your own honour; and should law or power require you to part from me, I will oppose no objection — since I may then with honour hide a grieved and broken heart in those shades from which your love withdrew me." '

When Leicester's acquiescence in the murderous project is at last extorted from him by Varney, the tumult of his feelings is well sketched by this powerful writer; and the concluding part of the scene is a specimen of picturesque delineation and fine composition:

' By such a train of argument did Leicester labour to reconcile his conscience to the prosecution of plans of vengeance, so hastily adopted, and of schemes of ambition, which had become so woven in with every purpose and action of his life, that he was incapable of the effort of relinquishing them; until his revenge appeared to him to wear a face of justice, and even of generous moderation.

' In this mood, the vindictive and ambitious Earl entered the superb precincts of the Pleasance, then illumined by the full moon. The broad yellow light was reflected on all sides from the white freestone, of which the pavement, balustrades, and architectural ornaments of the place were constructed; and not a single fleecy cloud was visible in the azure sky, so that the scene was nearly as light as if the sun had but just left the horizon. The numerous statues of white marble glimmered in the pale light, like so many sheeted ghosts just arisen from their sepulchres, and the fountains threw their jets into the air, as if they sought that their waters should be silvered by the moon-beams, ere they fell down again upon their basins in showers of sparkling silver. The day had been sultry, and the gentle night-breeze, which sighed along the terrace of the Pleasance, raised not a deeper breath than the fan in the hand of youthful beauty. The bird of summer-night had built many a nest in the bowers of the adjacent garden, and the tenants now indemnified themselves for silence during the day, by a full chorus of their own unrivalled warblings, now joyous, now pathetic, now united, now responsive to each other, as if to express their delight in the placid and delicious scene to which they poured their melody.'

Such are the outlines of the romance of 'Kenilworth.' The key-note of the tale is sad, and its vibrations sound heavily in contrast to the noise of unfeeling pomp, festive gladness, and gorgeous parade, which is heard in the stately halls and pleasant bowers of that renowned castle. The heart, and its most sacred sympathies, are indeed in every part of it, even amid its most stirring agitations, busily engaged with the young and beautiful bride of Leicester; and we are forced from the pride and pageantry of the festive scene to the gloom and solitude of her confinement, where she droops like the flower assailed by the tempest, whose short summer-day of beauty and of blossom is overclouded and darkened for ever.

The action of this drama, for it approximates more to the drama than any of the preceding productions of its eminent author, is rapid and changeful; and the spirit of the times of Elizabeth has been most skilfully infused into the whole story. The minute proprieties to which we have before adverted, of garb, idiom, manners and humours, and the domestic life of our ancestors in that age, even to the upholstery of an apartment, are also scrupulously preserved. So constant is this fidelity, that scarcely a passage can be found in the romance, whether its high and dignified personages sweep by in solemn and fantastic pomp, or we are ushered into the public room of an inn to hear the buffoonery and banter of social and convivial relaxation in humbler life; — scarcely a passage, we say, occurs that is not redolent of the æra which the writer has chosen to illustrate; nor is a contrivance admitted which is not faithful to his scope and his purposes. The tale, indeed, may not have that magic influence on the fancy which was experienced by those who hung over the antecedent fictions of this admired novelist; and it may abound less in those sportive creations of genius which will live, we were about to say, for ever, enshrined and embodied in Dirk Hattrick, Dandy Dinmont, and Meg Merrilies: but it rushes at once to the heart, and unlocks the inmost fountains of our sympathetic affections; amending the soul by the lessons which it presents to the criminal aspirings of earthly ambition, and chastening and purifying it by the most affecting images of mortal suffering.

Art. IV. *The Cenci.* A Tragedy, in Five Acts. By Percy B. Shelley. 8vo. Printed in Italy for Olliers, London. 1819. Price 4s. 6d. Boards.

As the genius of this writer grows on us, most heartily do we wish that we were able to say, his good sense and judgment grow with it! — but, alas! for the imperfections of the brightest minds, the reverse in this instance is the case; and the extravagance and wildness of Mr. Shelley's first flights yield to the present, not only in their own excentric character but in other most objectionable points.

Without any *mealy-mouthedness*, or pretences to be more delicate than our neighbours, we honestly confess that the story of the Cenci, chosen as a subject for tragedy in the twentieth century, does indeed astonish and revolt us: for it involves incest committed by a father, and murder perpetrated by a daughter. In the early days of our own drama, we know, great atrocities were suffered to form the subjects of some scenes; and whatever natural decency may have been observed in treating such offensive subjects, we cannot but consider the introduction of them in any way as a manifest proof of the rudeness and barbarism of a newly-born, or lately-reviving, literature. In truth, we do not see how any man of sense can view them in any other light, to whatever extent false theories, concerning the sublime awakening of the passions and the deep utterance of the secrets of the human heart, &c. &c. may mislead the vulgar. Yet such a bias towards the older school of poetry, and all its faults, exists at this moment in England, that every champion of common sense, who strives to oppose the prejudice, is at once branded with the imputation of a narrow understanding, a defective imagination, and a French taste. Be it so. The friends of Reason, we are assured, will stand or fall with her; and if she be quite extinct, why then a cheerful good night to her survivors!

Among the most devoted adherents to the style and manner of the antient English drama, — among the persons who, from all that they write, whether as critics or authors, it would seem were afflicted with a sort of *old-play-insanity*, — may be numbered Mr. Percy Shelley. He tells us in his preface that, in order 'to move men to true sympathy, we must use the *familiar language* of men;' and then, as a happy illustration of this profound axiom, he observes that the 'study of the ancient English poets is to incite us to do that for our own age, which they have done for theirs!' He adds that 'it must be the *real language* of men in general, and not of any particular class,' &c. Now what is all this but the exploded *Wordsworthian heresy*, that the language of poetry and the language of real life are the same? and this, too, when the *tragic* drama is in question! Oh, vain Horace, who dreamt of the "*os magna sonaturum*," as combined with the "*mens sublimior!*" Oh, vain Shakspeare, (for of all poets he is the most *imaginative* in language, in his loftier passages,) who fancied that passion might be poetical when ideally represented; and whose invariable pursuit, when not descending to the sparkling dust that strewed the arena of his *comedy*, was that *ideal beauty*, that charm, which has been embodied by the scenic representations of two and only two performers* of our own times! Oh, forgotten Otway and Rowe, condemned to utter neglect and contempt by our wise and worthy contemporaries; because, forsooth, they *occasionally* sin by too much poetry, and too little reality of exhibition; because they, *in a few instances*, fall into misplaced similes and unnatural ornaments of verse! — We talk, however, to the desperately deaf; — we hold colours up for the judgment of the incurably blind; — we display the armour of the warrior in a conclave of *damsels*, among whom lurks no atom of the masculine spirit of old; — of that age which they disgrace by their gross indiscriminate panegyric, and profane by their feeble unhallowed imitation.

Mr. Shelley is worthy of better things: but it is not merely the dæmon of bad Taste which is to be laid in his gifted mind. *There* also inhabits, to all visible appearance, a deeper and darker dæmon, the joint offspring of Doubt and Vanity: — of Doubt, far from thoroughly exercised in its established process of metaphysical reasoning; of Vanity, venial while young, and merely trying its wings in the atmosphere of its own limbo. Mr. Shelley, like an unfledged and unpractised giant, attempts to scale heaven on a chicken's pinion; and, little only when he is sceptical, he betrays *such* littleness in his attempts to climb and to shake Olympus, that spectators less biassed in his favour than ourselves would cease either to laugh or to behold. His imagination chiefly dwells on some filmy gossamery vision of his own brain, representing an ærial contest between the powers and princes of the air, in which the principle of evil overcomes, for a long and weary time, the principle of good. Such are the Snake and Eagle (if we recollect the *examples* rightly — we are sure of the *precept*,) of his earliest poem; and such are the Jupiter and Prometheus of that *painful* work which we shall next be called to notice.

We now return to the Cenci; and what a return! The spirit of the author will be best seen by a prose-extract, elucidatory of his state of feeling when he published this tragedy. Speaking of the characters of this drama, Mr. Shelley says:

'They are represented as Catholics, and as Catholics deeply tinged with religion. To a Protestant apprehension there will appear something unnatural in the earnest and perpetual sentiment of the relations between God and man which pervade the tragedy of the Cenci. It will especially be startled at the combination of an undoubting persuasion of the truth of the popular religion with a cool and determined perseverance in enormous guilt. But religion in Italy is not, as in Protestant countries, a cloak to be worn on particular days; or a passport which those who do not wish to be railed at carry with them to exhibit; or a gloomy passion for penetrating the impenetrable mysteries of our being, which terrifies its possessor at the darkness of the abyss to the brink of which it has conducted him. Religion co-exists, as it were, in the mind of an Italian Catholic with a faith in that of which all men have the most certain knowledge. It is interwoven with the whole fabric of life. It is adoration, faith, submission, penitence, blind admiration; not a rule for moral conduct. It has no necessary connexion with any one virtue. The most atrocious villain may be rigidly devout, and without any shock to established faith, confess himself to be so. Religion pervades intensely the whole frame of society, and is according to the temper of the mind which it inhabits, a passion, a persuasion, an excuse, a refuge; never a check.'

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* Need we mention the great theatrical names of John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons?

As *Protestants,* we disdain to reply to the insinuations of this passage: but, for our Catholic brethren, we must *protest* against this most uncharitable charge. '*Never a check!*'— We do trust that Mr. Shelley will not be much older ere he regrets this unchristian and unphilosophical remark. How perfectly he falls within the censure of the poet, we need scarcely remind him;

> " And deal damnation round the land,
> On each I judge thy foe;"

for who is the foe of God like the *religious hypocrite?*

Thus unhappily prepared, Mr. Shelley entered on his dangerous dramatic task, and wonderously has he acquitted himself in it. We cordially hope that *nothing* may ever prevent us from rendering due homage to genius, wherever it be found; for, however man may pervert it, still it bears the indication and retains the sound of the voice of Heaven within us. We grant, then, that a plain proof is afforded of Mr. Shelly's powers in almost every scene of this drama; and one or two such examples we shall endeavour to select.

In the preface, we are thus informed of the story on which the tragedy is founded:

' A manuscript was communicated to me during my travels in Italy which was copied from the archives of the Cenci palace at Rome, and contains a detailed account of the horrors which ended in the extinction of one of the noblest and richest families of that city during the pontificate of Clement VIII., in the year 1599. The story is, that an old man having spent his life in debauchery and wickedness, conceived at length an implacable hatred towards his children; which shewed itself towards one daughter under the form of an incestuous passion, aggravated by every circumstance of cruelty and violence. This daughter, after long and vain attempts to escape from what she considered a perpetual contamination both of body and mind, at length plotted with her mother-in-law and brother to murder their common tyrant. The young maiden, who was urged to this tremendous deed by an impulse which overpowered its horror, was evidently a most gentle and amiable being, a creature formed to adorn and be admired, and thus violently thwarted from her nature by the necessity of circumstance and opinion. The deed was quickly discovered, and, in spite of the most earnest prayers made to the Pope by the highest persons in Rome, the criminals were put to death.'

The dreadful display of wickedness at the feast, where the father rejoices in the death of his two sons, we shall omit; as well as the base cowardice of the guests, even when invoked by the firm and lovely Beatrice, *La* Cenci; of whose picture Mr. Shelley tells us he possesses a copy, from the original in the Colonna palace: — but we shall present our readers with the impressive scene in which Beatrice first intimates to Lucretia, her innocent mother-in-law, the horrors that have passed. Carefully and feelingly touched are these horrors.

' *Lucretia.* So, daughter, our last hope has failed; ah me!
How pale you look; you tremble, and you stand
Wrapped in some fixed and fearful meditation,
As if one thought were over strong for you:
Your eyes have a chill glare; O, dearest child!
Are you gone mad? If not, pray speak to me.
' *Beatrice.* You see I am not mad; I speak to you.
' *Lucr.* You talked of something that your father did
After that dreadful feast? Could it be worse
Than when he smiled, and cried, My sons are dead!
And every one looked in his neighbour's face
To see if others were as white as he?
At the first word he spoke I felt the blood
Rush to my heart, and fell into a trance;
And when it past I sat all weak and wild;
Whilst you alone stood up, and with strong words
Checked his unnatural pride; and I could see
The devil was rebuked that lives in him.
Until this hour thus you have ever stood
Between us and your father's moody wrath
Like a protecting presence: your firm mind
Has been our *only* refuge and defence:

What can have thus subdued it? What can now
Have given you that cold melancholy look,
Succeeding to your unaccustomed fear?
‘ *Beatr.* What is it that you say? I was just thinking
'Twere better not to struggle any more.
Men, like my father, have been dark and bloody,
Yet never — O! before worse comes of it
'Twere wise to die: it ends in that at last.
‘ *Lucr.* Oh, talk not so, dear child! Tell me at once
What did your father do or say to you?
He stayed not after that accursed feast
One moment in your chamber. — Speak to me.
‘ *Bernardo.* Oh, sister, sister, prithee, speak to us!
‘ *Beatr.* (*Speaking very slowly with a forced calmness.*)
It was one word, mother, one little word;
One look, one smile. (*Wildly.*)
Oh! he has trampled me
Under his feet, and made the blood stream down
My pallid cheeks. And he has given us all
Ditch-water, and the fever-stricken flesh
Of buffaloes, and bade us eat or starve,
And we have eaten. — He has made me look
On my beloved Bernardo, when the rust
Of heavy chains has gangrened his sweet limbs,
And I have never yet despaired — but now!
What would I say? (*Recovering herself.*)
Ah! no, 'tis nothing new.
The sufferings we all share have made me wild:
He only struck and cursed me as he passed;
He said, he looked, he did, — nothing at all
Beyond his wont, yet it disordered me.
Alas! I am forgetful of my duty,
I should preserve my senses for your sake.
‘ *Lucr.* Nay, Beatrice, have courage, my sweet girl.
If any one despairs it should be I
Who loved him once, and now must live with him
Till God in pity call for him or me,
For you may, like your sister, find some husband,
And smile, years hence, with children round your knees;
Whilst I, then dead, and all this hideous coil,
Shall be remembered only as a dream.
‘ *Beatr.* Talk not to me, dear lady, of a husband.
Did you not nurse me when my mother died?
Did you not shield me and that dearest boy?
And had we any other friend but you
In infancy, with gentle words and looks,
To win our father not to murder us?
And shall I now desert you? May the ghost
Of my dead mother plead against my soul
If I abandon her who filled the place
She left, with more, even, than a mother's love!'

The next scene which we can quote without injustice to the course of the story, we think, is the following. Beatrice is condemned to die, for suborning the murder of her execrable father; and thus, in the language of Claudio in "Measure for Measure," (and we say it not in detraction from genius, although in condemnation of taste,) she deplores her fate:

'*Beatr.* (*Wildly.*) Oh,
My God! can it be possible I have
To die so suddenly? So young to go
Under the obscure, cold, rotting, wormy ground!
To be nailed down into a narrow place;
To see no more sweet sunshine; hear no more
Blithe voice of living thing; muse not again
Upon familiar thoughts, sad, yet thus lost
How fearful! to be nothing! Or to be —
What? O, where am I? Let me not go mad!
Sweet Heaven, forgive weak thoughts! If there should be
No God, no heaven, no earth in the void world;
The wide, grey, lampless, deep, unpeopled world!
If all things then should be — my father's spirit,
His eye, his voice, his touch surrounding me;
The atmosphere and breath of my dead life!
If sometimes, as a shape more like himself,
Even the form which tortured me on earth,
Masked in grey hairs and wrinkles, he should come
And wind me in his hellish arms, and fix
His eyes on mine, and drag me down, down, down!
For was he not alone omnipotent
On earth, and ever present? Even tho' dead,
Does not his spirit live in all that breathe,
And work for me and mine still the same ruin,
Scorn, pain, despair? Who ever yet returned
To teach the laws of death's untrodden realm?
Unjust perhaps as those which drive us now,
O, whither, whither?
'*Lucr.* Trust in God's sweet love,
The tender promises of Christ: ere night
Think we shall be in Paradise.
'*Beatr.* 'Tis past!
Whatever comes my heart shall sink no more.
And yet, I know not why, your words strike chill:
How tedious, false, and cold seem all things. I
Have met with much injustice in this world;
No difference has been made by God or man,
Or any power moulding my wretched lot,
'Twixt good or evil, as regarded me.
I am cut off from the only world I know,
From light, and life, and love, in youth's sweet prime.
You do well telling me to trust in God,

I hope I do trust in him. In whom else
Can any trust? And yet my heart is cold.'

Here we must take leave of 'The Cenci;' earnestly requesting Mr. Shelley to consider well the remarks which we have made in the spirit of honest applause and honest censure; and particularly exhorting him to reflect on all the gifts of Providence, and on the last words which we have quoted,

'And yet my heart is cold.'

Art. V. *Prometheus Unbound; a* Lyrical Drama, in Four Acts. With other Poems. By Percy Bysshe Shelley. 8vo. 9s. Boards. Olliers. 1820.

There is an excess of fancy which rapidly degenerates into nonsense: if the *sublime* be closely allied to the *ridiculous*, the *fanciful* is twin-sister to the *foolish*; and really Mr. Shelley has worthily maintained the relationship. What, in the name of wonder on one side, and of common sense on the other, is the meaning of this metaphysical rhapsody about the unbinding of Prometheus? Greek plays, Mr. Shelley tells us in his preface, have been his study; and from them he has caught — what? — any thing but the tone and character of his story; which as little exhibits the distinct imaginations of the heathen mythology as it resembles the virtuous realities of the Christian faith. It is only *nonsense*, pure unmixed *nonsense*, that Mr. Shelley has derived from his various lucubrations, and combined in the laudable work before us.

We are so far from denying, that we are most ready to acknowlege, the great merit of detached passages in the *Prometheus Unbound:* but this sort of praise, we fear from expressions in his prose advertisements, the poet before us will be most unwilling to receive; for he says on one occasion, (preface to the Cenci,) 'I have avoided, *with great care*, in writing this play, the introduction of what is commonly called *mere poetry;* and I imagine there will scarcely be found *a detached simile, or a single isolated description*,'!! &c. Charming prospect, indeed! "I could find it in my heart," says Dogberry, "to bestow all my tediousness upon your Worship;" and so his anti-type, the author of *Prometheus Unbound*, (which, a punster might say, will always remain *unbound*,) studiously excludes from his play every thing like 'mere poetry,' (*merum sal*,) or a 'single isolated description.'

This speaks for itself; and we should have thought that we had been reading a burlesque preface of Fielding to one of his *mock tragedies*, rather than a real introduction by a serious dramatist to one of his *tragic plays.* We may be told, however, that we must consider the Prometheus Unbound as a philosophical work. "We cry you mercy, cousin Richard!" Where are the things, then, "not dreamt of in *our* philosophy?" The '*Prometheus Unbound*' is amply stored with such things. First, there is a *wicked supreme deity.* — Secondly, there is a Demogorgon; superior, in process of time, to that *supreme wickedness.* — Thirdly, there are nymphs, naids, nereids, spirits of flood and fell, depth and height, the four elements, and fifty-four imaginary places of creation and residence. — Now, to what does all this tend? To nothing, positively to nothing. Like Dandie Dinmont's unproduceable child, the author cannot, in any part of his work, "*behave distinctly.*" How should he? His Manichean absurdities, his eternally indwelling notion of a good and an evil principle fighting like furies on all occasions with their whole *posse comitatus* together, cross his clearer fancy, and lay the buildings of his better mind in glittering gorgeous ruins. Let his readers observe the manner in which he talks of death, and hope, and all the thrilling interests of man; and let us also attend to what follows: — 'For my part I had rather be damned with Plato and Lord Bacon, than go to Heaven with Paley and Malthus.' Preface to Prometheus, p. 14. This appears to us to be nothing but hatred of contemporaries; not admiration of the antients. *This* "offence is rank; — it smells to Heaven."

The benevolent opposition of Prometheus to the oppressive and atrocious rule of Jupiter forms the main object, as far as it can be understood, of this generally unintelligible work; though some of it can be understood too plainly; and the passage beginning, 'A woful sight,' at page 49., and ending, 'It hath become a curse,' must be most offensive, as it too evidently seems to have been intended to be, to every sect of Christians.

We must cease, however, to expostulate with Mr. Shelley, if we may hope to render him or his admirers any service; and most assuredly we have a sincere desire to be thus serviceable, for he has power to do good, or evil, on an extensive scale; — and whether from admiration of genius, or from a prudent wish to conciliate its efforts, we are disposed to welcome all that is good and useful in him, as well as prepared to condemn all that is the contrary. We turn, then, to other matters, and point out what we think is unexceptionably, or fairly, poetical in the strange book before us.

'*Demogorgon.* Ask what thou wouldst know.
'*Asia.* What canst thou tell?
'*Dem.* All things thou dar'st demand.
'*Asia.* Who made the living world?
'*Dem.* God.
'*Asia.* Who made all
That it contains? thought, passion, reason, will,
Imagination?
'*Dem.* God: Almighty God.
'*Asia.* Who made that sense which, when the winds of spring
In rarest visitation, or the voice
Of one beloved heard in youth alone,
Fills the faint eyes with falling tears which dim
The radiant looks of unbewailing flowers,
And leaves this peopled earth a solitude
When it returns no more?
'*Dem.* Merciful God.
'*Asia.* And who made terror, madness, crime, remorse,
Which from the links of the great chain of things,
To every thought within the mind of man
Sway and drag heavily, and each one reels
Under the load towards the pit of death:
Abandoned hope, and love that turns to hate;
And self-contempt, bitterer to drink than blood;
Pain, whose unheeded and familiar speech
Is howling, and keen shrieks, day after day;
And Hell, or the sharp fear of Hell?
'*Dem.* He reigns.
'*Asia.* Utter his name: a world pining in pain
Asks but his name: curses shall drag him down.
'*Dem.* He reigns.
'*Asia.* I feel, I know it: who?
'*Dem.* He reigns.
'*Asia.* Who reigns? There was the heaven and earth at first,
And light and love; then Saturn, from whose throne
Time fell, an envious shadow: such the state
Of the earth's primal spirits beneath his sway,
As the calm joy of flowers and living leaves
Before the wind or sun has withered them
And semivital worms: but he refused
The birthright of their being, knowledge, power,
The skill which wields the elements, the thought
Which pierces this dim universe like light,
Self-empire, and the majesty of love;
For thirst of which they fainted. Then Prometheus
Gave wisdom, which is strength, to Jupiter,
And with this law alone, "Let man be free,"
Clothed him with the dominion of wide Heaven.

To know nor faith, nor love, nor law, to be
Omnipotent but friendless, is to reign;
And Jove now reigned; for on the race of man
First famine, and then toil, and then disease,
Strife, wounds, and ghastly death unseen before,
Fell; and the unseasonable seasons drove
With alternating shafts of frost and fire,
Their shelterless, pale tribes to mountain caves:
And in their desert hearts fierce wants he sent,
And mad disquietudes, and shadows idle
Of unreal good, which levied mutual war,
So ruining the lair wherein they raged.
Prometheus saw, and waked the legioned hopes
Which sleep within folded Elysian flowers,
Nepenthe, Moly, Amaranth, fadeless blooms,
That they might hide with thin and rainbow wings
The shape of Death; and Love he sent to bind
The disunited tendrils of that vine
Which bears the wine of life, the human heart;
And he tamed fire which, like some beast of prey,
Most terrible, but lovely, played beneath
The frown of man; and tortured to his will
Iron and gold, the slaves and signs of power,
And gems and poisons, and all subtlest forms
Hidden beneath the mountains and the waves.
He gave man speech, and speech created thought,
Which is the measure of the universe;
And Science struck the thrones of earth and heaven,
Which shook, but fell not; and the harmonious mind
Poured itself forth in all-prophetic song;
And music lifted up the listening spirit
Until it walked, exempt from mortal care,
Godlike, o'er the clear billows of sweet sound;
And human hands first mimicked and then mocked,
With moulded limbs more lovely than its own,
The human form, till marble grew divine;
And mothers, gazing, drank the love men see
Reflected in their race, behold, and perish.
He told the hidden power of herbs and springs,
And Disease drank and slept. Death grew like sleep,' &c. &c.

The most imaginative of our readers must, we think, be disposed to allow that there is much *nonsense* in all this, however fanciful: yet there is much poetry also, — much benevolent feeling, beautiful language, and powerful versification.

We will take one other extract; and it shall be from the lyric portion of the drama.

' *Voice of unseen Spirits.*

' The pale stars are gone!
For the sun, their swift shepherd,

To their folds them compelling,
In the depths of the dawn,
Hastes, in meteor-eclipsing array, and they flee
Beyond his blue dwelling,
As fawns flee the leopard.
But where are ye?

' *A Train of dark Forms and Shadows passes by confusedly, singing,*

' Here, oh, here:
We bear the bier
Of the father of many a cancelled year!
Spectres we
Of the dead Hours be,
We bear Time to his tomb in eternity.

' Strew, oh, strew,
Hair, not yew!
Wet the dusty pall with tears, not dew!
Be the faded flowers
Of Death's bare bowers
Spread on the corpse of the King of Hours!

' Haste, oh, haste!
As shades are chased,
Trembling, by day, from heaven's blue waste.
We melt away,
Like dissolving spray,
From the children of a diviner day,
With the lullaby
Of winds that die
On the bosom of their own harmony!

' *Ione.* What dark forms were they?
' *Panthea.* The past Hours weak and grey,
With the spoil which their toil
Raked together
From the conquest but one could foil.
' *Ione.* Have they past?
' *Panthea.* They have past;
They outspeeded the blast,
While 'tis said, they are fled:
' *Ione.* Whither, oh, whither?
' *Panthea.* To the dark, to the past, to the dead.

' *Voice of unseen Spirits.*

' Bright clouds float in heaven,
Dew-stars gleam on earth,
Waves assemble on ocean,
They are gathered and driven
By the storm of delight, by the panic of glee!
They shake with emotion,
They dance in their mirth.
But where are ye?

‘ The pine boughs are singing
Old songs with new gladness,
The billows and fountains
Fresh music are flinging,
Like the notes of a spirit from land and from sea;
The storms mock the mountains
With the *thunder of gladness,*
But where are ye?

Such a quotation as this affords ample opportunity for fair judgment; and what is the verdict? With a great portion of uncommon merit, much more absurdity is mixed; and, how great soever the author's genius may be, it is not great enough to bear him out, when he so plainly and heartily laughs in his reader's face as so clever a writer *must do* in this and many other passages.

The ‘ Miscellaneous Poems,’ which follow Prometheus, display also both his fancy and his peculiarities.

ART. VI. *Three Months passed in the Mountains East of Rome, during the Year 1819.* By Maria Graham, Author of “Journal of a Residence in India.” 8vo. 10s. 6d. Boards. Longman and Co. 1820.

We are by no means unacquainted with the talents of the fair author of this volume; whose agreeable account of the principal settlements of India during her residence in that country, and whose almost incredible proficiency there acquired in the usages and antiquities of the East, subsequently also much augmented by diligence and study, have not passed away from our recollection. Among the mob of tourists who have loaded our table with travels through Italy, we are pleased to meet her again; not as a writer swelling the long list of those who have explored the antient memorials of that classical region, but modestly retiring from the beaten track to illustrate a feature of the country on which modern travellers have unaccountably been silent,— the state of the present inhabitants of the near neighbourhood of Rome. She has exhibited no slight degree of good sense, and, we will add, of taste, in foregoing the raptures of sentimental declamations on the “eternal city,” and of sending her imagination to the grandeur of past times, for the more useful task of throwing light on the actual condition of a part of Italy but rarely frequented, and still more seldom elucidated. Her object, as she has herself described it, is the description of the mountainous country near Rome; to shew the peasants of the hills as they are and probably have been from the earliest times; and to give such a delineation of their manners as will enable 'others to form a judgment of their moral and political condition, and to account for some of those *irregularities* which we do not easily imagine to be consistent with the civilized state of Europe, but which for centuries have existed in the patrimony of the church.'

Mrs. Graham's readers will be much interested by her notices of the banditti who frequent this part of the country; although they may contemplate the daily atrocities of these people with too much horror to class them among the *irregularities*, of which the author speaks 'as being inconsistent with the civilized state of Europe.' They will here, indeed, have the opportunity of perusing, we believe for the first time, an accurate account of this singular community of plunderers, stripped of those colourings of romance and exaggeration with which tales of this sort are generally heightened. It seems that they are like the forest outlaws of England, of whom we read in the times of Richard I. and II. They are not the poorest or lowest of the inhabitants, but generally possess a little field and a house, and *take the road* only when they are pursued by a stronger force, or allured by the hopes of a rich booty. Their chiefs, freely chosen, freely deposed, and frequently murdered, rule them with absolute sway; and it is not easy to be admitted into their fraternity, which requires a severe previous apprenticeship to all kinds of hardship. — This extraordinary combination of men occupy a considerable but most amusing portion of the volume, throwing a wild and savage interest over the scene, which fascinates while it terrifies. The country, however, described by our fair tourist, derives also from its classic associations a charm much more pleasing, though even more melancholy; for it is the country where the wise and eloquent of the proud days of elder Rome fixed their summer-retreats, of which a few scanty vestiges are still to be traced.

To avoid the summer-heat of Rome, Mrs. Graham and two other persons resolved to pass a few weeks in some of the neighbouring towns; and accident determined them in favour of Poli, a town of which the antient name is still problematical. Here they were peculiarly observant of a class of people little known among us, the farmers and peasants, and kept a journal to register their remarks: but this interest was superseded by the alarm excited by the banditti of whom we have been speaking, and who, having been pursued by the Pope's troops, fled up the country to the wilds which border the valley of the Appennines formed by the

Anio, and the high ridge of rocks on whose edge Tivoli and Palestrina (the antient Præneste) are situated. It was on the highest point (Guadagnola) of this ridge that one company of these unpleasant neighbours stationed itself, about two hours' walk from Poli, which is distant twenty-six miles from Rome. — As Mrs. G. proceeded to Poli, the road passed near the ruins of the Claudian aqueduct. 'Nothing,' she observes, 'not even the Coliseum, impresses us more with the grandeur and population of antient Rome than those aqueducts, which brought the water sometimes seventy miles across the Campagna, and through its bordering mountains, for the daily use of the people.' She describes the antiquities on her route with sufficient minuteness, but without the least air of pedantry or affectation. About nine miles from Rome is the antient Collatia, now Castellacio, the scene of Lucretia's violation and the birth-place of Roman liberty. A quarter of a mile onwards is the spot where stood the antient Gabii. It is remarkable that the scite of this town remained undecided till 1792, when the Prince Borghese, at the instance of the Scotch painter Hamilton, caused excavations to be made, which were rewarded by forty-seven marbles and the clearing of the antient forum. The marbles were deposited in the Villa Borghese, and removed to Paris with the rest of the Roman treasures, whence they have not yet returned.

'There are no villages nor hamlets,' says Mrs. Graham, 'nor even farm-houses in this part of Italy. All the inhabitants live in towns, and this gives the country about Rome a melancholy air. The want of those comfortable homesteads that animate the landscape in England is sensibly felt here, where the only buildings are the small houses where the agricultural implements are kept, the daily food of the labourers deposited, and where at most a farm-servant sometimes sleeps to guard the grain. But not one family lives in the country; the home is always in the town.' (P. 16.)

Mrs. G. then describes the town of Poli, which has nothing remarkable in it but the Duke's palace and two churches. Its inhabitants, who exceed 1300, are a quiet people, and apply themselves to agriculture. The climate is exceedingly healthy: but the poorer inhabitants, who go to harvest-work in the Campagna, return ill.

We feel indebted to Mrs. Graham for the opportunity which she has afforded us, nearly for the first time, of inspecting the manners, occupations, and amusements of the Italian peasantry; writers on Italy having usually forgotten that there was any peasantry in the country, or that corn is cultivated there, and that mankind subsist on it as in other regions. She notices the picturesque costume of the peasants, and observes that their dance (the *Saltarella*) exhibited all the varieties of the bashful, the graceful, and the grotesque. The tambourine regulated the steps, and some of the dancers had no shoes, while others had high heels and enormous buckles. — Most of the territory of Poli is a fief of the Duke of Sforza; to whom every farm pays a fifth of the corn, and a fourth of all the pulse, wine, oil, &c. In bad years, this bears hardly on the cultivator; who, after such deduction, has sometimes scarcely seed enough for the next year. Their gardens supply cabbages, potatoes, tomatas, gourds, peas, kidney-beans, &c. &c., planted in rows between their vines and olives. Wheat is sown two or three years together without manure on the same land; then maize for two years; and sometimes once in five years hemp or flax. The kidney-bean is an important article; the greater proportion of it being raised for the ripe seed, which, under the names of Haricot, Fageoli, and Caravansas, forms a great part of the Lent food of the Continent. In short, their great surplus crops are kidney-beans, wheat, maize, and wine. As soon as they have reaped a large field or two of wheat, (the harvest is in June and July,) a threshing-floor is prepared, and the grain trodden out by horses: the corn is then winnowed on the spot, in a sieve supported by poles; and the chaff is immediately burned. The pay of a man in harvest is two pauls, (nearly a shilling,) with four little loaves of eight ounces each, and wine mixed with a fourth part of water. When they cut their maize, they leave it to dry in the sun, and then thresh it; and the heads, when boiled or toasted, are palatable and nutritious. The meal called *Polenta* is made into a kind of pudding. The bread from maize is neither agreeable nor nourishing. Almost all the manure of a farm is expended on the vineyard, which is dressed in spring and autumn. The vines are not trained to elms, as in Virgil's time, and as they are still trained about Naples, but on maple-trees. A light soil is best for a vineyard. When the ground is ready, the cuttings are placed between the teeth of an iron instrument with a short fork at the end, which is driven into the ground, and deposits the young plant. It will begin to bear in the second year. The wine of Poli is white, small, and pleasant, though rather hard. The young olive-tree bears at two years old, and in six years its produce becomes a sure source of wealth to the farmer. It rivals the oak in longevity; and an old decayed tree near Gerecomio produced in one year 240 quarts of oil. The apple grows in perfection about the hills of Poli; and chesnuts, cherries, and plums are also cultivated. The mulberry-tree is carefully cultured for the silk, which is not manufactured, but sent to market in cocoons to Palestrina in Tivoli. Immense flocks of goats, sheep, and horned cattle, are fed on the hills: but the goats are the most useful domestic animal, no other cheese or milk being tasted but that which they produce. The kids are killed when six or eight weeks old. This district also is famous for its hams and bacon. The pigs, generally called *animale neri*, are like the wild hog, black, long-faced, and narrow-shouldered. They fatten in the woods on nuts, mast, and roots.

'Upon the whole,' says Mrs. Graham, 'the peasantry of these mountains may be considered rich, although they have seldom much property in money. Their riches consist in the yearly produce of their labour, on which their happy climate permits them to depend with more certainty than in the northern parts of Europe. They have not the habit of laying up a store for the future, but the price of what is over and above of the produce of their ground, after the proportion to the superior proprietor is paid, is laid out in silver buckles and head-ornaments, and coral beads, which are easily converted into money in times of pressure. This sort of easy poverty, above want, but below the state of luxury in which ambition begins to push men on to distinguish themselves, or to better their condition, produces great indifference as to public interest, and renders them acquiescent under any government, so long as they remain in peace, and can sit every man under his own vine and his own fig-tree. We saw them roused from this state of moral lethargy for a few days, when banditti hovered about their towns, threatening destruction to their property; and government refused them the protection to which they conceived the share they bear in the general taxes entitled them. They were then louder and more free in their language concerning their governors, than most popular assemblies in Britain ever ventured to be. But the pressing danger passed, they relapsed into indifference; for their usual state is just good enough not to encourage a wish to change.'

While at Poli, the travellers determined to take every opportunity of climbing the mountains, and first ascended that of St. Angelo. Their next excursion was to the mountain of Guadagnola, which is remarkable for its extensive prospect, commanding the finest view of the city, but more especially for a rocky basin, as it were, on its summit, containing a little town; to which its inhabitants, though suffering a thousand inconveniences, are passionately attached. The cattle of the town of Guadagnola, not being able to climb the height, have stables two miles distant; and under these are three *arches*, *protecting* the source of a little stream, on

which

which the inhabitants entirely depend for their supply of water. We must borrow Mrs. Graham's delineation of this singular place:

'After winding up a very steep ascent, we found ourselves under the rock which forms the summit of the mountain. No signs of houses appeared, although the inhabitants came from it, and we heard voices within; and it was not until we reached the only entrance to this natural fortress, that we perceived that the rock itself is like a nest, within which the houses are built so close to each other, as barely to allow an ass or a mule to pass along even the principal street. There are about fifty houses, and a small church, built of such materials as the mountain affords, chiefly covered with shingle, on the top of which great stones are laid, to prevent the winds from carrying away the roofs. There are about two hundred and fifty inhabitants, whose chief riches consist in their pigs and poultry, and most of whom seek their summer-employment in the unwholesome fields of the Campagna. Their territory is very poor; and being exposed to every storm, their wheat often fails, nor does other grain make up for its loss. The vine is a stranger to their territory; but of wild apples from the woods of Mentorella a sour cider is made, which they mingle with real wine, and call it apple-wine.

'When we arrived at Guadagnola, though at this season the heat of the country below is almost insufferable, we were very glad to find an excellent fire in the curate's house, whose hospitable reception we cannot easily forget. — He pointed out the neighbouring hills and vallies as having from the earliest times sheltered lawless men; Spartacus for a time occupied them. The warrior-thieves of the middle ages inhabited them; and thence it was that the famous robber Marco Sciarra descended to plunder some rich travellers assembled at Mola di Gaeta, when the respect of the robber for Torquato Tasso, who was accidentally within the walls, induced him to retire and suffer the whole company to proceed unmolested, the poet having refused his personal safety, which the brigand had offered to secure, unless his companions were also allowed to go free. The mountain on which we stood affords the same facilities to the robbers, and accordingly they pay it an annual visit, about harvest-time, and make descents from these heights upon Tivoli, Palestrina, Poli, and the smaller towns. From this commanding situation they easily discover and elude their pursuers; and while the citizens of Rome are in a manner imprisoned by their fears, and dare hardly visit the Campagna, lest they should encounter a foe in every hollow, (so marvellously does the daring activity of the marauders seem to multiply them,) a band of twelve or thirteen may be sitting on the hill looking down in silent security on the city, which is issuing edicts and sending forth soldiers against them.'

We now pursue the course of the Anio. At Subiaco, (*Sublaqueum*,) and the small village of Austa, (*Augusta*,) little occurs that is worthy of observation except some remains of the Claudian aqueduct. Near the celebrated convent of San Cosimato, the travellers were shewn the village Licenza, (*Digentia*,) the scite of Horace's villa; where the rivulet Digentia rises from its sources, one of which is the *fons Bandusiæ* of Horace. At the cascade of Tivoli, the Anio loses its name, and takes that of Teverone.

On their return, the prospect of Olevano, which had been pointed out to Mrs. Graham and her friends by the curate of Guadagnola, brought to their recollection a story told by their host, concerning a visit paid by the banditti to the owner of a farm near that town, just before their arrival at Poli, and which is here related. We shall, however, soon have another occasion of paying sufficient attention to these Captain *Rolandos* and their gangs. We must also pass over Mentorella and its legend, and return with the fair traveller to Poli: where we regret that we cannot accompany her on her visit to the antient aqueducts, the chief remains of which are a few arches constructed over the ravines of the mountains, though they are highly interesting as objects of curiosity and speculation. A ruined tower and fortress of the middle age crown the hill of Palestrina, (*Præneste*,) and a large convent occupies the scite of the celebrated Temple of Fortune. In walking through the town, fragments of marble columns, statues, and fountains, continually attract the eye. The Corso runs along the foot of the hill, in the direction of the antient Forum; and a little higher up, built into the walls of a church, are several columns with rich capitals. They belonged to the *Basilicæ* and the porticoes which Sylla erected near the temple of his favourite goddess, when he rebuilt the town. It was in the lower *delubrum* of the Temple, near to the spot on which the episcopal palace now stands, that the celebrated Mosaic was discovered which, at the end of the sixteenth or beginning of the seventeenth century, was removed to the Barberini palace, where it now remains; after having been forgotten for ages, covered with filth, and incrusted with the deposit of the water which dripped from a reservoir above. It has generated much learned controversy as to its date; and it is highly curious from the number of animals represented with their names in Greek, and the apparently heroic figures which embellish it. Every gate and avenue to Palestrina, indeed, either bears an antique name or contains objects of antiquarian research. Here were dug up the Braschi Antinous, and the Danaide of the Vatican. One field is named after the Ulpian family, whose noblest ornament, Trajan, often retired thither to enjoy the pleasures of the chace.

Mrs. G. observes that 'the names of Ælian, the friend of the younger Pliny, and of Aulus Gellius, both of whom he often received here, are preserved in the titles of some vineyards:' but we must be pardoned if we question the fair author's accuracy when she enumerates Aulus Gellius as one of the friends of Trajan. The writer of the "*Noctes Atticæ*" (of whom, indeed, so little is known that even his real name is suspected to be Agellius,) would have no doubt been highly honoured by the distinction: but he unfortunately was not born till the reign of Marcus Antoninus, nearly sixty-five years after the death of Trajan.

Mrs. Graham's description of the banditti is by far the most detailed and valuable that has yet reached us, and in every part of it bears the stamp of complete veracity. It is quite astonishing that such an evil should exist in a civilized country, in the very vicinity of Rome, and *under the nose* of what is called a government. From the time of Rienzi, that of Sixtus V. is the only reign during which they were kept down; and since his death all law and police have been ineffectual, except during the short period of the French military government, when they were held in complete awe. While Mrs. Graham was at Poli, the Roman government, finding that the robberies on the road between Rome and Naples had most alarmingly increased, came to the determination, and a Papal edict was issued to that effect, to destroy the town of Sonnino, which had long been their head-quarters. Where these robbers, who were driven from Sonnino by the edict, would fix their stations, now became a matter of the most fearful conjecture. Two years before, the noted De Cesaris, (who was shot at Terracina in the spring of 1818,) and his gang, infested the hills about Poli, and for two months subsisted on the spoil of the neighbouring townships.

On the 13th of August, Mrs. Graham learned that the banditti were at Guadagnola; and that on the day before they had seized two lads, assistants to a surveyor who was measuring some lands in the wood leading to that town, and drove them to an open space, where eleven of their gang were assembled. Their main object in seizing the boys was to obtain information about Poli, its chief inhabitants, the English who were there, and their places of resort; as also to prevent the lads from giving such information concerning them as might raise the townspeople or the soldiers. During their captivity, the boys had leisure to observe the gang. Round the waist, they wore an ammunition-belt of stout leather, and across the left shoulder another belt, containing a case for a knife, a fork, and a spoon: each having also a hanger, with which they generally committed their murders, and round the neck a picture of the Madonna and Child. Many of them had gold watches, seals, chains, rings, and other trinkets; taken, as they boasted, from English travellers. The boys, being able to give but little information, were dismissed at night.

It was now publicly known that the banditti were in the territory of Poli; and the shepherds, whom they had visited, communicated the following information. About half an hour after sunset, eight shepherds being together in the cote, three armed men came to them, asked what they had to eat, and, finding that they had only milk and ricotta and cheese, ordered them to kill a sheep from the fold. The shepherds objecting, the strangers whistled, when ten others rushed on them, and selected a sheep, which was instantly killed, skinned, and dressed. While the robbers were carousing, two of the shepherds were forced to cut wood and fetch water; and one was sent early in the morning to Poli for bread, the others being kept as hostages. The banditti talked freely with their prisoners about their habit of life, and shewed them the picture of the Madonna; saying, 'We shall probably die, we know, a violent death; but we have our muskets to struggle for our lives with, and this,' kissing the image of the Virgin, 'this — to make our death easy.'

In consequence of these alarming visitors, the civic guard of Poli was called out; and Mrs. Graham describes an expedition of the townsmen, assisted by a few of the Pope's soldiers, in pursuit of the robbers, which one of her party accompanied: but it ended in nothing more than the fright of the gallant band itself, the banditti having been all the time in an opposite direction, on the heights of San Gregorio. It shortly afterward appeared that a surgeon of Castel Madama and two or three other persons had been seized by these people, and carried to the mountains, in order to obtain a ransom. The consternation of Poli may be well conceived; and, although it was rather a singular circumstance that a town with twelve hundred inhabitants should be kept in continual alarm by a mere handful of robbers, (the number of those in the vicinity of it never being more than thirteen, though the main body was one hundred and thirty,) yet it was natural for our travellers to be weary of their imprisonment. About daybreak, therefore, on the 20th, they left Poli and its kind-hearted inhabitants, under a sort of rustic guard, and in a few hours reached Tivoli, which they found in a still greater state of alarm. Here they heard various tales of the banditti; and, a few days after their arrival, they had the good fortune to meet Signor Cherubini, the surgeon of Castel Madama, who gave them the details of his capture and liberation, and a copy of the account which he wrote to a friend. As this long relation is confirmed not only by his fellow-prisoners but by his own excellent character, we present our readers with the substance of it: for it is a document which completely elucidates the manners and dispositions of these ferocious outlaws. After a few preliminary details, stating the cause of his intended visit to Tivoli, the surgeon goes on thus:

' "I had scarcely passed the second arch of the antique aqueducts, when two armed men suddenly rushed out from the thicket, near a little lane to the left, and stopped the way; and pointing their guns at the factor, who was riding a little before me, ordered him to dismount. Meantime two others came out of the wood behind me, so as to have us between them and the former. We had both dismounted on the first intimation. The two men behind me ordered me to turn back, instantly, and to walk before them, not by the road to Castel Madama, but that to San Gregorio.

' "The first question they asked me, was, whether I was the Prince of Castel Madama, meaning, I fancy, the Vice-Prince, who had passed a little before. To this, I answered that I was not the prince, but a poor surgeon of Castel Madama; and to convince them that I spoke truth, I showed them my case of lancets, and my bag of surgical instruments; but it was of no use. During our walk towards San Gregorio, I perceived that the number of brigands increased to thirteen. One took my watch, another my case of lancets. —

' "In the meadows by the last aqueduct, the horses which the factor and I had ridden were turned loose, and after passing the ravine, called *della Valcatore,* we began to climb the steepest part of the mountain with such speed, that, together with the alarm I felt, made me pant so violently, that I trembled every moment lest I should burst a blood-vessel. At length, however, we reached the top of the hill, where we were allowed to rest, and we sat down on the grass. — The chief brigand then turned to me, and throwing down my lancet-case by me, said that he had reflected on my condition, and that he would think about my ransom. Then I with tears explained to him my poverty, and my narrow means, and told him how, to gain a little money, I was on my road to Tivoli to attend a sick stranger. Then he ordered me to write to that same stranger, and desire him to send two thousand dollars, or I should be a dead man, and to warn him against sending out an armed force. He brought pen, ink, and paper; and I was obliged to write what he bade me, with all the earnestness that the presence of thirteen assassins, and the fear of death, could inspire. While I was writing, he sent two of his men to take a man, who was ploughing, a little lower down: he belonged to San Gregorio; but one of the messengers having seen one of Castel Madama in the flat below, he went down for him, and they were both brought up to us. As soon as they came, I begged the man of Castel Madama to carry my letter to Tivoli for Signor Celestini; and, in order to enforce it, I sent my case of surgical instruments, with which he was well acquainted, as a token." '—

' "I entreated them with tears to have a little patience, and the messenger would surely return with the money. Meantime, to satisfy the chief as well as his companions, I told them I might have written another letter to Castel Madama, with orders to sell whatever I possessed, and to send up the money immediately. Thank God, this pleased them, and instantly they caused me to write another letter to Castel Madama, and one of the prisoners from San Gregorio was sent with it. After he was gone, I saw the factor Marasca walking about carelessly among the brigands, looking at their arms, and making angry gestures; but he did not speak. Shortly after, he came and sat down by me; it was then that the chief, having a large stick in his hand, came up to him, and without saying a single word, gave him a blow on the back of the head just where it joins the neck. It did not kill him, so he rose and cried, 'I have a wife and children; for God's sake spare my life,' and thus saying, he defended himself as well as he could with his hands. Other brigands closed round him; a struggle ensued, and they rolled together down a steep precipice. I closed my eyes, my head dropped on my breast, I heard a cry or two, but I seemed to have lost all sensation. In a very short time the brigands returned, and I saw the chief thrust his dagger, still stained with blood, into its sheath; then turning to me, he announced the death of the factor in these very words: 'Do not fear; we have killed the factor because he was a sbirro *; such as you are not sbirri; then, he was of no use among us. He looked at our arms, and seemed disposed to murmur; and if the force had come up, he might have been dangerous.' And thus they got rid of Marasca. The chief seeing that the money did not come from Tivoli, and being afraid lest troops should be sent, seemed uncertain what to do, and said to his companions, 'How shall we dispose of our prisoners? We must either kill them, or send them home;' but they could not decide on either." '—

' "After a short interval, we heard a voice from above, on the left; and then we said, Surely this must be the messenger. But the brigands would not trust to it, and forced us to go on to a place a good deal higher, and even with that whence the voice proceeded. When we reached it they all presented their muskets, keeping the prisoners behind them; and thus prepared to stand on the defensive, they cried out, 'Come forward.' In a few moments the men appeared among the trees; one of them the peasant of

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' * Sbirro, government spy, and at the same time, soldier and constable.—The French disbanded them. They have been lately re-established.'

Castel Madama, who had been sent in the morning to Signor Celestini at Tivoli; the other the ploughman of San Gregorio, his companion. As soon as they were recognised, they were ordered to lie down with their faces to the ground, and asked if they came alone. But the man of Castel Madama answered, 'It would be a fine thing, indeed, if I, who am almost dead with fatigue, after climbing these mountains, with the weight of five hundred scudi about me, should be obliged to prostrate myself with my face to the earth! Here's your money: it was all that could be got together in the town.' Then the chief took the money, and ordered us to change our station. Having arrived at a convenient place, we stopped, and he asked if there were any letters; being answered that there were two, he gave them to me to read; and learning from them that the sum sent was five hundred crowns, he counted them, and finding the number exact, said all was well, praised the punctuality of the peasant, and gave him some silver as a reward for his trouble: his companion also received a small present.

' " The robbers, who no longer cared to keep the prisoners belonging to San Gregorio, from whom they could not hope to get any thing, released them all at this spot. I, therefore, with the peasant of Castel Madama, remained the only prisoner; and we began to march across the mountains, perhaps only for the sake of changing place. — I continued to press the chief to let me go before night, which was now drawing on apace, saying, that perhaps it had not been possible to procure any more money at Castel Madama; and that if I remained out all night on the hill in the cold air, it would have been better to have killed me at once. Then the chief stopped me, and bade me take good care how I said such things, for that to them killing a man was a matter of perfect indifference. — At length we reached the top of a mountain, where there were some pools of water, formed by the rain that had fallen a little before; and then they gave me some very hard and black bread that I might eat, and drink some of that water. I drank three times; but I found it impossible to eat the bread.

' " The journey continued over the tops of those mountains which succeed one another, till we arrived at a place known by the name of S. Sierla, about midnight. There we saw an ass feeding, and heard some one call to us, to ask if we had seen the ass. The chief, in a feigned voice, answered, Yes; and then made the man from Castel Madama desire him to come down to the ass. It appeared that the man was afraid to come down; for which reason the chief said, that if he were near enough, he would have stuck his knife into him. — When the man at length came down, they reproached him with his fear; but he, taking courage, said he was not afraid, and invited them to his hut. The ass was then taken, and a great coat put upon his back, with a shepherd's coat of sheep-skin, upon which I was mounted, and we went on to the hut, where there was a threshing-floor. — They then asked if there were any sheep-fold near, and finding there was, they sent to fetch some sheep. One was brought, which was soon killed; and while they were skinning it, overcome by fatigue, I fell asleep, and when I awoke the sheep was already eaten, and all the robbers, except the chief and the centinels, asleep. But the chief had reserved some slices of meat, which he had spitted on his ramrod, and roasted himself to give me, telling me at the same time that there was no salt. I could scarcely force myself to swallow a few morsels, and gave the rest to the Castel Madama peasant who was near me; but I drank a little wine, which they found in a small barrel at the threshing-floor." '—

' "After this, we went to the sheep-fold, which we reached about the fifth hour; and where we found a quantity of boiled meat, which the brigands tied up in various handkerchiefs, and a great coat, together with some cheeses. Before we left the fold, the chief, reflecting that the messenger was not come back from Castel Madama, began to think he might have made his escape entirely, because he was one of the prisoners from San Gregorio; and determined to make me write another letter; and ordered me to tell my friends at Castel Madama, that if they did not send eight hundred crowns on the following day, they would put me to death; or carry me to the woods of Fajola, if there was a farthing less than the above-named sum. I consequently wrote a second letter, and gave it to the countryman to carry, telling him, also, that if they found no purchasers at Castel Madama for my effects, to desire they might be sent to Tivoli, and sold for whatever they would fetch. The chief of the brigands also begged to have a few shirts sent. One of the brigands proposed, I don't know why, to cut off one of my ears, and send it with the letter to Castel Madama. It was well for me that the chief did not approve of the civil proposal, so it was not done.—'But take notice,' said he, 'if you do not return at the twentieth hour to-morrow to the sheep-cote, with the eight hundred crowns, you may go about your business, but we shall throw Cherubini into some pit.'—

' "The brigands then set off, carrying me with them, and obliging a shepherd to carry the great coat, in which they had wrapped up the cold meat and cheese. And now, instead of the low thicket, which it was so difficult to walk through, we came to fine, tall timber-trees, where the road was comparatively smooth. At this moment I was overcome by fear, in consequence of the new threats I had heard, to kill me the next day, if the whole sum of eight hundred crowns was not brought by the twentieth hour, for I thought it quite impossible that so much money could be collected in Castel Madama; when one of the brigands, a man of great stature, who figured among them as a kind of second chief, came up to me, and, taking me by the arm, he assisted me to walk, and said, 'Now, Cherubini, that you cannot tell the man from Castel Madama, I assure you that to-morrow, as soon as he returns, you shall go home free, however small the sum that he brings may be. Be of good cheer, therefore, and do not distress yourself.'—

' "The second chief, who said he was of Sonnino, now began to talk of the political nature of their situation. He said that government would never succeed in putting them down by force;

that they are not a fortress to batter down with cannon, but rather birds, which fly round the tops of the sharpest rocks, without having any fixed home; that if, by any misfortune, seven perished, they were sure of ten recruits to replace their loss; for criminals, who would be glad to take refuge among them, were never wanting; that the number of their present company amounted to a hundred and thirty individuals; and that they had an idea of undertaking some daring exploit, perhaps of threatening Rome itself. He ended by saying, that the only way to put an end to their depredations would be to give them a general pardon, without reservation or limitation, that they might all return to their houses, without fear of treachery; but otherwise, they would not trust to nor treat with any one. — One of them said to me, 'Have patience, Signor Cherubini; we made a blunder when we took you; we intended to have had the Prince, who, according to our information, should have passed by at that very time.' In fact, he was to have travelled that road; and, just before I passed, not the Prince, but the person commonly called so, the Vice-Prince, or agent, Signor Filippo Gazoni, had gone by, but, fortunately for him, they did not know him, because, as I understood, he was walking leisurely, only accompanied by an unarmed boy, who was leading his horse. The banditti bit their fingers with rage when they found they had let him slip, for they said they would not have released him under three thousand crowns. — Meantime the day was drawing to a close, and the chief, taking out his watch, said it was now twenty o'clock. He called the shepherd to him, and ordered him to go back to the sheepfold, which we had left during the preceding night, and see if the countryman was come back with the answer to the second letter to Castel Madama. In that case he ordered him to accompany him back to the place we were now in; and if he were not come, he ordered him to wait three hours, and if he did not come then, to return alone. The shepherd obeyed, and, after about an hour and a half, he came back with the countryman and another shepherd, who had been sent with him. They brought with them two sealed packets of money, which they said contained six hundred crowns. They also brought a few shirts, of home-spun linen, which the chief had begged of me, and some little matter for me to eat, and a little wine to recruit me. But I could take nothing but a pear and a little wine; the rest was eaten by the robbers. They took the money without counting, and gave the messengers some silver for their pains; after which they gave me leave to depart. And thus I found myself free from them, after having thanked them for their civility, and for my life, which they had had the goodness to spare." '

The Doctor proceeds to state that he found that the money had been furnished half by Castel Madama and half by Tivoli; and he concludes by describing the affectionate manner in which he was received by his townsfolk: a number of whom, of all ranks, had gone out to meet him, and congratulate him on his escape.

In her appendix, Mrs. Graham has with great industry and judgment distributed the popular poetry of modern Rome into various classes, giving also a few specimens of each kind; viz. 1. Heroic Ballads; 2. Humorous and burlesque Poetry; 3. Songs and *Ritornelli.* Judging very correctly that the every-day verses of a country must be an efficient instrument in moulding its moral character, while it is a tolerably faithful mirror of its costume and manners, she endeavoured to collect, though not the best, the most popular of their vulgar poetry. Of the sacred ballads, which she ranges in her first class, very arbitrarily and unnecessarily as we conceive, we are contented with the following specimen. Mary and Joseph go to Bethlehem, and the child is born in a stall between the ox and the ass.

> ' *Il Bue, e l'Asinel fu inginocchiato*
> *Per riverenza del Figliuol di Dio,*
> *Ciascun lo riscaldava col suo fiato*
> *Quel puro Agnello Mansueto e pio.*'

Yet, owing probably to the indescribable charm communicated by the language to all Italian rhythm, which falling mellifluously on our ear eludes the austerer judgment of the understanding, this piece has a character of elevation and dignity that seems to raise it far above the level of the vernacular poetry of other countries. It is indeed in substance the wildest and most absurd of the Catholic legends: but still much above our Christmas carols, as much perhaps as it sinks below Milton's glowing ode on the Nativity. — Mrs. Graham gives the titles of a few other productions, one of which will serve as a specimen: *History of St. John of the Golden Mouth, whereby you may understand how he fell into mortal Sin, and how, by severe Penance, he obtained the Pardon of God.*

Besides these sacred ballads, some pieces resemble our antient moralities, as *The History of Sense, who wished never to die.* The Cavalier *Sense* sets out on his travels on a horse called *Reason,* in search of a master able to defend him against *Death:* — but in vain. At last, *Religion* tells him that, as long as he does not get off his horse, he will never die: but, eight hundred years afterward, *Curiosity* induces him to dismount, and *Death* seizes him.

In the second division of the same class, Mrs. G. places a kind of poetry which is dear to all nations; viz. the adventures of their outlaws and robbers. Of these, she observes, the greatest favourite amongst the people is *A new History, in which is related the Life led by Giuseppe Mastrilli, of Terracina,*

cina, who, being in Love, committed many Murders, and was banished from Rome and Naples, on pain of being drawn and quartered; and who, having escaped the Hands of Justice, died quietly in his Bed, repenting of his evil Deeds. Mastrilli's first view of his inamorata from a window is simple, and in good taste:

> '*Passa un giorno Mastrilli da una strada*
> *Vede ad una fenestra una zitella,*
> *Parve agli occhi suoi sì bella e grata*
> *Candida più che matutina stella.*' P. 253.

The tale of Mancino, a chief of banditti, begins in the true mock epic style of invocation:

> '*Io canto li recatti, e il fiero ardire*
> *Del Gran Pietro Mancino foruscito;*
> *Perdonatemi Muse, in questo dire*
> *Se non vi chiamo all' Eliconio sito*
> *Che parlando di guarra, mie carte*
> *Di Bellona la Musa Apollo è Marte.*' P. 257.

The Rout of Roncisvalles is also a popular poem of great celebrity. Its length is almost interminable. The sad resolution of blowing the horn of the Paladin, too late to save the day, has furnished Dante with the finest simile in the *Inferno*, in that passage in which, speaking of the horn sounded by Nimrod, he says,

> "*Dopo la dolorosa rotta, quando*" &c. &c. Canto 31.

Mrs. Graham's catalogue of this class of traditional poetry is highly amusing: but we must refer our readers to her book, and abstain, unwillingly indeed, from farther citation. We must practise the same reluctant abstinence with regard to the class of humorous and burlesque poems. One of these is *Maggio Romanesco*, or Roman Maypole, in 18 cantos; of which the incidents belong to the life of Nicholas Rienzi. The language is that of the Roman people, cockney Italian, and Mrs. G. has extracted at full length a humorous but exact description of the goods exposed at an Italian fair: but any reader who wishes to form an idea of the dress, manners, and even the morals of the low Romans, must consult the *Meo Patacca*, which is a great favourite with the people, being written entirely in their dialect. Mrs. Graham discovers in a description of mid-day in Rome, with which the second canto commences, the spirit of Burns's opening of Tam o'Shanter.

We are constrained to omit all mention of the popular poems comprehended in the third class.

In concluding this long article, we must acknowlege that we have derived great pleasure from the amusing parts of this book, and much information from the facts which are detailed in it. Mrs. Graham has not affected fine writing, nor did her subjects require it. — We are happy to see another production from her pen lately announced to us; for we consider her as an accurate, diligent, and entertaining author; and as affording one of the most happy examples of cultivation which the female intellect has lately exhibited in this country, abounding as it does in female excellence of every description.

Art. VII. *Mirandola; a Tragedy.* By Barry Cornwall. 8vo. 4s. 6d. sewed. Warren. 1821.

Although on the appearance of this loftiest effort of Mr. Barry Cornwall's muse, we would not address him with the rough salutation of Orlando, "I do desire we may be better strangers," yet we cannot greet him with full and cordial approbation. Throughout all his works, the same error appears to us to prevail; an error which is the effect not so much of a perverted taste as of a false and unsound judgment, but which tarnishes and obscures the beauty both of thought and expression that is richly united with his faults. It cannot surely be contended that the nature of poetry and the nature of common life are correlative terms; or that it is the poet's duty to delineate with servile accuracy the features and forms of men as they actually exhibit themselves in the world, and to give them the same passions and the same language which we see and hear around us. Yet that this is Mr. C.'s theory he has himself more than once hinted, and from his writings we find that he has made a practical trial of it. Were the supremacy of this principle once admitted, at what point should we stop? When a dramatist makes his hero talk in blank verse, shall it be said that it is preposterous and unnatural; and that in compelling a man to speak poetry he oversteps "the modesty of nature?" Or, when he endows his mind with noble and elevated sentiments, that he has erred in drawing a portrait above the excellence of humanity?

Perhaps the truth may be that the elements of our nature only are the substance from which it is the poet's high privilege to shape forth a creation of his own; and that, if he adheres to the impress and shape which conventional feelings and manners have caused, he abandons half his sovereignty. He is bound neither to imitate any simplicity but the simplicity of his own mind, nor to use any language but the natural language of his own heart; and if he finds not simplicity and nature there, he will look for it through the world in vain. It is incorrect to say that poetry is merely an imitation: it has a high nature of its own. If, indeed, it were a bare representation of feelings unknown and passions unproved, of sentiment gleaned by observation, and of description gathered from the recital of others, it would need but few of the great elements of the mind, in days like these, to constitute a poet: but the soul of a true poet must be able to fashion out a creation of its own, not merely true to the common feelings of the world, but consistent with the splendor, the beauty, or the tenderness of his own imagination. Were the sentiments of the poets to be confined to the level of common feeling, where would exist the distinction which separates this privileged class of mortals from their fellow-creatures? or, if the language and action of poetry were to be governed and restricted by the language and circumstances of every-day-life, why should we prefer the representation of a comedy to the insipidity of common occurrences?

We fear that we are in some degree recapitulating the observations which we have formerly made on the writings of this gentleman, and of others: but, if so, we think that the remarks which we before offered will apply equally to the composition now before us. It manifests the same attempt to assume a simple style, the same efforts to conceal labour, and the same imitation of our elder dramatists. In the prologue, indeed, we are given to understand that this play is intended to be a sort of æra in our dramatic literature, — a revival of a nobler and more natural style of poetry; and Mr. Cornwall

> " Comes with a few plain words, honestly told,
> Like those his mightier masters spoke of old."

How far so large a promise has been fulfilled, we shall now give our readers an opportunity of judging by some selections from the drama itself. It will be proper, however, that we should prefix such a slight sketch of the fable as may render our extracts intelligible.

John, Duke of Mirandola, marries in the absence of his son Guido a lady of the name of Isidora, to whom Guido had been betrothed; the young lover being supposed to have fallen in battle, and the lady being induced by the persuasions of Gheraldi, a monk, one of the chief conspirators in the plot, to consent to this marriage with the Duke. The *first* act opens with the return of Guido, ignorant of all the *transactions* which had taken place in his absence, and impatient to claim the love of his affianced bride; all the letters between the father and the son having been intercepted by the machinations of the monk. Jealousy and distrust ensue between the Duke and Guido; which are promoted by Isabella, the sister of the Duke, in the hope of securing the succession to the dukedom of Mirandola for her son. By her arts, and the assistance of the infamous monk, the passions of the Duke are wrought up to a state of madness: on discovering Isidora and his son together, in his jealous phrenzy he orders the youth to be put to death; and Guido's friend, who bursts in with the intercepted letters which he had accidentally recovered from Gheraldi, arrives too late to save him. The Duke then dies in an agony of repentance and passion; the schemes of the diabolical Isabella are crowned with success; and the fate of Isidora is left to the imagination of the reader.

The following passages are from the scene in which Gheraldi informs Guido of his father's marriage:

‘ *Guido.* I had forgot.
Where were we?
‘ *Gheraldi.* I was telling that your father
Saw Count Navarro's nieces, and preferr'd
The elder.
‘ *Guido.* You — you said he *married Julia.*
‘ *Gher.* No, my lord: no.
‘ *Guido.* Whom then? it cannot be.
‘ *Gher.* My lord! I ——
‘ *Guido.* Monk! speak out: Curse on my trembling.
One word — a single word. Now: — tho' your breath
Carry damnation (as I think it does)
To every hope of mine, be quick, quick. — Now.
Stun me with sorrow, lest I feel too much,
And slay thee. What's her name — my father's bride?
‘ *Gher.* 'Tis Isidora.
‘ *Guido.* Thou has done't.
‘ *Gher.* My lord!
Look up, my lord! So — there: you're very pale.
Nay, for your father's sake.
‘ *Guido.* Ha! ha! ha! ha!
‘ *Gher.* Lord Guido! I — Gheraldi — speak to you.
Oh! well: I see you know me now. Not so.
Nay, look more cheerfully. — You're better now?
‘ *Guido.* Thou — thou knew'st all my love. Thou busy priest —
‘ *Gher.* My lord.
‘ *Guido.* Thou pander to my father's wish,
(He is no father, I disown him.) Thou —
Thou busy meddling Monk.
‘ *Gher.* My lord, my lord,
This is not well!

‘ *Guido.* Away! my mother? Oh! *my* mother was
As pure as purity. I will not talk
Of her who *is* — yet, oh! what pity 'tis
That one so fair should now be full of blots,
And that a face which love had breathed upon
Should now be scarred all over. Once, I thought
That in her eyes, (how beautiful they were!)
Her soul shone out.
‘ *Gher.* If you will let me speak —
‘ *Guido.* But she is grown a harlot in my sight.
What! married to my father, to *my* father!
What! smile upon the son, and wed the sire,
Because — there's some strange cause. What blinding spell
Is there now hung between us and the moon,
That dims the sight of women? There's a cause:
I dare not guess: I will not.
‘ *Gher.* May I speak?
‘ *Guido.* Father Gheraldi, you have done your errand.
Tell the Duke of Mirandola, his son
Is now at ease. — Say that the news at first
Was somewhat stirring: but that he — ay, he
Forgives — forgets; no, never, never can
That soon forgot that all his life was blighted.
Say what you will, Sir.
‘ *Gher.* But your father, now,
Expects you.
‘ *Guido.* I'm too gallant, Sir; so tell him.
I'll pay my duty to the Duchess first;
Unto my — mother, since it must be so:
And when we have discuss'd some words, why then
I'll meet him. No more words, Sir. — Now, farewell!’

The scene in which Guido attempts to wring the heart of Isidora is perhaps the most poetical and beautiful in the drama:

‘ *Guido.* Listen to me, then. When you were young —
You are young still, and fair; the more's the pity;
But in the time I speak of, you were just
Bursting from childhood — with a face as fair
As tho' you had look'd in Paradise, and caught
It's early beauty: then, your smile was soft,
As Innocence before it learns to love.
And yet a woman's passion dwelt within
Your heart, as warm as Love. — But I am wrong?
Isid. Oh! no. I loved —
‘ *Guido.* Indeed?
‘ *Isid.* Indeed, indeed.
‘ *Guido.* Well! — There was one who loved you too. He said
That every hope he had rested on you.
He worshipped you, as idols are adored
In countries near the sun. He gave his heart

So absolutely up, that had he thought
Then that you would desert him, he'd have slain
Himself before you. You were his home, his heaven,
His wealth, his light, his mind, and life substantial.
But then he went away to the fierce wars,
(His honor was pledged for it,) and he left
You with an oath upon your soul behind.
'Twas said he died —
' *Isid.* One said he saw you fall.
' *Guido.* 'Twas said he died, and that she grieved awhile,
In virgin widowhood for him. At last,
A Duke — a reigning Duke, with wintry hair,
And subtle spirit, and — without a heart,
Came wooing to her, and so — you do not heed me —
And so she dried her tears, and (tho' the youth
Wrote that he lived) she laugh'd, and left the son,
To marry with the father.'

We have not room for the dialogues of contest between the father and the son, which, though forcible, are inconclusive and aimless; and we turn to the scene in which the Duke surprizes his wife and son at their secret though innocent meeting, to take a farewell. Isidora, trembling from the apprehension of being discovered by the Duke, leans for support on Guido, who exclaims:

' Tremble not. Where is he?
' *Duke rushes forward.*
' *Duke.* Here! —
Here, serpents! — Now the everlasting curse
Cling to ye both and wither. May ye both
Wander about ——
' *Guido.* I ——
' *Duke.* Wretch! — wander about
The world, — the wide world, hopeless, vile, abhorred.
But no; for you — (will my head burst?) for you,
Delicate sin, begone — yet stay: if e'er
You shall repent — repent of what? ha, ha!
Who's the accuser? none: who will believe
That I'm abused, abused? who'll swear? none, none.
Ha, ha! — O death and night!
' *Guido.* Will you not hear?
' *Duke.* Ay, when you die I'll listen, — I'll rejoice.
Will you have trial? never: there are crimes
Which the law touches not; but I'll have blood
Red as the Arab gulph: not your's, but you —
You with the curse of Cain — worse, worse — with all
The blight of parricide upon you — son!
(No son of mine!) — Ah! — how my tongue is parched —
Dry as a withered scroll. — I will have such
Vengeance — such mighty vengeance.'

No explanations appease the fury of the Duke, who orders his attendants to seize Guido, and bear him to execution.

' *Guido*. Thou hast, to glut a base and bitter hate,
Destroyed thine only son. Angels now look
Upon us, and before their homes I swear
That I am innocent. Remember this,
For her who stands palely beside you there,
(A star amidst this darkness,) she is pure
As Heaven. I speak this with a dying tongue.
I loved her ——
' *Duke*. Ha! shall this be said? Away,
Away, I say! If once I swear —— [*Rises*.
' *Guido*. One word, —
' *Isid*. One word.
' *Guido*. Poor Isidora!
' *Isid*. One ——
' *Guido*. One word's enough. My lord, when I depart,
To where — no matter, mark me. I shall tread
With the same step, — the same bold, faithful step,
Which bore me on, 'midst fire and carnage, when
I saved your life at Mantua. — Now, lead on.'

The death-scene of the Duke is wrought up with considerable force; though it is rather out of nature that the father should only dispatch messengers to prevent his son's execution, and he himself remain fixed to the same spot, awaiting the result of the countermand.

From this slight sketch, it will be observed that but little originality distinguishes the fable of Mirandola: indeed, we cannot find a single incident which has not been almost repeatedly made the subject of dramatic representation; and this similarity unfortunately gives rise to prejudicial comparisons, by which it would perhaps be unfair to judge, if Mr. Cornwall did not confessedly attempt to approach the dignity and beauty of our elder drama. The attachment of a father and a son to the same object is the foundation of the noble play of Don Carlos, and Lord Byron has touched it with his masterly pen in the story of "Parisina:" — in Hamlet, we have the parent reproached by the son; — and Othello and the Winter's Tale are unequalled portraitures of jealousy. Mr. Cornwall tells us that the character of 'the sensitive Mirandola' is peculiarly original: but we are not aware that the Duke can claim any exclusive peculiarities either in love or jealousy. The former is no doubt sufficiently ardent, and the latter sufficiently unreasonable: but we apprehend that 'sensitiveness,' in both these passions, is by no means a novelty in dramatic composition. The author might, with more truth, have vindicated to himself the praise of conception

tion in the character of Isabella, which disgusts us by its unredeemed wickedness. Isidora is only the lifeless treasure for which the Duke and his son are to quarrel; and indeed she is of such little estimation even in the author's eyes, that at the conclusion of the drama we are ignorant of her ultimate fate. We may also remark that the complete triumph of vice is neither the pleasantest nor the most instructive termination of a fable.

The style of this composition displays all Mr. Cornwall's peculiarities, though we observe that he has not made such frequent allusions to the classical deities as in his "Dramatic Scenes," probably from a salutary dread of offending their representatives in the theatre. Whatever may have been his motive, we are not displeased at hearing less of "red Jove," and "great Pan," especially as they appear on the stage to such great advantage in "Midas." Mr. Cornwall still perseveres, however, in his search of what he fancies is simplicity; and in many parts of this drama we might almost imagine him saying,

> —— "*Sermones ego mallem*
> *Repentes per humum.*" — Hor. 2. Ep. i. 250.

As far as poverty of language is simplicity, he frequently attains his object: the *monosyllabic monotony* of some of his pages being adapted even to a child's first lesson in spelling.

In representation, this play has been very successful; and Mr. Macready and Mr. C. Kemble have exerted themselves to the utmost in giving effect to the characters of the Duke and Guido. For the former, in fact, we apprehend that it was almost exclusively written; and his acting constitutes, with those who admire it, an indispensable requisite to the theatrical reputation of the tragedy.

Art. VIII. *Translation of the Reports of M. le Comte de Capo-d'Istria and M. Rengger,* upon the Principles and Progress of the Establishment of M. de Fellenberg, at Hofwyl, Switzerland. By John Attersoll, Esq. 8vo. pp. 150. 5s. sewed. Gossling and Redshaw. 1820.

We think that Mr. Attersoll has rendered an acceptable service to the public by executing this translation, since much curiosity has been excited about the nature of the institution at Hofwyl: but we confess that we are disappointed by the manner in which the Reports are drawn up. It seems to us to be the proper object of such a document to communicate a plain and distinct statement of facts, accompanied by such comments only as may illustrate those parts of the statement which are in any respect obscure, or may give additional prominence to those which are considered as particularly important; and that all conjectures, predictions, panegyrics, and declamation of every sort, are entirely out of place on such occasions. In the present Reports, however, so much is inserted about what is to be, or what it is hoped will be, about the causes of decline in nations, and the grand designs which may ultimately excite a re-action and resuscitation of the principles of political health, that we have more than once been lost amid anticipations of a sort of millennium, and fancied that we must be reading some scheme of Mr. Owen of Lanark, rather than the reports of the Comte de Capo-d'Istria and M. Rengger on an establishment in Swisserland. We regard this as the more unfortunate, because we believe that much good has been actually effected by M. de Fellenberg when confining himself to the duties of his station, and pursuing his plan on a rational and moderate scale; and we know that nothing can so effectually prejudice the public against his labours, or so invest them with the appearance of empiricism and extravagance, as the vauntings and visions, and the *fanfaronade*, to which he has himself sometimes given way, and in which the reporters indulge to satiety.

In cultivating a considerable portion of land in Swisserland, M. de F. discovered, or imagined, the expediency of manufacturing his own implements of agriculture: in the course of instructing his own sons, he satisfied himself that he had hit on a method more desirable than those which are generally used for communicating information; and he inferred the possibility of combining, to a greater extent than had been before done, literature and the necessary arts of life. This idea led to the establishment of two schools, one of a higher order for pupils under his own superintendence; and the other a school of industry for poor boys, to manage which he procured the aid of the son of a Swiss school-master, named Vehrli, a youth of considerable ardor and enthusiasm. In his system of education, he introduced in a considerable degree the plan of Pestalozzi; and he prevailed on the school-masters belonging to the Canton to meet at stated times, and confer on the best mode of instructing the children of the peasantry. Madame de Fellenberg, also, has been recently endeavouring to establish a sort of female charity-school, on the same plan with the school of industry for poor boys.

As to the higher school, we are assured that the young student is initiated in natural history, mathematics, medicine and chemistry, spherical and physical geography, history, and the statistics of the present day. It is observed:

'The study of history leads to that of the languages, and gives to it an interest which helps to surmount its difficulties. The language and literature of the Greeks are first taken up, because the very polished civilization of that people, and their various relations, present to the tutor the most favourable point from whence to set out, in order to bring his pupils acquainted with the history of the antient world. Besides the perfection of their language, the illustrious characters in which their history is so rich, and the distinguishing qualities of Homer, Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Plato, and the dramatic poets, furnish abundant reasons for an early study of that language, as conducive to the end proposed at Hofwyl. It is there not very extraordinary to hear children of from ten to twelve years of age sing, in their sports, the hymns of the Odyssey, or to see represented in their games the fables of Homer; and it is necessary to watch over them, lest their enthusiasm for this poet should rob them of the repose necessary for their health.* From the Greeks, they pass on to Virgil, and are then introduced to a profound study of the language and history of the Romans, in which the pupils are occupied some time; after which, through the labyrinth of the middle ages, they arrive at the history and languages of modern times, without, however, overlooking that master-piece of the German Homer, known by the title of "Chant de Nibelungen."'

Interwoven with all this is their religious instruction; and, by combining a good selection of the narratives of the Old Testament, the historical part of the New Testament, 'a very extended study of natural religion, and a still more thorough investigation of the moral and doctrinal dogmas of the church,' a tolerably comprehensive course seems chalked out. In this school, the number of pupils at present is about one hundred, with thirty professors. In the year 1814, when the first Report was drawn up, only six professors were appointed, but they were then described as teaching 'drawing, music, and all the branches of a liberal and accomplished education.' No statement is introduced either in the Reports or in the translator's preface, to enable us to judge of the expences attending a course of education in this 'seminary,' as it is termed, 'for children of the higher class;' nor is much said that is distinct or intelligible about the discipline used,

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'* A short time before the publication of this Report, the young Baron de Bissing, and the youngest of the three Princes de Wrede, pupils of the institution at Hofwyl, rose at one o'clock in the morning to return to their Homer, and it was necessary to send them again to their beds.'

unless the following passage should be deemed by any of our readers satisfactory on that head:

'In this seminary, none of the ordinary methods of encouragement, or of controul, are put in practice; there is neither first nor last; neither rewards nor medals, nor any humiliating punishments. Instead of the ordinary incentives to emulation or fear, it is customary for the tutors, who are constantly with the children, to make a recapitulation, in their presence, of the principal subjects of praise or blame, which their conduct happens to have presented; the firm and gentle tone of the tutors, and the truly paternal feeling which inspires their exhortations and admonitions, make a deep impression on the minds of the children. All those minuter details which are indicative of character, and furnish occasion for blame or commendation, find a place here; the children speak freely in their own defence, are listened to with patience, and reproved with gentleness. It is not to authority they yield, but to confidence — to affection — to the superior ascendancy of truth, and to the opinion of their companions, which is, in general, just, because it is grounded on sound and correct principles.

'An invariable regularity in the arrangement of their time, and of their different employments, prevents the necessity which exists elsewhere for restraint and correction. The children feel themselves free, because they merely conform to a certain routine, without being subjected to caprice. Unconscious of constraint, they yet reap all the advantages of it, and acquire a taste and a habit of order. They are open, candid, and happy, for they feel themselves beloved; and, when guilty of such faults as are common to their age, they are generally the first to accuse themselves; since an open confession is sure to be received with affection and indulgence, and saves them the misery of being ill at ease with themselves, and with their companions.

'There is in this little society no *esprit de corps*, but for doing good. The pupils unite to correct a vice or a fault, or to repair an injury committed by one among them, but never to justify it. This susceptibility of conscience, in them all, is the effect of those religious principles which it is constantly endeavoured to render habitual to them by means of example, reflection, and prayer; and this disposition to second their masters, instead of combining against them, results from the conviction they feel, that their adoptive father and his assistants have no object so much at heart as their virtue and happiness.'

The account of the School of Industry is much more particular; and the notice of young Vehrli and the first establishment of the school is extremely interesting:

'With this individual we may best become acquainted, by referring to M. Pictet's Historical Sketch of the Origin of the Institution. "Among the schoolmasters," he says, "assembled to receive instruction at Hofwyl in the year 1809, where they had the opportunity of imbibing those principles, by which they should be guided in the exercise of their very respectable employment; Thomas Vehrli, schoolmaster of Eschikofen, in Thurgovia, was particularly remarked for his good sense, and other useful qualities. He eagerly seized the idea of an institution for the education of the poor, and entreated M. de Fellenberg to engage in it his son, a young man 19 years of age, possessed of all the virtues and talents of his father, and susceptible of that ardent enthusiasm for all that is excellent, without which it is impossible to devote ourselves fully to its attainment.

'A trial of a few months, during which M. de Fellenberg admitted Vehrli to his table, and by set instruction, as well as by frequent conversation, prepared him for his new situation, was sufficient to give full proof of his integrity, his uprightness, and his zeal, at the same time that it improved his abilities. He became deeply impressed with the sacredness and dignity of the beneficent task he was about to undertake; of the importance of its success; and the effects which such an example might produce towards alleviating the condition of the poor. He considered the inestimable advantages which his native country might derive, from a system of education that should be the means of obtaining for the indigent peasantry a happy existence; and banish from their villages idleness, vice, and misery. He felt too, that to his particular lot it had fallen to make proof of what uprightness of intention and earnestness of endeavour were capable of effecting, towards the accomplishment of so noble a task.

'It now became difficult to longer restrain his zealous ardor. At first, it had been intended to select the children from the most distressed and deserving families in the neighbourhood; but the parents, incapable of estimating the value of such an advantage, shewed little desire to obtain it: it was therefore resolved to adopt the scholars indiscriminately, as chance might point out.

'A child, eight years of age, son of a peasant belonging to the canton of Lucerne, who had been reduced to poverty; a young native of Solerme, taken up with his parents as a vagrant in Alsace, and sent to Hofwyl by a friend of M. de Fellenberg, who was aware of his beneficent intentions; and a third child, belonging to the canton of Berne, deserted by his father and mother, and taken charge of by a forest-keeper, were the children on whom Vehrli first made trial of his devotion to the cause. It was necessary that he should give up his place at the table of M. de Fellenberg, and take up with the customary diet of the poor; which is almost exclusively potatoes and milk; and submit to sleep, like them, on straw. But nothing appeared to him a hardship. He was desired to consider himself at liberty, to draw from the cellar or the larder of the house any thing he might wish for. This privilege he never exercised but once, when, after a cold day's work, he divided a bottle of wine with his children.

'As far as it has been found possible, the scholars have been admitted but one at a time; and that for the very same reason which induced the adoption of this rule in the upper school.

Each child, on his reception, is carefully examined by the physician of the establishment, who afterwards observes from day to day the effect produced on him by the diet and manner of life to which he is subjected; noting down in a journal every particular relating to the physical state of the child, whether in sickness or in health.

'Vehrli, too, keeps a journal of all that relates to the children, from the moment of their admission; where the natural disposition of each individual, his character, his religious, moral, and intellectual improvement, his application to work; every thing, in short, which can bear relation to his future happiness, finds a place.

'It is considered as a point of the first importance to preserve constant cheerfulness among the pupils, and render them habitually easy, lively, and active. Every thing is calculated to win their confidence. Vehrli works with them, reads, talks, sings with them; tells them stories; gives them their lessons; admonishes, prays with them; nor does he leave them for a single moment. Industry and regularity, affection and gentleness, prudence and perseverance, triumph over all moral impediments, all perverse habits; and these poor children, twenty-four in number *, vagrants, beggars, picked up here and there, from the lowest state of wretchedness, received and attended to as they have been with parental kindness, instructed in their duty to God and mankind, provided with constant work, and subjected to a regular plan of employment, which allows not the loss of a moment for instruction, even at the time of their recreations; these children have scarcely required punishment, in order to bring them to regularity and propriety of conduct.'

Of their accommodations and dress, the hours which they keep, their occupations, and their studies, we have this very satisfactory account from M. Rengger:

'These individuals, together with their tutor Vehrli, inhabit two large rooms; one of which is used for sleeping, the other for work and instruction. An outer building is made use of for their meals; and during the summer they take their lessons in an open shed, built for the purpose, in a neighbouring grove.

'The dormitory has no artificial heat, except what it receives from the adjoining apartment. It is furnished with camp bedsteads, palliasses, bolsters of straw, sheets, and a long thick quilt, which in winter is doubled. The Commissioners found the dormitory at all times perfectly neat and clean.

'The children's dress consists of coarse cotton in summer, and of cloth in winter: they always go bare-headed, and in summer wear neither shoes nor stockings, unless their work out of doors be such as to require it; the elder members mend their own clothes. The children rise at five in summer, and in winter at

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'* Towards the end of January, 1815, when the Report was first published, the number of Vehrli's pupils was thirty.'

six: when they have washed and dressed, and have said their prayers, they receive instruction during one half hour: then breakfast and work till half past eleven. They are allowed half an hour for dinner; after which, for an hour, Vehrli gives them a sedentary lesson. From one till six in the evening they work; then have their supper, and amuse themselves with various sports, till within half an hour of bed-time, which is devoted to instruction, and concluded with prayer: they are generally in bed between eight and nine o'clock.

'This distribution of time varies, however, with the season: in summer they work rather longer, and sup an hour, or an hour and a half later: during winter, the evening instruction lasts from one to two hours before supper. The average duration of manual labour is therefore ten hours in summer, and nine in winter: the maximum twelve hours, the minimum eight. During the greater part of the year, their sedentary instruction occupies two hours of the day; in winter, the time is increased to four. Sunday morning is devoted to religious exercises and instruction; after dinner they are again employed, for some hours, in learning, and the rest of the day is spent in walking, and different athletic games.

'The children's table is supplied from the kitchen of the farm-servants; and their fare is the same, excepting only wine and meat; but the pupils never eat with either the servants or work-people. Their breakfast consists of soup, vegetables, milk, and bread; dinner and supper the same, with the addition of potatoes. The children have meat for dinner on Sundays; they never drink water with their meals, but are allowed milk; their bread varies in its composition according to the price of corn, being a mixture, in different proportions, of wheat, barley, rye, and beans. Vehrli, presiding at the head of the table, shares the meat with the children, and some activity is required on his part; as, in the course of the two principal repasts only, he has one hundred and fifty portions to distribute. In the long summer evenings, when they sup so much later, the children are provided with a refreshment of fruit and bread. The Commissioners, by tasting the food prepared for the scholars, satisfied themselves that it was of good quality and well dressed; and they observed that the table was rather abundantly than sparingly supplied.

'They are taught reading, writing, drawing, singing, the elements of grammar and geometry, with some explanation of the daily phenomena and different productions of nature. They learn as much of geography and the history of their own country as is likely to prove useful; besides this, the variety of ways in which their judgments are called into exercise, and the moral and religious instruction which they receive, will be explained hereafter. No regular order is followed in the arrangement of their lessons, but the children are engaged in one or the other study as they seem most inclined. It is observed in the Report, that however exceptionable the plan may be, where the great end of education is to develope the faculties of the mind, in which case the pupils should be accustomed to fix their attention upon whatever subject is presented to them; yet it is liable to no objection where instruction is only a relaxation from manual labour; and the method has indeed been fully justified by experience. As there is a great difference in the age of the pupils, and some have resided a longer, some a shorter time at Hofwyl, it has been found necessary to divide them into two classes, which are separately attended to. The master generally addresses his questions to one pupil in particular, sometimes to the whole class; but the Commissioners advised that this latter method should be given up, because the answer required from a whole class easily degenerates into words repeated and at random, and without attention. Most of the children when they came knew the alphabet, but scarcely any could read; the greater number of them now read with that ease, accuracy, and well-placed emphasis which is so seldom met with in schools.

'The children are first taught to write upon slates, and it is only on Sundays that the elder are allowed pen and ink. Very few of them understood even the elements of writing, when they were admitted into the school, but the greater number now write a legible hand with perfect ease.'

This Report of M. Rengger contains many very curious extracts from Vehrli's journal. That gentleman's talent for observation we readily admit, and M. Rengger dilates with much eloquence on the soundness of his judgment: but some of the extracts from this journal perplexed us much; and, being destitute of his experience, we confess that we should not have conceived some of the methods recommended by him to be the most conducive to the formation of a stable and vigorous understanding. For instance:

'"I frequently overhear them" (he tells us) "say, one to the other, 'Ah I know something!'—'Well, I have something to tell Vehrli to-night.'—I often give them in the morning a question, to which they are to find an answer: for example, I say to one — Find me, in the course of the day, twenty substantives beginning with A, and let them all be the names of things to be met with in a well-furnished house.—To another — Find me five-and-twenty substantives belonging to objects which are only to be seen in skies.— To a third — Give me thirty adjectives that may be joined to the word house. When we have time enough, I make them write the words on their slates.

'"In geography, such little problems as the following:

'"Tell me the names of twelve towns in Switzerland of which the initial letters are in alphabetical order, and in what canton they are situated. I try them in the same way with the rivers, and require them to point out their source and the direction in which they flow. I do the same with respect to the mountains, lakes, and valleys; and for this purpose, it is necessary to have a map which the children may examine whenever they like.

'"It will be evident that, by such methods, the children make a rapid progress in this study, without the sacrifice of any manual occupation. It is in this way that, while at work in the field, their minds are never idle, and during the time allotted for relaxation they look for the names on the map, or beg their master to point them out.

'"The following exercise appears to me particularly useful; a child is desired to find, in the course of the day, four bodies ten feet in length; and in the evening he mentions what they are: or he is desired to make a list of twelve articles, of which one-third are five feet high, one-third six feet wide, and the other third eight feet long."'

M. Vehrli relates a great many droll stories about his pupils; such as that one was prevented from stealing apples by the moon rising; that he detected another who had long made depredations on the cheese in the pantry, but always denied the imputation very stoutly, by his extraordinary thirstiness; that, when one of his pupils said that he had seen in the news-paper that two persons had been buried in the snow, one of his comrades asked him *who they* were, then *where* it happened and *how* it happened, and while he stood dumbfounded, another asked *when* it happened; and how soundly they all rated him for his ignorance of these circumstances.—The following anecdote strikes us as diverting, and at the same time as evincing great quickness: 'Samuel said to his school-fellows, "I have just thought of a riddle for you; what is it that we can never overtake even though we run after it?" Yorg immediately answered, "It is our shadow." He guessed the riddle easily because he had noticed Samuel running after his shadow, and trying to jump over it. But Madorli said, "The riddle is a bad one; for now look at me," and turning himself he ran with his face towards the sun, "now have I not passed my shadow?"'

The maintenance of each scholar annually is stated to amount to about 5l. 14s. sterling: but in some years it has been estimated at only 3l. 8s. beyond the value of his work. The punishments are mentioned to be few in number; viz. short serious remonstrances, made without witness, or only in the presence of the other children; exclusion from the general meal; or, lastly, corporeal punishment: on which head it is remarked by M. Vehrli 'that it is not advisable to make too much use of corporeal punishments in education, but it must be acknowleged that, when well chosen and fairly and temperately applied, they cannot but prove beneficial: that he finds it necessary to have recourse to the ferula, especially with the younger children: that with respect to the elder ones, if a fatherly admonition proves insufficient, in preference to blows he makes use of a vigorous remonstrance *tête-à-tête*, or subjects them to some mortification in presence of their comrades.'

The details relating to this School of Industry are much more ample than on any other subject in the Reports; and we think that they cannot but be deeply interesting to all those who are anxious for the instruction of the poor, and who believe that society has not yet exhausted all its means of reclaiming the profligate. Humane and benevolent individuals, whose inquiries are turned to the reformation of criminals and the prevention of juvenile delinquency, might here find an instance of labours usefully directed and successfully pursued. They will observe, it is true, in M. Vehrli's proceedings some things ludicrous, some frivolous, and others of questionable utility: but they will perceive, at the same time, much that is good, deserving to be admired, and worthy of being imitated.

Of the other establishments of M. de Fellenberg, these Reports do not furnish us with materials on which we could ground any accurate judgment: but the notions which we have hitherto entertained on the benefit derived to society from the division of labour, do not induce us to be very sanguine about the combined character, which he seems desirous to form, of the labourer and the artizan. Except, however, in the enumeration of the various departments at Hofwyl, we scarcely find a word mentioned of the manufactory of agricultural instruments, or of the workshop employed in the improvement of agricultural mechanism. — As to the success of M. de Fellenberg's farming system, and the present condition of his estate, the only account of any consequence occurs in the translator's preface. ' M. de Fellenberg's estate,' he tells us, ' consists of nearly two hundred acres of land, of which the great proportion is poor and unpromising: it has, however, been considerably improved by the mode of tillage, and rotation of crops; and M. de Fellenberg has been at considerable expence in draining, removing stones, deep ploughing or trenching, and the introduction of many useful agricultural implements. It was in the month of June that these remarks were made, but the crops at Hofwyl, though superior to those of the neighbouring farmers, were by no means equal to the expectations excited by the statements contained in the various publications on that subject.'

Art. IX. *A Narrative of Proceedings in Venezuela*, in South America, in the Years 1819 and 1820; with general Observations on the Country and People; the Character of the Republican Government, and its leading Members, &c.; also a Description of the Country of Caraccas; of the Force of General Morillo; the State of the Royalists; and the Spirit of the People under their Jurisdiction. By George Laval Chesterton, late Captain and Judge-Advocate of the British Legion, raised for the Service of the Republic of Venezuela. 8vo. pp. 257. 7s. 6d. Boards. Arch. 1820.

We have recently noticed two histories of disappointed adventurers, who sailed to join the Independents of South America. (Vol. xciii. p. 106. and p. 109.) The present is a very analogous but a more important and instructive publication; for Captain Chesterton reached head-quarters, witnessed the conduct of the patriot-Generals and authorities, and bears weighty testimony against them. His narrative may indeed be somewhat tinctured by individual feeling, but is convincingly supported by facts and documents; and it certainly deserves the attention of all those who may meditate any personal interference with the politics of South America.

The barbarous manner in which the uncivilized Creoles carry on their warfare against the European Spaniards has rather the character of inhospitable envy, which would invade a prosperity that it is unable to create, and destroy an humanity that it knows not how to emulate, than the generous hostility of European conflicts. For instance:

> ‘A party of one hundred Spaniards, coming from Cariaco, were attempting to pass us, to make their way over the hills to Cumana. They were, however, perceived and attacked: but not till they had entered the bushes, and begun to ascend. Many of them were killed; and the captain commanding them, and three men, were made prisoners.
>
> ‘These were no sooner in the hands of the Creoles, than they were stripped naked and bound. General Urdaneta promised them their lives, but did not keep his word. It was now that we witnessed the manner of putting their prisoners to death, which filled all the British with horror. These unfortunate men were taken to some distance from the camp, tied together, and speared at the back of the neck till dead. Their countenances became horribly disfigured, and each body had at least twenty wounds.’

In the progress up the Oronoko to Angostura, the following new fact of natural history occurs: we believe that the amphibious animal to which it refers is still a non-descript:

> ‘The next day we had a long journey before us, intending to reach Barancas, a town on the river Oronoko; and there take

shipping for Angostura. We consequently started at three o'clock in the morning, and at seven arrived at the river Coa, by far the largest we had yet crossed, and which consumed much time. We here found an old Indian residing, who obtained his living by transporting travellers over this river, and whose assistance was very welcome.

'It was here also I saw five amphibious animals, called by the natives "*chickwis.*" They appeared to me to resemble the sheep, and were just of that size. As we approached them, they betook themselves instantly to the water, and disappeared. They feed, I understand, upon herbs, and are exceedingly fat; tasting not unlike veal. The plains and waters of the Apure are said to abound with them.'

The General Bolivar is thus very unfavourably described, by one who, previously to his embarkation, considered this patriot as a second Washington, and the deliverer of as vast a country as the theatre of that true hero's greatness:

'Bolivar is a native of Caraccas; and was, before the revolution, one of the richest men in that province: possessing, besides considerable lands in the valley of Aragua, many houses in Caraccas and La Guayra; independently of which he was left, at the death of his father, upwards of one hundred thousand dollars in ready money. He is thirty-seven years of age, ten of which he has past in a leading capacity in the revolution.

'He is short and meagre: his hair is now grey, and his mustachios quite white. His eyes are large and very light, and the general effect of his countenance is in the highest degree unprepossessing. His voice is harsh and disagreeable, and his manners are cold and forbidding in the extreme. In short, having heard so much of this man, and my expectations being raised, my disappointment was great indeed. In conversation, his eyes are always cast down, and he never looks any one in the face: merely answering yes or no; and appearing to wish not to go beyond these monosyllables, if possible. His dress consisted of a jacket resembling that of the British horse-artillery; red pantaloons galooned with gold lace, a cap and feather like that of the ordinary British infantry, and his cravat, with a standing collar, put on with much study.

'He speaks French remarkably well, but very few words of English.'

The other Generals are characterized between pages 141. and 145., and the greater degree of humanity and merit is awarded to Paez: who, however, was not personally known to the author.

While we observe that the morals of South America are described as indecently coarse and impure, (p. 152.) we should remember that such facts every where occur among the vulgar, and form the radical morality of human nature where men are thinly scattered, and without education and culture.

After

After having quitted the service of the patriots, Captain Chesterton visited La Guayra and Caraccas, which are well described. On the road between them we have this scene:

> ‘We shortly descended to a small but fruitful valley, in which stands the village of San Pedro. This we traversed, and again began to ascend. I was now about to witness one of the most superb and enchanting scenes in nature. Every part of this lofty range, from San Pedro, presents a picture of the richest fertility. At the mountain's top, there is the most extensive and interesting view imaginable; and the whole presents one continued and uninterrupted prospect of cultivation. The valleys to the right and left, slopes of the mountains, as well as the summits, are planted; and innumerable cottages, standing in situations the most extraordinary, add a pleasing diversity to the scene. The whole is, in short, picturesque and beautiful beyond conception.
>
> ‘I had received an account of these mountains at Caraccas, which had considerably raised my curiosity; but far from being disappointed, no idea I had previously formed could do justice to the reality; and I consider it to this day the most splendid spectacle which I have ever beheld.’

It is much to be wished that regions so favoured by nature should soon acquire that settled government, and that liberty of commerce, which are yet wanting to decorate with similar scenery the vast solitudes around. High praise is bestowed on the Spanish General Morillo; to whose liberality, humanity, and generosity, the present author was greatly indebted. The kindness shewn by all Spaniards to their slaves is stated to exceed that which is manifested in our own West-Indian islands. The most important step now requisite to prepare an useful Creole population, in these districts, is to decree that all persons of colour are born free.

This book will be read with interest, but with melancholy reflections. How truly desirable must a change of government have been, where the pupils of the antient institutions had imbibed an ignorance so gross, and a perfidy so shameful, as those which are here represented to pervade the patriot-armies!

MONTHLY CATALOGUE,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1821.

POLITICS.

Art. 10. *Elements of a Plan for the Liquidation of the Public Debt of the United Kingdom,* being the Draught of a Declaration submitted to the Attention of the landed, funded, and every other Description of Proprietor of the United Kingdom; with an introductory Address. By Richard Heathfield. 8vo. pp. 47. 2s. Longman and Co. 1820.

Art. 11. *Further Observations on the Practicability and Expediency of liquidating the Public Debt of the United Kingdom;* with Reference particularly to the funded Proprietor: including some Considerations on Population and the Poor. By Richard Heathfield. 8vo. pp. 123. 5s. Longman and Co.

Whatever opinion may be entertained of the expediency of the scheme contained in these pamphlets, no doubt can exist of the patriotic spirit by which they are dictated, or of the anxious solicitude of the author for our relief from financial distress. Alarmed at the prospect with regard to our productive industry, Mr. Heathfield makes an appeal to the man of property throughout the kingdom, in recommendation of an assessment (15 per cent.) not on income, but on capital, whether land, houses, merchandise, stock, or other property; the amount to be paid by gradual installments to government, for the purpose of cancelling the chief part of our debt and taking off all the injurious portion of our taxes. This plan, explained in different parts of these pamphlets, (pp. 16. 27. of the 'Elements,' and pp. 42. 46. 51. of the 'Further Observations') proceeds ont he computation of the late Mr. Colquhoun, that the aggregate of real property in Great Britain and Ireland is 2,500,000,000l.; to which adding 800,000,000l. of funded property, the assessment would take place on a total of 3,300,000,000l. By submitting to this sacrifice, Mr. H. computes that we should save the payment of the very large sum of 29,000,000l. in the annual interest of our national debt.

This plan, similar in several respects to that of Mr. Ricardo, needs not at present be made the subject of discussion, being evidently unacceptable to the majority of both houses of parliament; and being conceived, moreover, on a scale unnecessarily large. France, the Netherlands, Germany, the United States, in short every civilized country in the world, has contracted a public debt; and our endeavour should be the extinction, not of the whole or even of the larger part of our annual dividends, but of such portions as would bring down our taxation to the level of that of our neighbours. France pays in taxes, town-dues, and imports of all kinds, between 35 and 40,000,000l. sterling, reckoning the gross amount, or, in other words, including the charges of collection. If our burdens, similarly calculated, amount, including poor-rates, to 70,000,000l., it remains to be seen whether a reduction to a medium sum, suppose 50,000,000l., would not suffice to place our productive industry on a level with that of our neighbours.

Mr. H. has given, in the Appendix to his 'Further Observations,' a table of all the duties of excise and customs which he proposes to take off: but, while we cordially coincide with him in the expediency of abrogating all burdens on necessaries, — such as salt, soap, leather, and beer, — we cannot equally concur in the repeal of duties on superfluities, such as spirits, tobacco, and pepper. —

Nor would such repeal be necessary to the success of the author's plan; since the product of our duties, when we have diminished their ratio, would still be large, so greatly does the cheapening of an article tend to increase its consumption. In short, it appears probable that an assessment to the amount of only 5 per cent. of the national capital (yielding about 160,000,000l. sterling) would, in a great measure, accomplish our relief.

A sacrifice of property, whether made on a large or a small scale, would not, in the opinion of Mr. H., be attended with much loss to the persons assessed: since money would be augmented in its power of purchase, and our men of property would become members of a well regulated and prosperous instead of a deranged community. This advantage, as far as it regards the land-holder, he thus states in p. 28. of the 'Further Observations:'

'The Conversion of a nominal into a real Rent.

'A great Reduction of personal and domestic Expenditure.

'The Deprivation of Excuse to the employed Peasant for Application for Parish or Public Assistance.

'Relief from the Burthen of maintaining the unemployed capable Poor.'

Mr. H. being often prolix, and unnecessarily apologetic as a writer, we fear that he will be slighted by many who form their opinion from a cursory perusal, and are ill fitted to discover sentiments of value when conveyed in a feeble style. He says with perfect truth that the burden of our debt cannot, by any effort of power or ingenuity, be thrown on the non-proprietor: the latter may be oppressed, but the re-action of his distress will unavoidably fall, in the shape of poor-rates or otherwise, on the middle and upper classes. He is farther right in stating that the habits of manufacturers, however efficient in a particular department of industry, render them comparatively helpless when the branch in question happens to be at a stand. We view with more doubt the arguments for the use of the spade in husbandry, and are inclined to consider emigration (discussed in p. 86. *et seq.*) as a *derniere ressource;* a measure of which the expediency is not yet demonstrated, and which in any event implies a considerable national loss.

Art. 12. *Observations on the injurious Consequences of the Restrictions upon Foreign Commerce,* addressed to the President of the Board of Trade. By a Member of the late Parliament. 8vo. pp. 87. 3s. Murray. 1820.

A man of information and liberality here takes part with the supporters of the petition of the mercantile body, for a gradual abrogation of the existing restrictions on foreign commerce. He distinguishes our distress since the peace into two periods, the year 1816, and the present time; attributing the former to the magnitude of the change from war to peace, the superabundance of personal labour, and the general fall in the money-value of property. The second period of distress (since 1819 inclusive) is ascribed, we believe with less foundation, to the disquietude excited

cited by the act for the resumption of cash-payments: but if on this point we dissent from the present writer, we give our unhesitating assent to the injurious effects imputed by him to our multiplied restrictions on the intercourse with foreign countries. These, in addition to other disadvantages, have a tendency to render employment more fluctuating; and it can never be too much regretted that the public have been so long familiar with legislative interference as to consider the agriculturists, the merchants, and the manufacturers, as having divided and separate interests.

Writing before the late reduction in the price of corn, the author (p. 41.) fell into the general error that our tillage had not increased since the peace; and he was not, of course, aware that our corn-laws were likely to become, in a great measure, inoperative. He argues against them as still exercising a pernicious influence, and as causing, by their injury to foreigners, a corresponding diminution of the exports of our merchandise. He contends, therefore, for the admission of foreign corn, whenever the home-price of wheat exceeds 55s.; a price below which it is not, in his opinion, likely to fall, the evidence before the Lords' Corn-Committee in 1814 shewing that wheat cannot be raised and exported from the Continent for less than 50s. *per* quarter at the port of shipment. A permanent fall in the currency of our corn-market would, he is aware, affect a great number of persons, and be productive of considerable derangement and disappointment: the agriculturists must bid adieu to farther inclosure-bills; and a portion of the land brought lately into tillage must be allowed to revert to pasture. As a compensation, we might anticipate a greatly extended export of our hardware, our printed cottons, and our woollens; in short, of all articles in which, from our insular position, our inland navigation, our abundance in coal, and our command of capital, we possess a natural and permanent advantage over our neighbours. An act for making foreign corn importable at all times, at a fixed duty, appears to the author less exceptionable than the existing corn-law; although, if the rate of duty be considerable, it will evidently have the effect of making foreign corn a limited medium of exchange for our industry, and therefore less effectual in calling it into action.

The duty on Norwegian and Baltic timber, amounting almost to a prohibition, has had the effect of confining the export of that article from the north to a degree that has ruined almost every timber-merchant in Norway, Sweden, and Finland. Our mercantile readers will not have forgotten the interesting discussion that took place in the last summer on this subject, between Mr. Baring and the ship-owners. The latter, in the opinion of this writer, greatly over-rate the advantage arising to them from bringing timber from America: a trade fluctuating to the merchant cannot long be beneficial to the ship-owner; for the latter, as for the public, the true plan would be such a rate of duty as should give him the option of either an American or a Baltic voyage. — On another measure, the lately imposed duty of 6d. per lb. on foreign wool, *this author* is equally severe: but it seems to us quite needless to enlarge on the impolicy of such a law, in a country professing to export manufactured woollens. A less obvious disadvantage is our exposing Canada and Nova Scotia to an eventual loss by giving them at present the exclusive supply of our West-India colonies; — a privilege which, like all unnatural advantages, is devoid of solid or lasting benefit to the countries invested with it, and may subject them, on the occurrence of a change of ministry, to an inconvenience not unlike that which the public of this country has experienced by the change from war to peace.

POETRY *and the* DRAMA.

Art. 13. *An Expostulatory Epistle to Lord Byron.* By Joseph Cottle. 4to. 1s. 6d. Cadell and Davies. 1820.

We are really at a loss in what line of poetic composition to rank this singular and high-flown production. The language is in the Bombastes-Furioso tone, which would seem to raise it far above the sphere of all meaner satirists, and say

"Sir, give place,
You know you have not got a singing face:"

so inflated are the strains in which Mr. C. has dared, like a good crusader of old, to run a tilt with the heathenish muse of Lord Byron. We presume that it is the terrible vision of the wicked Don Juan which has brought down such a weight of satirical vengeance on his Lordship's head; and we would just hint, in a friendly way, to Mr. Elliston, that he should be cautious how he allows too much scope to the freaks of this amusing genius on the stage of Drury, lest the vial of satiric wrath be in the next instance emptied on *his* profane head, and he should be apostrophised in the indignant language which is thus directed at Lord Byron:

'Dost thou aspire, like a Satanic mind,
With vice to waste and desolate mankind?
Toward every rude, and dark, and dismal deed,
To see them hurrying on with swifter speed?
To make them, from restraint and conscience free,
Bad as thyself, or worse, if such might be?

'*Disastrous man*, from dreams of death arise!
No longer tempt the patience of the skies!
Confess, *with tears of blood*, to frowning Heaven
The foul perversion of *his* talents given! —
Let none, at death, despairing charge on thee
Their blasted *peace*, in shuddering agony!' &c.

We cannot but think that such an anathema, denounced with more anger than good poetry, is a little too severe for Scripture-charity; and that a milder treatment would be quite as likely to reclaim such a poet from "the errors of his ways."

Art. 14. *Poems*, by One of the Authors of "Poems for Youth, by a Family Circle." 12mo. 3s. 6d. Boards. Baldwin and Co. 1820.

This is a very elegant little volume; pure and moral in sentiment, correct and animated in poetical expression. The author tells us, in the advertisement, that the poems were written principally between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one; and, as such juvenile performances, they are highly creditable to the taste of the composer: but several of them, at least, have moreover a degree of merit which needs not plead youth in extenuation of their faults. We will lay one or two of them before our readers; and we doubt not that they will join with us in our favourable opinion of the talents of the writer:

'He seem'd to love her; and her youthful cheek
Wore for a while the transient bloom of joy;
And her heart throbb'd with hopes she could not speak,
New to delight, and mute in extasy.
He won that heart in its simplicity,
All undisguis'd in its young tenderness;
And, smiling, saw that he and only he,
Had power at once to wound it, or to bless.

'She gave to him her innocent affection,
And the warm feelings of her guileless breast;
And from the storms of life she sought protection,
In his dear love, her home of earthly rest:
In this sweet trust her opening days were blest,
And joyously she hail'd her coming years;
For well she knew that even if distrest,
There would be one kind hand to dry her tears.

'He left her — and in trouble she awoke
From her young dream of bliss; but murmur'd not
Over her silent sufferings, nor spoke
To any one upon her cruel lot.
You would have deem'd that he had been forgot,
Or thought her bosom callous to the stroke:
But on her cheek there was one hectic spot,
'Twas little, — but it told her heart was broke.

'And deeper and more deep the painful flush
Daily became; yet all distress seem'd o'er,
Save when the life-blood gave a sudden rush,
Then "trembled into silence as before."
At once too proud, too humble to deplore,
She bow'd her head in quietness: — she knew
Her blighted prospects could revive no more;
Yet was she calm, for she had heaven in view.

'She lov'd and she forgave him — and in dying
She ask'd a blessing on his future years;
And so she went to sleep; meekly relying
Upon that power which shall efface all tears.
Her simple turf the young spring flow'ret wears,
And the pale primrose grows upon her tomb;
And when the storm its little blossom tears,
It bows its head — an emblem of her doom.'

Some of the poems are entitled '*Sonnets,*' and unusually, in English poetry at least, are devoted to the most sacred of subjects, such as addresses to the Deity. This has not, we confess, a pleasing effect on our apprehensions: — but, whatever we call the following effusion, it is both pious and interesting:

> 'How oft beneath his blest and healing wings
> He would have gather'd me, and I would not!
> Like a weak bird, all heedless of my lot;
> Perverse and idle in my wanderings.
> Now my soul would return, and trembling brings
> Her wearied pinion to its wonted rest;
> And faint with its short flights and flutterings
> Would seek a refuge in its parent breast!
> O Father! in thy mercy shelter me,
> For I am worn with mortal miseries;
> My dark and earth-entangled spirit free,
> And plume it to ascend its native skies;
> With loosen'd wing to thy high rest to soar,
> And never to desert its mansion more!'

The lines on 'Llanberis Pass' are not so good as the rest, and we wish that they had not been placed at the end of the work. Whoever has visited that land of dreams must feel the feebleness of this representation of its aweful yet soothing grandeur.

When we mention the generally accredited report that this production emanates from the *Roscoe* family, the reader will not be surprized at the degree of merit which it evinces.

Art. 15. *John Churchill,* Duke of Marlborough. An Historic Play, in Five Acts. 8vo. 2s. Longman and Co. 1820.

Something peculiarly fascinating must be found in dramatic fame; since, of all the literary failures which we are called to record, we see none in which the shipwreck is so total as in the attempts at tragedy. We are sorry to be obliged to add 'John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough,' to the long list of unsuccessful candidates for dramatic renown: but the very subject seems unfortunate; for, although a great hero, Marlborough is not a theatrical hero; and as to *Queen Anne and Mrs. Masham,* we are irreverently disposed to laugh rather than to weep at their introduction on the stage. Whether Queen Anne, of the certainty of whose death we have such repeated assurances, has been dead long enough for scenic representation, or whether there be any thing in the character of that royal personage which unfits her to act as the depository of sublime and pathetic sentiments, we will not undertake to determine by any immediate process of reasoning: but certain it is that even the entrances of Harley and St. John, and Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, do not affect us as they ought; though the ambition of Bolingbroke, and the avarice of the lady, might better qualify them for the stage than the unmasked Anne, or the court-chambermaid Masham. We shall try the effect of a scene on our readers; and (quovis pignore contendere-

deremus) if we could witness it, we should find it the same that suddenly occurred to ourselves:

‘ SCENE II.— *An Apartment in the Palace.*

‘ QUEEN *and Mrs.* MASHAM *discovered.*

‘ *Queen.* Masham, I'm sick of war,
But yet I fear —
‘ *Mas.* What fears my Queen?
‘ *Queen.* Why Marlborough's Duke.
Mas. Say rather Marlborough's Duchess.
Shall she be Queen, and stem my sov'reign's mind?
‘ *Queen.* (*sighs.*) She was once my friend,
Friend in distress, e'en in extremity.
Masham, she's too thy kinswoman,
Her fault alone, love of her country,
Though sometimes unruly.
‘ *Mas.* (*aside.*) This must not be;
(*Aloud.*) Sometimes — nay, always.
Queen. (*thoughtful.*) Then too her husband; —
Heav'n surely favours his victorious sword,
That holds a dauntless fight for England's glory;
Nay, contends for Europe's welfare.
‘ *Mas.* But then your brother ——
‘ *Queen.* My brother —— (*Knock at the door.*)
Ha! what knock is that?
Who on the sovereign's privacy
Dares thus intrude?

‘*Enter* MARLBOROUGH.

‘ *Marl.* One who would ne'er intrude,
Was his own safety solely ——
‘ *Queen.* Heav'ns! the mighty victor.
What an awful mien!
How prompt is rectitude,
Yet not unmov'd.
I alone have power to swerve his mighty soul, —
Shame to my English heart.
‘ *Mash.* (*appears distressed.*) Bane to my hopes — 'tis Marlborough's Duke:
So soon! so sudden!
Yet I must retire,
I dare not stand oppos'd to his great presence;
Decency demands,
And peril waits:
My soul shrinks at thy sight,
O more than King!
My friend and benefactor, —
My country too —
Ambition, O ambition!
‘ *While Masham is speaking she continues moving slowly from the stage, then exit. Queen and Duke appearing lost in thought.*

' *Remain* QUEEN *and* MARLBOROUGH.
' *Marl.* (*looks around.*) She's gone, the fiend!'

We were much edified by the *tragic pun* in the follow passage:

' *Manet* MARLBOROUGH.
Marl. She's gone, as all the furies fix'd had seiz'd her! —
Furies of France, the hostile fiends of England.
More fell the Seine, than the fierce banks of Acheron,
Or dark Cocytus, where Alecto bathes
With more delight, than in proud Xanthus' streams
Lav'd Cytherea ere the siege of Troy,
When — before — Paris —
Paris! — madd'ning name! —'

Art. 16. *Waterloo*, a Poetical Epistle to Mr. Serjeant Frere, Master of Downing College, and Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge in 1820. 8vo. pp. 28. Stodart. 1820.

Often as we have "fought the fight" of Waterloo, it was some relief to find the present *not* a serious production: but our pleasure ended at this discovery; for, whatever vivacity the author may have displayed in his poetical lampoon, it is still a lampoon; and we never can lend our pens to the praise even of genius so unworthily employed as in personal satire, where no public interests are promoted by the just discharge of an unwelcome duty. In this last case alone, personalities are pardonable for their motive: but they should never be extended beyond the necessity of the example, and should betray no symptoms of inward satisfaction, but the contrary, in him who inflicts the indispensable scourging.

So distinguished a scholar, and so highly respectable a man as Mr. Serjeant Frere, deserved any thing rather than this address from a professed member of his own university. What could have induced a person, capable of stringing a rhyme together, to write as follows?

' Further comparisons might be deemed odious,
  Wherefore at present I shall not prolong
To a much greater length this most melodious,
  Classic, and very edifying song: —
My learned friend, respected Serjeant Frere,
Pray for two minutes more lend me your ear!

' Your sinecure's a very pleasant thing —
  The Master of a College with one student,
May be indeed as happy as a king,
  But not so famous. I should deem it prudent,
Since you will hardly shine by pedagoguery,
To trust to something else. Now, without roguery,

' Of eloquence you've an uncommon share:'

Some things are said of others among the principal academics, still more gross and vulgar: — but we trust that the work will not ascend above the shops of the inferior booksellers at the University, or be found in any respectable room in College.

Art. 17. *The Cheltenham Mail-Bag; or*, Letters from Gloucestershire. Edited by Peter Quince, the Younger. Crown 8vo. 5s. 6d. Boards. Warren. 1820.

It is not more evident that, in the highest sort of poetry, the first inventor in time is the first in place also, than that, in the incalculably lower regions of humorous versification, he among us who led the way to a style of his own still reigns the unrivalled prince of that happy invention. Anstey, among comic rhymers, is what Homer is among epic bards. Not to pursue so strange a parallel farther than the necessary developement of the idea demands, we may remark that the one pre-eminent characteristic of genius is so to write of local manners and particular events, as to excite universal and everlasting interest. What the father of the epic has done in this way needs not be pointed out: but, if we may compare small things with great, our witty countryman deserves to be recorded in his proper sphere, as an author who has combined the entertainment of his own age with that of all succeeding periods in which good taste and good sense survive. The vivid reality of his descriptions of *Bath-society* is still felt, long after most of the contemporary actors have disappeared from the scene; and it will be felt for ever, because it is the reality of nature,—the judiciously selected and combined representation of perpetual follies and general characters. The imitators of Anstey, on the contrary, have always split on the rock of *individuality*. In their eagerness to be *personal*, they have necessarily been transient; and, like painters of bad miniatures, they have in vain exhibited their pictures out of the family of the originals; or, rather, that portion of the family which was *let into the secret* during the process of painting.

We are sorry to be obliged to include Mr. Peter Quince in this extensive condemnation of the degenerate school of Anstey, one scholar alone in which we recollect at present as having caught in any degree the mantle of his master. We scarcely need mention the editor of the letters of "*The Fudge Family;*" although even he (we venture to predict) will, from the nature of his subjects, be forgotten, when Anstey still flourishes in imperishable fame.

The *present* frequenters of Cheltenham will no doubt be able to assign to their respective owners the allotments of ridicule or approbation, which Peter Quince distributes among his friends and foes at that fashionable Spa: but we presume not, even with the help of his considerate initials, to furnish any key to his comments; although in some cases the rhyme directs us with probable security. We should be sorry, however, if we could accurately decypher every name in the work, to add, in any one instance, circulation to such insignificant personalities: though we cannot think that the objects of Mr. Quince's satire will feel much more pain, than the objects of his panegyric will feel pleasure, from his 'Cheltenham Mail-Bag.'

The happiest attempts in the book are Miss Dolly Sketch's two letters; in one of which she details her falling in love, and in the other the disappointment of her hopes. These, although the style is diffuse and often wanting in point, have some general power and effect; and we will make an extract from each, in justice to the author.

' *From Miss Dorothy Sketch to Miss Bridget Fudge.*

' ——'s Boarding House, Cheltenham.

' It's over, oh, Biddy, my darling! it's over,
I'm quite in a fever I vow and declare,
My heart beats so wildly — I ne'er shall recover —
Oh! nothing can cure me — fans — water — or air!
The deuce take the fellow! so tenderly glancing,
His eyes met with mine, and like lightning, my love,
Every pulse in my frame in a moment set dancing,
And I sank on my chair, hardly able to move!
Lord, what a confession! to think that your Dolly
Who once frowned on love as the height of all folly,
And secure in the calm, quiet chill of her heart,
Had long baffled Cupid's most treacherous dart:
Then think, only think! Biddy dear, in a minute
My triumph is over — my quiet is gone —
Oh Love! thy soft smile has some witchery in it,
And never is felt till the bosom is won!'

Again,

' Oh no, 'tis all settled, and Ma' if she will,
May refuse her consent, when he asks her to-morrow,
But I'm his from this hour — through good fortune or ill,
Through joy or disaster — through gladness or sorrow!
Oh were he but near me! thus seated alone,
In my window, o'erlooking a parterre of roses,
Where the loveliest bloom that creation puts on,
The light of this rapturous moment discloses!
When the sweet breath of flowers is lovingly blown,
Thro' my casement's light curtain, so languidly drawn; —
And each sigh of the breeze has a balm of its own,
And each rose has the bright sparkling hue of the dawn.
Did I wish he were near me? — what, here by my side? —
With my heart fondly sighing o'er visions of bliss,
What a heaven then were mine! — tho' it can't be denied,
Biddy, dear! 'tis much better, perhaps, as it is. —'

We subjoin the *counter-part* of the picture, from the 11th letter:

' *From Miss Dolly Sketch to Miss Biddy Fudge.*

' Cheltenham, 1820.

' Oh! the morrow I longed for has come and departed,
And now your poor Dorothy, quite broken-hearted,
Sits down to unbosom herself to her Biddy —
" Well, well, did he come and propose for you, did he — ?"

'Tis thus that I fancy I hear you exclaim,
Whilst my heart's fairly bursting with anger and shame.
But I'll tell you all patiently — oh that a wretch
Such as him, should have ever beguiled Dolly Sketch!
He promised " at twelve, — as his soul might be saved,
He would start from his *toilette*, clean booted and shaved,
And precisely at ONE," (I'm particular, my love,
To record every sentence he utter'd,) " by Jove,
He would be with MAMA, on his knees to implore
Her benignant permission to die and adore!" '

The *denouement* is really very good:

' Only think, when dear Harry vouchsafed to request
My deluder would " candidly open his mind,
And if one fond feeling yet lived in his breast,
He might well be assured 'twas returned in kind."
He yawned — and lisped out (with most sardonic grin
Whilst his stiff'ner completely enveloped his chin,)
" That as for the dear little angel, Miss Dolly,
From the depth of his heart he lamented her folly.
'Twas true he had bowed and looked tenderly at her, —
That was all, 'pon his soul, that he knew of the matter,
But if nature had been so indulgent to him
In face and in feature — in stature and limb,
And if the dear souls would not let him alone,
But *would* die for his sake — what was then to be done?"
In short, I'm distracted — and never again
Shall tranquillity reign in my bosom or brain.
But oh! when some Bedlam receives me at last
Will my Biddy refuse a sad sigh to the past?
Or a tear to the woes of her Dolly, whose heart
In madness itself will not let her depart —
But like poor Belvidera " in madness will love her,"
(For I'm sure in my soul I shall never recover,)
Yes, even in my dungeon with demons beset,
And of memory bereft, — I shall never forget
My own darling Biddy: — when laid in the straw,
Would she come and controul me — her word should be law!
Ah, now my tears flow — with refreshing relief,
And tears are a luxury even to grief.
Though the bard may deny it — oh dear, I'm much better,
And MAMA has just brought me your last darling letter,
With your charming account of the ball and hussars.
Oh! who can help loving the heroes whose scars
And mustachios are surely a passport to love —
Ah, cold is the heart that their sighs fail to move —
And senseless — and worthless the bosom must be
That the smile of a victor can feel and be free!
So to-morrow, please Heaven, MAMA bids me say
We'll start for your *chateau* — for even the delay

Of an hour seems an age of most deep melancholy,
Till my Biddy is clasped in the arms of her
DŎLLY.'

In this quotation, our readers will have remarked the curious accentuation of *sardŏnic*: but Mr. Quince deals in odd specimens of quantity. For example;

' Like the wig of Commŏdus bedizen'd with gold.' P. 56.

' Dive in the puddle on the glánd pinēal.' P. 111.

Mr. Q. should also be admonished that what he calls an obo*lum*, pages 121. 222., is an obo*lus*; and that the line,

' Where summer *lays* smiling on wild beds of flowers,'

page 48., is guilty of one of the most vulgar errors of the day.

Some tolerable lines on Shakspeare occur at the end of the book; and a very dull contribution from a friend of Trinity College, Dublin, in which Aristotle is made to *utter* some *utterly* muddy metaphysics.

EDUCATION.

Art. 18. *Stories of Animals;* intended for Children between Five and Seven Years old. 12mo. 2s. 6d. half-bound. Harvey and Darton. 1820.

In this compilation from Bingley's "Animal Biography," and a few other works, the stories are judiciously chosen, and the engravings are remarkably good.

Art. 19. *Old Friends in a New Dress;* or Familiar Fables in Verse. 12mo. 6d. Harvey and Darton. 1820.

Several of "Æsop's Fables" are here presented in lively rhyme, with the hope, which we think is well founded, that young people may attend more readily to the moral from finding it included in the verses. Various neat cuts are added.

TRAVELS.

Art. 20. *A Journey round the Coast of Kent;* containing Remarks on the principal Objects worthy of Notice throughout the Whole of that interesting Border, and the contiguous District; including Penshurst and Tunbridge Wells; with Rye, Winchelsea, Hastings, and Battle, in Sussex; being original Notes made during a Summer Excursion. With a Map. By L. Fussell, Esq. 8vo. pp. 304. 9s. Boards. Baldwin and Co.

We feel, on closing this agreeable volume, the same sort of sensation which persons generally experience on leaving a mail-coach; — a whirling motion in the head, as if we were still travelling; — an indistinct representation in the mind of many objects which have passed vividly before our eyes. We know, however, that we have had an amusing and intelligent fellow-traveller, and we recommend him as an excellent chaise-companion for the Kentish tourist.

AGRICULTURE.

Art. 21. *The Agriculture of a District in the South of France.* Translated from the French of the Baron Picot de la Peyrouse, &c. To which are added, Notes by a recent Traveller in France. 8vo. pp. 105. Harding.

The district here reported is the canton of Montastruc, situated a short distance to the north-east of Toulouse; and nothing can be conceived more wretched and miserable. The Baron himself is a sensible man, and on his own estate has been endeavouring for some years to introduce a variety of improvements: but the buildings, the implements of husbandry, the mode of paying labourers, and the course of tillage, are all execrable. There are two sorts of labourers, *metayers* or *bordiers,* and overseers.

'The *bordiers* are obliged to perform, at their own expence, all the work of agriculture, transporting provisions of all kinds, straw, dung, collecting litter, digging ditches, providing themselves with all the necessary instruments and utensils of husbandry; they hold on lease all kinds of animals, even the labouring oxen; they share with the proprietor every species of production derived from the plough. In extensive farms, the proprietor takes first from the produce a fixed quantity of hectolitres of corn, according to the goodness of the land. The *bordiers* are very poor; they desire only to live from day to day: no improvement is expected from them; and, as they are partners with the proprietor, they oppose every thing he would introduce, especially if he require the least alteration or change in the rotation of crops. The *bordiers* are only tolerated upon such estates as the proprietor cannot, or will not superintend.

'The overseers, on the contrary, have no part of the produce; they receive wages only: by custom, five hectolitres (14 bushels 1 peck English) of wheat, as much rye or maize, and 18 francs (15s.), 20 francs (16s. 8d.), or 30 francs (1l. 5s.), each plough; but we allow them the liberty of sowing on their own account a certain portion of land in flax, beans, haricots, pease, or maize.'

Reapers, likewise, are often bound in various services to the proprietor; for instance, a certain number of gratuitous days for mowing and making hay; or for draining, ditching, making roads, &c. These reapers (*solatiers*) are always hired in couples, many months before harvest, in the proportion usually of a man and woman to a plough: they are engaged to weed the crops, an operation which they perform very ill, to bind the sheaves, knock or tread out the corn, dress it, &c. &c.; and they receive a certain proportion of the grain for their trouble. The breed of domestic animals is as bad as the rest of the rural apparatus: lean, badly-shaped, and neglected: nevertheless, the Spaniards resort in crowds to this district for the purchase of mules, and the consequence is that *horses* are not bred. The *great* farm-houses, we are gravely told, are almost all provided with a flock of sheep, varying between a hundred animals and thirty!! The butchers of Barcelona are the great consumers of these vast flocks; which, from utter ignorance and inattention, are destroyed about once in three years by the rot. Animal manure is the only kind used in this canton, and three-fourths of the arable land have not received any for several years.

Even the culture of the vine does not seem to be better understood than the culture of any thing else. In planting, they mix the soft grapes with the hard, the late with the early, and the white with the black; preferring those which yield most, and which are generally the worst, to others which would improve the quality of the wine. The oldest plants give the best wine, and a long course of years is necessary to bring them to perfection. A *hectare*, two English acres, of a vineyard of ordinary quality, produces from nine to twelve *hectolitres*, more than two pipes, of wine. — Fruits of all sorts are abundantly cultivated, but peaches and nectarines with little success, as the climate in this southern district of France does not suit them; the transitions being too rapid from frosts to severe heats. — Fowls are bred to a great extent: every *maitre-valet*, or *bordier*, being obliged to rear the poultry at his own expence, and to pay to the proprietor annually 150 eggs, five couples of chickens at Midsummer, five of capons at All-saints, and five of hens at Martinmas, *for each plough*. Turkeys are brought in immense numbers from the department of Lot: during the day, they are sent into the fields and vineyards, where they feed on decayed herbs; at night, when the animals return, they are fed and *fattened* with the squeezed husks of the grape, well diluted in water! " *Oh suavis anima!*" Without any other care or expence, after two months' keeping, they are killed, and sold usually at double their prime cost.

The notes which accompany this brief memoir are by no means the least interesting part of it: indeed, many of them possess great merit.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Art. 22. *An Essay on Spanish Literature;* containing its History, from the Commencement of the Twelfth Century to the present Time; with an Account of the best Writers, in their several Departments, and some critical Remarks: followed by a History of the Spanish Drama, and Specimens of some of the Writers of the different Ages. Dedicated, by Permission, to His Excellency the Duke of San Carlos, Ambassador from his Catholic Majesty to the Court of London, &c. &c. By A. Anaya. 12mo. 5s. Boards. Boosey and Son.

In our lxxth volume, p.448., we have given an elaborate epitome of Bouterweck's History of Spanish Literature; which, if we mistake not, contains in little compass a fuller and more complete account of the progress of authorship in Spain than we find in the introductory part of the volume before us. Suffice it now to observe that Mr. Anaya divides his chronicle into four epochs, of which the first extends from the birth of the Castilian language to the close of the reign of Don Juan the Second. The next period stretches from about 1500 to 1684; and it is maintained that a mere enumeration of the writers who then flourished would suffice to display the richness of Spanish literature: but a select list of the more prominent would have been preferable to this vague assertion. A third period is characterized as one of deterioration and declension, but no attempt is made to limit its duration. A fourth and concluding epoch is made to involve several of the former subdivisions, and to reach from the revival of letters to our own times. Little neatness or philosophy is displayed in these prefatory arrangements.

The principal topics of literature are next classed under distinct heads; and a separate chapter is allotted to the enumeration and commentary of works of history. Another chapter treats of novels, in which department the Spaniards have excelled more than in the historic; though still they are not intitled, as the author pretends, to claim Amadis of Gaul, which is of Portuguese origin. The third chapter marshals the competitors for the prize of eloquence; at the close of which, various religious and moral works, epistles, fragments of criticism, and other miscellanies, are enumerated: but the catalogue is a dry list of titles, not a critical appreciation of relative or positive excellence. A fourth chapter treats of poetry, which is divided into lyric, epic, and dramatic: it is in the latter department that the Spaniards have especially excelled; and their greatest dramatist is Calderon. We shall therefore copy M. Anaya's account of him:

'D. Pedro Calderon de la Barca was born at Madrid, in the year 1601, of noble parents. The occurrences of his life are very similar to those of Lope de Vega. Both followed in their youth a military career, and consecrated the last years of their lives to religion; both gave early testimonies of their talents, since Lope, as has been related, began to write comedies for the stage at eleven or twelve years of age, and Calderon at fourteen. Both were the admiration of their contemporaries, with this difference, that Lope having lived in the reigns of the two Philips, the Second and Third, monarchs averse to theatrical entertainments, only obtained the applause of the public, whilst Calderon enjoyed the favour of the court and the protection of Philip the Fourth, who used to divert himself with paying court to the Muses.*

'The comedies of Calderon are more regular than those of Lope de Vega, not because the art had greatly advanced in the short space of time that intervened between the two writers, or had been improved and ameliorated by the last writer; but Calderon having only composed a hundred and twenty comedies and tragedies, and about a hundred autos sacramentales, a number it must be confessed considerable, but at the same time very inferior to that of his predecessor's works, had more time to polish

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'* It is believed that Philip the Fourth composed those comedies which pass under the name of *Un Ingenio de esta corte,* (a man of letters of this court.)'

polish and perfect his dramas before they were exposed to public view.

'In his comedies, which are of three sorts, viz. *de Teatro, Heroicas*, and *de Capa y Espada*, "he introduced," says Luzan, "repartees, ready wit, sudden attachments, night-rounds, clandestine entrances, strictness of honour, duelling, ladies that are haughty, yet at the same time of easy approach and always ready to cheat their fathers and brothers; in short, an exaggerated picture of the gallantry of the times. They contain," adds the same author, "the chief art of all, which is that of interesting the spectator or reader, and hurrying him on from scene to scene, not merely without weariness, but with an eager desire to witness the catastrophe; a most essential quality, which not many of the poets of other nations, who have been great observers of rules, can boast of possessing. That censure is not ill-founded," continues Luzan, "which attributes to him a want of variety in his subjects and characters; but in a writer who possesses the superior qualifications of Calderon and the fascination of his style, many faults may be excused and may be even noticed as evidences of skill; till another shall come, who, emulating his beauties, is free from his defects. As this has not yet been beheld amongst us, Calderon retains almost all his original fame; he has served and still serves as a model of excellence, and his comedies are the most available treasures of our theatres." *

'Some German critics consider Calderon as superior to all the dramatic authors who have written in the modern languages. Schlegel calls him the poet by excellence; and, amongst other eulogiums, says that his works are wrought up with consummate skill, and that no other dramatic writer has painted the passions and affections in such poetical colors.'

An appendix describes the metres and forms of verse in use among Spanish poets.

To this preliminary matter, which notices the titles of the principal books worth including in a Spanish library, is attached an anthology of fifty pages, containing specimens, both in prose and verse, from the writings of the more remarkable authors who are mentioned in the previous dissertation. These extracts are chronologically arranged, beginning with fragments from the ballads about the *Cid*, which are dated in the twelfth century, and are succeeded by some prosaic or some poetic composition of each succeeding age. In general, specimens of both classes are provided. The finest of these appears to us to be an Ode written in the sixteenth century by Fray Luis de Leon, intitled *Profecia del Tajo*, which occurs at p. 149.; it is, however, only an imitation of Horace's prophecy of Nereus.—Iriarte is the newest of the writers who have been permitted to contribute to this garland. We give one of his epigrams.

'* Luzan, *La Poëtica*, lib. iii. cap. 1.'

'" *A la Abeja semejante,*
Para que cause placer,
El epigrama ha de ser:
Pequeño, dulce y punzante."'

This thought is not very uncommon: viz. that the epigram, like the bee, should be little, soft, and stinging.

For persons disposed to learn the Spanish language, this introductory book may have its convenience: the literary catalogue will excite curiosity; and the select passages supply amusing lessons.

Art. 23. *A Mother's Journal during the last Illness of her Daughter, Sarah Chisman.* With a Preface, &c., by Jane Taylor. Second Edition. 12mo. 3s. 6d. Boards. Holdsworth. 1820.

Perhaps the strongest objection that exists against publishing such youthful religious biography as the present volume contains may be found in page 103., where the subject of the memoir is recorded to have said, 'When I was quite a little child, I used to read the accounts of the deaths of good children, and think that when I came to die, *I would use the same expressions which they did:* — I never thought, Mamma, of *being* like them, which was all I *ought* to have thought of, you know.' — Religious parents, however, will be interested by this simple and affecting narrative, and struck with the comfort which this child received in her dying moments from having her memory well stored with passages of Scripture, and with hymns, which she applied to her own circumstances.

CORRESPONDENCE.

So much good sense and true politeness distinguish the letter of *A Real Friend,* that it would be very agreeable to us to insert it among our Correspondence, and we doubt not that it would be equally acceptable to our readers: but the qualities by which the writer is distinguished will enable him to perceive, and to concede, that in printing it we should depart from our proper line of duty, and open an inconvenient door to extra-official innovation.

The letter from Boston is received, but we know nothing of the work mentioned in it, and our hands are sufficiently full.

We hoped and designed to advert in this Number to a proposed legislative measure, respecting which several pamphlets are before us, and towards which our attention has been called by a friendly writer, in the name of a *sacred cause* which we can never desert: but we have been disappointed, and our intentions frustrated.

☞ The APPENDIX to our last Volume was published with the January Number, and will be found occupied by the usual portion of FOREIGN LITERATURE, &c.

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THE

MONTHLY REVIEW,

For MARCH, 1821.

Art. I. *Historical Documents and Reflections on the Government of Holland.* By Louis Bonaparte, Ex-King of Holland. 8vo. 3 Vols. 1l. 16s. Boards. Lackington and Co. 1820. [An Edition in French also, same Price.]

Among those families whose actions have been so remarkable as to give them a claim to public attention, and to the dignified rank of *familles historiques*, few have exhibited greater discrepancy of individual character than that of the late "ruler of France." We have had occasion to notice in a recent article (Historical Memoirs of Napoleon, Review for January last,) all the confidence, obstinacy, and duplicity of Napoleon; and we are now to give a brief sketch of the life and the undoubted work of a brother who was as different in object, conduct, and principles, as if his education had been conducted at the farthest extremity of the civilized world. While the one perpetually made light of every thing but himself, considering soldiers, officers, senates, and even nations, as mere instruments, and valuable only as far as they served as levers to his political machine, the other, a stranger to views of personal aggrandizement, accepted a crown only to promote the happiness of his subjects, and willingly laid it down when circumstances gave him reason to conclude that his retirement would operate, in any degree, to diminish the pressure that threatened them.

Louis Bonaparte was born in 1778; and his family, whatever it may have suited the party-writers of the age to assert, was both antient and respectable; his father, Charles, having been repeatedly deputed by the *noblesse* of Corsica to the court of France, on negotiations connected with the interests of the island. Indeed, it was to this access to court, and to the portion of influence attendant on it, that the father owed the admission of his elder sons, Joseph and Napoleon, to military schools in France. On the surrender of Corsica to the British in 1793, the family of Bonaparte quitted the island and took up their residence at Marseilles; where, far from living in the degraded manner asserted by their enemies, the eldest son Joseph was married to a lady of fortune, a sister of one of the principal merchants of the place. At this time the siege of Toulon was carried on; and Napoleon, now a colonel, (*chef de bataillon,*) was at the head of the corps of artillery employed on that occasion: promotion in those days went on rapidly; and the capture of Toulon, joined to the recommendation of one of the *Répresentans en mission, Orange Gasparin,* who had discovered Napoleon's talents, obtained for him the rank of brigadier-general, and the command of the artillery of the army stationed in the south of Piedmont (*Alpes Maritimes*). Louis, who was still only a youth, accompanied him thither, and was present at several of the exploits in the campaign of 1794; after which Napoleon proposed a plan of operation similar to that which he executed with such signal success in 1796: but the commanding officer deemed it too hazardous, and the conventional representatives with the army were less skilled in the appreciation of military talent than their predecessor at Toulon. In 1795, Napoleon commanded for some time at that place, after which he repaired to Paris, and was appointed to serve in La Vendée, which he declined: but he continued in confidential communication with the war-department, and, becoming intimate with Barras, obtained the command on the memorable 13 *Vendémiare* (4th October, 1795). His success on this occasion led, after a short interval, to his appointment to the army of Italy, and enabled him to promote effectually his brother's advancement. At the age of eighteen, Louis joined this army, and, in the humble capacity of lieutenant and aide-de-camp to his brother, participated in that eventful and sanguinary campaign; incurring, particularly at Arcola, the greatest personal danger. After the peace of Campo Formio, (October, 1797,) the expedition to Egypt having engaged the active mind of Napoleon, Louis accompanied him thither, and witnessed the vicissitudes of his fortune in a foreign land, but returned to France some time before his brother.

The elevation of Napoleon to the rank of Consul empowered him to advance Louis to that of Colonel of dragoons: but he was stationed in the interior; and the peace of Luneville (February, 1801,) suspending the opportunities of distinction in his profession, he passed an interval in travelling in Prussia and the north of Germany. On his return to France, the proposition of his marriage with Mlle. Beauharnais, before made and declined by both parties, was renewed by his calculating brother, pressed, and, in January, 1802, fulfilled; without previous attachment and almost without previous acquaintance on the part of those whose happiness was involved in the union. The result was such as it too often is in *mariages de convenance:* in the space of five years they lived together only four months, at distinct and widely separate intervals; and they parted finally in 1805, without complaint or suspicion on either side, but from a settled conviction that their tempers were unsuitable.

The circumstances attending the unfortunate sentence of the Duke D'Enghien are related in the work before us (p. 177.) with the usual veracity of this writer: but we believe that he is greatly deceived in thinking that Napoleon was persuaded and hurried into this violent act. With regard to himself, were any proof wanting of the unassuming nature of his character, it would be found in his silence concerning the generous efforts made by him, in concurrence with Joseph and Lucien, to avert this catastrophe. In the next year, 1805, when a new and formidable coalition called his brother into Germany, Louis was intrusted with a military command in Holland; a country which, though long in alliance with and in some degree dependent on France, maintained a certain degree of freedom in her commercial intercourse with England, and ventured to resist the Gallic demands for additional supplies of men and money. The splendid success of the campaign of 1805 inspired Napoleon with the determination to overcome this resistance, and to reduce Holland to the same or nearly the same state of blind subserviency with the departments of France. The Dutch, alarmed, sent to Paris in the spring of 1806 a deputation of several of their leading men; who, after an anxious negotiation, found it impracticable to ward off the threatened blow, without consenting to substitute a regal for a republican government, and to accept a brother of Napoleon for their sovereign. In this transaction Louis did not participate, and he appears to have been unambitious of the royal dignity: though he found his situation unpleasant in France, where he filled no station of importance, civil or military. On repairing to the Hague, he soon shewed the Hollanders that his character gave him a strong claim to their confidence; bringing with him no French party, keeping in office all or almost all the former functionaries, and fully intending (p. 154.) that, on the conclusion of a general peace, the Dutch should be at perfect liberty to frame their own constitution on the plan of a limited monarchy, as in England.

Situation of Holland. — Louis found in the Dutch a people very different from those whom he had previously known, viz. the French and Italians: but their qualities were of a nature to inspire him with both esteem and attachment. He admired the impartiality of their Judges, and was in general satisfied with the state of education in their schools and universities: but he felt all the disadvantages of the country, physical and political; and he soon adopted the idea that it would be depopulated and ruined if subjected to a military conscription, curtailed of its liberty, or deprived of any of the existing motives to persevering labour. Hence he established no domiciliary visits, no introduction of passports, and no ministry of police; and he even hoped to be able ere long to abolish capital punishment: a measure which, if practicable in any state, was most likely to be effected in that which he governed.

The attention of Louis and his ministers was early drawn to the defence of the country against inundations from the sea and the great rivers. Its dikes have been raised from age to age without any uniform plan; the object of each district being to protect its own territory, without a due consideration of the effect which water thus confined might have on the protecting mounds of its neighbour: though the course of a great river, or the direction of a line of coasts, ought to be taken as the guiding rule for such erections; while a free vent should be opened to the water in flat districts by lowering the dikes, and raising by degrees the foundation of the habitations, whether separate or in villages. The water, flowing through the low grounds, and making occasional deposits, would thus give the soil an elevation, gradual indeed but progressive, and Holland would become as secure as the Delta in Egypt: but the inhabitants, remarkable for their adherence to established usages, discovered no disposition to welcome a new system; and the great physical changes which had produced the inland waters, such as the lake of Haarlem and the Zuyderzee, were of too remote a date to excite apprehension of their recurrence. Louis, therefore, could proceed only by slow degrees; and of the public works carried on in his reign, of which an interesting summary is given at the end of these volumes, the first were the canal and sluices of Catwyk, for the discharge of the superfluous waters in the Leyden district; with the drying of an extensive marsh, Nieuwkoope, between Utrecht and Amsterdam. These and similar improvements were calculated to lessen the insalubrity of the country. Long an invalid himself, Louis anxiously directed his attention also (vol. i. pp. 219. 288.) to measures for ameliorating and watching over the health of his subjects; and although, perhaps, his plans had in them somewhat of sanguine calculation in this respect, it does not appear impracticable

practicable to limit the ravages of all contagious complaints by an extension and improvement of the lazaretto plan.

Another favourite object, but in which also his success was only partial, regarded a general blending of local interests; or the prevailing on particular towns and provinces to consider themselves not as distinct incorporations, with interests frequently opposite to those of their neighbours, but as component parts of a great whole. This division into petty and independent communities has been, throughout, the chief drawback on the vigour of the executive government of Holland; and it was felt equally under the princes of the house of Orange, and under the judicious but eventually unfortunate administration of De Witt. A certain progress towards amalgamation was made in 1796, on the adoption of a new constitution; and farther steps to the same effect have been taken since the restoration of the Orange family in 1814.

The state of Dutch commerce was another subject of serious consideration. It had continued in a course of progressive deterioration since 1795, its colonies having fallen one by one into our hands; and the pressure of taxation operating more and more to banish productive industry into less burdened countries. There remained, however, a portion of commerce, carried on chiefly with England under neutral flags; and this intercourse Louis determined to continue, (vol. i. p. 208.) whatever might be the dissatisfaction of his brother. The whale-fishery of the Dutch had fallen too low to recover during the war; and their herring-fishery, once so extensive, was now continued only by neutral flags, to a very limited extent, and frequently at a loss, from the superior advantages of rival nations.

Finances of Holland. — The public debt of Holland is of older date than that of France or England; having been contracted in the long contest against Spain for independence, and in the expensive wars against Louis XIV. It exceeds in principal 130,000,000l. sterling: but the rate of interest, originally moderate, underwent a partial reduction in the better days of the republic; so that, of this large sum, 60,000,000l. pay only two and a half per cent., and 20,000,000l. only three per cent.; and the stocks bearing a higher rate (three and a half, four, and five per cent.) having been created chiefly since 1795. The total amount of interest was, on the accession of Louis, about three millions sterling, and the market-price of the three per cents. was only 40: but it rose soon afterward to 45, the Prussian war (in 1806) *having* relieved Holland from the maintenance

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of French troops, and enabled Louis to bring the expenditure to a level with the revenue. His next object was, by the enrolment of militia and volunteers, to form such a national force as should remove all pretext for the return of the French. To guard the docks, the fortresses, and the coasts, fully 10,000 men were required; and Napoleon demanded peremptorily that Holland should keep a force of 20,000 troops disposable for the field. To meet these and other expences, a loan was requisite; and the confidence inspired by the patriotic measures of Louis was such, notwithstanding the general discouragement, that he borrowed above three millions sterling, secured on the town-dues of Amsterdam. Before 1806, the public revenue of the Dutch provinces, (exclusive of provincial and local dues,) scarcely exceeded the interest of the national debt: but, the taxes being very unequally collected, it was found practicable, partly by their equal distribution and partly by additional imposts, to increase them by a million and a half sterling. Some of these new imposts were far from politic, consisting of taxes on land, houses, or necessary articles of consumption: but they were the only taxable articles in the country; and it was with the greatest regret that, in the last year of the reign of Louis, the Dutch legislative assembly consented (vol. iii. p. 208.) to impose an addition to the rate already levied on real property, with a farther addition to the existing dues on the sale of butcher's meat and corn.

In his projects for the diffusion of individual comfort among his subjects, Louis experienced neither aid nor obstruction from his brother: but, when financial or military assistance to France was at stake, the case became widely altered. In vain did Louis remonstrate that Holland was already overtaxed, and her establishments expensive beyond her means; Napoleon's answer was, " Raise your army to 50,000 men, and your navy to twenty sail of the line; establish a Conscription; and, if your revenue cannot be augmented, suspend the payment of the dividends to the national creditor; resort, in a word, to the alternative of bankruptcy." The unsuspecting Louis was at a loss to reconcile these hard-hearted injunctions with his brother's repeated professions of friendly disposition towards the Dutch: but he was, for a time at least, relieved from this painful suspense by a communication of a very different kind, —an exposition of Napoleon's plan (vol. i. p. 254.) of operation against Prussia, the whole detailed in a manner that bore evidence of admirable calculation, and induced those who read this interesting document to exclaim, *with a confidence* too quickly justified, " *Les Prussiens sont* *perdus.*" The victory of Jena, and the capture of the Prussian capital, were soon followed by the promulgation of the Berlin decree against neutral trade; a decree which Louis refused to put in execution throughout Holland, in the same manner as he declined to stop the dividends payable to the English holders of Dutch stock. These refusals, extremely offensive to Napoleon, were but a fair return to his own breach of faith; for he had promised the Dutch an advantageous treaty of commerce with France, and the eventual restoration of their colonies by England, as the price of their exertions in the war. Nothing, indeed, could be more disgusting than the successive artifices employed by Napoleon to overcome the attachment of his brother to the independence of Holland. He began by withholding from him, in some respects, the title of king; and, finding that this appeal to personal vanity had no effect, he adopted (vol. ii. p. 117.) the mean expedient of sending French custom-house officers into the Dutch towns in disguise. Amid this series of complaints and encroachments, Louis was not a little surprized to receive in the end of March, 1808, (vol. ii. p. 304.) from his brother the offer of the crown of Spain, which was about to be vacated by the Bourbon-branch: but he indignantly refused the proposition, declaring that he owed all his efforts to that people who had taken an oath of allegiance to him.

The trade of Holland suffered greatly in 1808, the æra of enforcing the Berlin decree on the part of the French and the Orders in Council on that of our Government: but in 1809 it partially recovered, both powers consenting to a temporary relaxation of their prohibitions. Our unfortunate expedition to the Scheldt in 1809 is described with brevity, and it may even excite a smile on the part of our readers to find the Dutch army represented as the means of stopping our progress. Louis expresses no exultation at our failure, but regrets much (vol. iii. p. 168.) that it afforded his brother a pretext for introducing troops into the southern frontier of Holland. The latter measure was facilitated by the triumph, in this year, of France over Austria; and one of the first steps of Napoleon, on returning to Paris, was to urge Louis to repair thither. At last, aware of his brother's double-dealing, he apprehended that restraint would be imposed on him, but was determined to act an independent part; and, on passing his frontier, he left express directions that no French troops should be admitted without an order signed by his hand. Dreading, moreover, that public documents might be issued by Napoleon in his name, an expedient by no means unusual at the court of the Tuileries, Louis apprized his

Dutch ministers confidentially that no public paper relative to their country should be deemed authentic, unless it not only bore his signature but ended with a phrase in the Dutch language. He set out with the resolution of ceding no part, not even a village, of the Dutch territory; and, as he was not able to adhere to this system, he modestly adds, (vol. iii. p. 188.) 'History is the recital of what was, not of what ought to have been done, and my work is a justification, not an eulogy.' Some time before, Napoleon had claimed the cession of Dutch Brabant and Zealand, softening the demand by the offer of a large tract of country to Holland on the side of Westphalia: but this proposition had been positively refused, and the demand formally relinquished. From the time, however, when the Prussian, Austrian, and even the Papal territories were over-run by French troops, Louis could not fail to see that the occupancy of Holland was not remote. He once thought of open resistance, and such would certainly have been the most dignified course: but, as it would have involved the almost total ruin of the people, his determination was to gain time by every practicable sacrifice, in the hope that a general peace would take place, and accomplish the relief of his kingdom.

He reached Paris on the 1st of December, and immediately had a warm argument with Napoleon about the interest of Holland; which being followed by a threatening declaration, (vol. iii. p. 194.) in the Emperor's speech to the French senate, Louis now regretted his having placed himself in Napoleon's power: but escape from Paris was impracticable: his house was guarded; and his brother demanded the immediate dismission of two Dutch ministers, who had been instrumental in preventing the occupation of the fortresses by French troops. To this occupation, and to the removal of his ministers, Louis was at last forced with much difficulty to consent. Napoleon now pressed on him (vol. iii. p. 220.) one point after another, and he gave way with much reluctance; still clinging to the hope that the conclusion of a general peace was not far distant. At last, in the month of April, (1810,) Louis returned to Holland, and was received with great cordiality: but he was soon under the mortifying necessity of allowing the French troops to fix their head-quarters at Utrecht, and to send detachments to Leyden and the Hague, where they quickly took effectual measures to prevent commercial intercourse with England. Still, Louis and his Dutch counsellors endeavoured as much as they could to mitigate these hardships, and Napoleon again found matter for an angry correspondence. Several of his letters are printed in this work; and one, we mean that of 20th May, 1810, contains a very full and apparently argumentative exposition of his grievances from the Dutch, for their deficient energy in the war, and their continued trading intercourse with his enemies.

On the 23d of May, 1810, Napoleon, on experiencing a fresh contradiction, apprized Louis that he should write him no more; a menace which, combined with insults to the Dutch flag, and with peremptory orders from Paris to the French General commanding in Holland to execute by force the orders of his government, determined Louis to resign his crown. This measure, accompanied by a spirited declaration, which found its way into circulation in every independent part of Europe, took place on the 1st of July, and was followed by his immediate departure for Germany. His infant son, however, was left behind, in the vain expectation that his rights might be respected, and the incorporation of Holland with France be deferred for a season by Napoleon.

Louis passed above two years in Germany, chiefly at Gratz in Styria, and in complete retirement; declining every overture to return to Paris, and witnessing with regret the tyrannical measures of Napoleon towards the Dutch, of whose public dividends two-thirds were suspended by a single stroke of the pen. The disastrous issue of the Russian campaign in 1812 altered the state of feeling, revived his fraternal affection, and led him to address a letter to his brother, lamenting his reverse of fortune, and expressing a hope that a more moderate course might now be adopted towards Holland. The answer of Napoleon was prompt and explicit: it invited Louis to Paris, but declared that he stood in no need of his condolence; that Holland was French for ever; and that he (the Emperor) had a million of men ready to support his cause. Louis continued at Gratz until August following; when, Austria being on the point of declaring war against France, he removed into Swisserland; and, remaining there after the battle of Leipsic, he happened to have an interview with Murat, when the latter was proceeding on his journey from Germany to Italy. Murat was a man of great bravery, but of no fixed principles: in bending his course towards Naples, after the reverses in Germany, he calculated on retaining his crown by taking part with the allies against him to whom he was indebted for it; and he conceived that he gave Louis very wise counsel in suggesting that he should endeavour to regain the throne of Holland by the co-operation of the same aid. This plan Louis decidedly negatived; but, recollecting the attachment of his former subjects, he

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offered, by a letter dispatched from Swisserland on the 25th of November, and composed with great force and elegance, to return if desired by the nation. He made in it a respectful mention of the house of Orange; and we believe that he is perfectly sincere when he expresses, towards the close of his work (p. 368.), his gratification at the happiness at present enjoyed by Holland under that house: as also when he adds that his personal wishes on their recall were limited to a brief but public expression, on the part of the Dutch, of the sincerity of his intentions while governor of their country.

The treaty of Fontainebleau, concluded 11th April, 1814, on the first abdication of Napoleon, contained pecuniary stipulations in favour of his relatives: but in these Louis refused all participation; and, on the return of Napoleon from Elba, more consistent than his brothers Joseph and Lucien, he resisted every solicitation to return to Paris. — The work concludes with extracts from different publications in Germany, both news-papers and critical journals, which convey expressions of the opinion of the writers on the conduct of Louis when King of Holland; — all devoid of fulsome compliment, but all replete with testimonies to the goodness of his heart.

After this brief abstract of these interesting volumes, we have to offer a few remarks on their merits and demerits; and here we must observe, that the attraction of the narrative is lessened by several circumstances; viz. by adhering to dates instead of the natural succession of events; by the introduction of too many and too long state-papers; and occasionally by dwelling at undue length on a particular topic, such as (vol. ii. p. 33.) the distress caused at Leyden by the explosion (12th January, 1807,) of a vessel loaded with gunpowder. The ex-royal author, though educated in the military profession, appears to have little idea of tactical combinations; or of the doubts with which the French bulletins should be investigated, for he has adopted the notion, now current only among the uninformed part of his countrymen, that the battles of Vimeira and Corunna ended to their advantage. In civil politics, his views are much more comprehensive, and display in a gratifying light the progress that may be made by an upright mind without the aid either of long experience or of brilliant talents. As to temper, the reader may be inclined to suspect, partly from his domestic differences and partly from his pertinacity in a political sense, that Louis was more than commonly sensitive: but, with regard to the qualities of the heart, he will be found to stand the closest examination: for they discover in him no tincture of revolutionary artifice, no diplomatic *finesse*, no disposition to give up a public point for private advantage, but, in short, a decided wish and endeavour to adhere, cost what it might, to the dictates of honour and conscience. All that probity which we admire in private life, and much of which we are but too well intitled to consider as banished from the creed of politicians, was exemplified by this young sovereign, and under circumstances which manifested that his adherence to the cause of virtue could scarcely fail to end in the deprivation of his rank. Honourable himself, he was ill qualified to detect the ambitious and calculating views of others: of his different ministers and military officers, he speaks on all occasions with a warmth of commendation which we must suspect to be sometimes unmerited; and, after all that he had seen and felt of his brother's artifices, he discovers the greatest reluctance to solve the enigmatical part of his conduct by a recourse to unfavourable motives. Not only did he believe him to be sincere in his protestations for the welfare of Holland, but, so lately as January, 1814, he continued impressed with the idea (vol. iii. p. 357.) that Napoleon was actuated by a generous enthusiasm in the cause of France. We are consequently far from representing these volumes as correct in every part: but they form a valuable addition to the historical materials of the age; and they will be perused with interest, from the respect inspired by the character of the author, as well as from the sympathy excited by the sufferings of his Dutch subjects.

Art. II. *Warbeck of Wolfsteïn.* By Miss Holford, Author of "Wallace," &c. 3 Vols. 12mo. Boards. Rodwell and Martin. 1820.

It was with considerable anticipations of pleasure, that we received a new coinage from the literary mint of the fair poetess of Sir William Wallace. Our favourable opinions of that poem, and of the genius of the writer, were recorded in their due season; and, although nothing has since occurred to raise our estimate of Miss Holford's abilities, it was sufficiently high in the first instance to warrant a reasonable expectation of her success in any of the lighter departments of literature. The tale before us has, however, in some measure disappointed our hopes. It is entertaining, but not so entertaining as we had calculated on its proving; it has merit, but, in our judgment, of a less distinguished kind than we were inclined to presage.

If a work, professedly of amusement, contains nothing hostile to good morals in its general result and effect, and if the attentive reader may select his own practical lesson of improvement from particular incidents and characters, the author has fulfilled his duty in this respect; and he is not bound to square the whole tenor of his composition to any formal preconceived moral design. He is not, like the writers of the antient apologues, or fables, to come out with "*the moral sheweth,*" &c. at the end of his performance; nor is he under any obligation to *demonstrate*, with Richardson, the danger of marrying a libertine: but, if he forcibly conveys, like Fielding, the association of misery and disgrace with the indulgence of various kinds of evil passions, he has satisfied the demand which a virtuous society may make on every author, for the maintenance of good principles in the general tendency of his composition. Whether such a society has not, on other grounds, cause of complaint against the last-mentioned and most illustrious novelist, is a question which we do not here attempt to discuss. Miss Holford has evidently had in view, as her main moral object in the tale before us, the illustration of the principle which formed the basis, the superstructure, the ornaments, the capital and crown, of the noblest column erected to Pity by the genius of Prose-fiction in English literature. The unrivalled tragedy of "Clarissa" (for so it must be considered) has indeed *demonstrated* the peril which female innocence incurs in the hands of male profligacy. Miss Holford has revived the subject, although in an entirely different manner, and with much less uniformity of design; and her book, although tending throughout to this end, has many subordinate descriptions and scenes which do not advance the *moral*, if they bring on the *catastrophe.*

In order to enable our readers to appreciate, in some degree, the sort of entertainment which the author has here prepared for them, we must give a brief sketch of the principal characters, previous to an extract or two from some of the detached scenes in which they figure.

From Coxe's History of the House of Austria, Miss H. has taken some of the traits in her character of Vallensteïn, the distinguished General of the empire, who is better known here as Waldsteïn, Duke of Friedland. With this historic aid, and the force of her own imagination, she has drawn a striking picture of the strong but superstitious mind of the conquering soldier, the great opponent of Gustavus. Her favourite hero, however, (although not he who gives name to the story,) is Casimir, son of the Duke; and certainly, in the delineation of this *preux chevalier*, Miss H. has displayed her former powers of interesting the heart in the fate of a patriot. Casimir has indeed a glow about him which does honour to his fanciful historian; and which sheds, in our judgment, by far the greatest charm on the present novel. Warbeck of Wolfsteïn is one of those mixed and mysterious characters, which seem essential to the success of all modern efforts to entertain the public. He has a touch of the German conjuror, relieved by the Caledonian freebooter, and mingles the amiable gloom and misanthropy of Lara with the *vers de société* and fashionable infidelity of a French *petit maître.* He appears one while like a secret agent of the Inquisition, or of the infernal conclave itself; and at another singing *sacred songs* to a lady's accompaniment in a courtly drawing-room; now awing the soldier whom he insults; then flattering the priest whom he derides. In a word, he succeeds — but here we shall abruptly conclude our sketch of this necessary mass of modern contradictions, this amphibious species of hero, this melange of angel and dæmon; without whose presence in play, poem, or romance, neither Misses would languish nor Matrons be wholly satisfied, as they perused the page of the moment.

"Hushed be every ruder breeze," while we usher Louisa of Marchfeldt into the presence of the admiring reader: — but, alas! although we also admire this bright outward creation of Miss Holford's fancy, we are forced to record some slight defects, of which at first sight we were not aware. Louisa is in utter want of two ingredients of the female character, which some have considered as material to its perfection: — the head, we mean, and the heart: — for her extreme folly in trusting those who have grossly deceived her, and her ready suspicion of those whom she has the best reason to esteem, are quite incompatible with that perfect anatomy which includes the two divisions of the human frame above mentioned. We do not attempt to describe the minor characters of the tale, any farther than to say that the mild melancholy of Louisa's brother, the kind-hearted vivacity of the Princess Stolberg, the *bon-hommie* of Professor Westermann, the courtly insipidity of Count Harach, and the mixture of Spalatro and Meg-Merrilies in Scharaffa, are each and all in tolerable *keeping;* neither very feebly nor very forcibly delineated.

Having thus given a general insight into the chief personages of the drama, we shall present our readers with a detached extract or two, leaving them to take a *dinner* at the same well-provided board on which we have only served up a light *luncheon* for their morning's refreshment. We shall make our first selection from a scene in which the Duke and his son are the principal actors.

' At dinner, one hundred of the nobility and principal military who had followed the Duke to Prague sate down to table; the covers and dishes were all of massive gold, and the table was in all respects served with more than regal pomp and delicacy; but he who presided at the feast was taciturn, gloomy, and solemn. When he spoke, his words were few, and uttered in a stern, arbitrary tone: his presence seemed awfully oppressive to his guests, who had caught the infection from his silence, and Casimir sorrowfully contrasted this pompous meal with the cheerful, social ones, of which his father was wont to be the soul. The population of Prague were accustomed to press into the great hall, at dinner, to behold the Duke and admire his magnificence; and sometimes those who had any appeal to make to his clemency or justice hoped to catch his eye, and receive some token of encouragement to present their address. On this day Winterfeldt, who sate next young Vallensteïn, directed his attention to a lovely, interesting girl amongst the crowd, whose eyes eagerly followed those of the Duke, till at length, mistaking some motion on his part for encouragement, she pressed forward with an extended hand to lay her memorial on the table by his side, when the gentleman in waiting roughly seized her arm, and repulsed her. The little bustle this transaction caused attracted the Duke's inquiry; and Winterfeldt, who seemed to feel an interest in the scene, said,

' " May it please your Excellency, it is the sister of Desmond the lieutenant, who, doubtless, is bent on soliciting your gracious pardon of her brother's transgression, or at least the mitigation of his sentence."

' " The sentence is irrevocable, and may neither be repealed nor altered," said the Duke.

' " And what," whispered Vallensteïn to his neighbour, " what is the fault, and what is the punishment?"

' " The fault is a slight neglect of orders, and the punishment is death! This rigorous sentence takes place to-morrow."

' " Impossible! My father was ever a humane and generous master. It cannot be!"

' " It is, alas! nevertheless, true, Count," said Winterfeldt. " Desmond is a young Bohemian of family: we have all ventured to the limits of the Duke's patience in our intercessions — we must now witness poor Desmond's fate in silence — he dies for our example!"

' Young Vallensteïn waited to hear no more, but interrupted the gloomy silence which reigned around, by exclaiming, — " My father, grant me the life of Lieutenant Desmond."

' " On what plea, Count Casimir?"

' " On the simple one, my Lord, of indulgence to myself. Let it prevail, I beseech your Excellency. On my soul, you shall *not repent it!*"

'He had risen as he spoke: his fine form was thus rendered conspicuous to the multitude, and his noble countenance, animated by the best feelings of man's nature, as he pleaded for a fellow-creature's life, attracted the love and admiration of all who looked upon him: — even the Duke gazed on him with ill-concealed pride.

' "Be content, Sir. — I grant you the life of Lieutenant Desmond! The warrant for his release from the fortress where he awaits his doom shall be made out this evening. Sir," said he, addressing his public secretary, "see that it be so, and lodge the instrument in the hands of my son."

'The general feeling of approbation that now circulated through every heart relaxed a little, for the moment, the gloomy silent respect which, until then, the spectators had preserved. An acclamation of thankfulness echoed through the apartment; — the Duke waved his hand, and all was again silence. The sister of Desmond, who had fainted on the stern reply her application encountered, had been borne from the room, and the subject of Desmond's danger laid at rest amongst the guests, who secretly rejoiced, while they marvelled, at the result of the young Count's interposition.'

This sort of incident may be allowably engrafted by the hand of fiction on the trunk of true history: but, in these days of the successful mixture of imagination and reality, it becomes a matter of some consequence to discriminate between lawful and unlawful liberties of this nature. If, on the one hand, such popular works as the Scotch novels are calculated to encourage a taste for history and biography, by presenting important events and personages in a new and attractive light; still, on the other hand, they must be admitted, in some instances, to be calculated to mislead the judgment. Where was the Scotch author's boasted impartiality, when, in addition to his general severity of ridicule, he branded the cause of the Scotch Puritans, and the very leader of that cause in the person of Burley of Balfour, with an atrocious, because unauthorized, charge of murder? The incident of the death of Cornet Grahame will also remain for ever an imputation on the *moral tone* of the author of "Old Mortality;" and we cannot omit to observe, in this place, the curious internal evidence of similar deficiency in high historical feeling, which is afforded in an acknowleged work of the reputed novelist. In the "Lord of the Isles," (as we observed on the occasion,) "the Bruce of Bannockburn," previously to the battle, is represented as riding along the Scottish line; and here the poet most ingloriously and most unjustly accuses the English archers of shooting at him, before the signal of attack, and under the security of mutual confidence. These we consider as dangerous and disgraceful violations of historic accuracy; and no plea of fiction can extend to such a length as this. Character is sacred.— Miss Holford is not guilty of any similar failures in the highest duty of an author: but she falls into an error which is also sanctioned by the example of the distinguished writer whom we have felt it incumbent on us to censure in the above instances. She introduces us, familiarly, into the *closet* of the Emperor and his wife, and represents scenes of private confidence between those royal personages and Casimir Vallensteïn, which wear the appearance of *falsehood* rather than *fiction*. It is very difficult to draw the line, and this difficulty constitutes the great merit of such attempts when they are successful; occasions which the good sense of the reader can rather feel than the critic *define*. In "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," when Jenny Deans is introduced to Queen Caroline, we have the same sensation of impropriety; of a liberty wandering into a licence; of a *story* becoming an *untruth*. We do not know whether we have conveyed our ideas clearly to the reader: but, whether or not there are *any* whose *reflections* will lead them to the same conclusion, we are sanguine in the belief that *many* will bear witness to the truth of our doctrine with the answering voice of their own *experience*.

We shall now quote a letter of Casimir to his father, declining to aid him in his lawless ambition:

' " My Lord,—I do not expect to make the slightest impression on a mind so intrenched in its own determinations, as I conceive yours to be; what I write, therefore, is not to dispute with *you*, but to justify myself. You, my Lord, believe implicitly in the irresistible government of Destiny; and, with respect to the influence it holds over our fortunes, I am not prepared to dissent from your opinion, and, in fact, it signifies nothing, so far, how we believe. I, for mine own part, hold an intimate persuasion, that every man's soul is inhabited by certain influences, the proper direction of which belongs to the conscience, and that according as the conscience or the passion sways, the man is free or enslaved. Your soul is filled by a predominant passion, which, pardon me, my Lord, has driven the legitimate sovereign from the field, and triumphed to the extinction of conscience! According to the creed set forth in your epistle, vice and virtue, good and evil, are mere nominal existences, and the good and the wise of all times have been wasting their breath in prating of chimeras. The astrologer may promise me success, or threaten me with ruin, and I cannot disprove his assertions; but if he tells me I shall become a perfidious traitor, that I shall abuse the confidence of my sovereign, that I shall renounce all the principles which connect man with the Deity, and lend him courage to face all fortunes with an equal temper, I will never believe him, because

cause I feel that I am free to resist the utmost force of circumstances; and were I not to resist, that I should become the artificer of my own infamy. *My* ambition, my Lord, is to preserve my honour unimpeachable, my faith inviolate, and my heart as pure as is consistent with the imperfect nature of man. My father, is it too late? Will you not pause one moment ere you leap the gulf? What is the stake for which you are about to sacrifice all that is precious to a noble spirit? The very utmost you can obtain is a few short years of remorseful splendour — the *very utmost*, for I will rather conceal my brows for ever within a monkish cowl, than they shall glitter beneath a diadem purchased at so foul a price. *Your* ambition excites you to desire a throne at any rate, *mine* prompts me to disdain it. Rouse up that which is really great within you, my father, and make head against this ideal destiny! You are now the guardian angel of your sovereign's rights, beloved and confided in by him, feared and reverenced by his subjects, the terror of his enemies; — and you possess, even yet, my father, if it be worth preserving, the filial veneration of your only child. Can you resolve, by one desperate act, at once to despoil yourself of all this? Alas! I do not expect to move you! But if you are inflexible, if your destiny *must* be obeyed, or rather, if your leviathan ambition will needs swallow down every sacred consideration, let your first confidence on this fatal subject be your last: — I am not worthy of such counsels! I protest against them with every principle, and every feeling of my heart, and, were you not the author of my existence, I would denounce them! When we dare not claim the concurrence of the virtuous, to what dark and dangerous alliances are we compelled! You confide in one who, at his first convenience, will betray you. — Wolfstein told me, with the exultation of a fiend, that he possessed dreadful means of destruction; — he does indeed possess them, and, believe me, my father, he will infallibly use them." '

Good sense, good feeling, and a tone of characteristic probability, a judicious engrafting of fiction on fact, seem to us to characterize this passage. — While we are on this subject, we may be allowed to notice another honourable proof of the judgment of the fair author, in that portion of her work in which she is compelled, by the course of her story, to introduce the infidel opinions of one of her characters. She does this in a light and delicate manner, and thus sets an example well worth the attention of some contemporary novelists. Above all, she is free from the great abuse of scriptural citation which disfigures pages far more successful than those of Miss Holford are likely to be, in their general powers of entertainment. It cannot be supposed that we mean to institute any comparison between this lady and the renowned writer of Waverley, &c. Nor can we be mistaken, on many accounts, (but especially after the critique which has appeared in our pages *, relating to a little work which unwarrantably found fault with the supposed sins of omission and commission in those excellent novels,) for the advocates of an unreasonable strictness, even on the most sacred of subjects: but we should be wanting in our duty, if we did not take this first opportunity of recording our protest against the very frequent and very improper quotation of passages from the Bible, *put into the mouth of ridiculous or hypocritical characters*, into which this eminent author has most unfortunately fallen. We are far from wishing to state the objection too strongly: but, as we are convinced that some mischief has already been done by the practice, (in rendering, we mean, the voice of Religion something like "the sad burthen of a merry tale,") we here offer our sincere and friendly advice to all whom it may concern, to desist from a thoughtless indulgence of humour which, however it may add to the picquancy of satire and the probability of fictitious character, must take something from the feelings of veneration and unaffected piety.

It seems scarcely courteous to dismiss this novel without an extract relating to its professed hero: but we do not well know how to find one which would not, in some degree, counteract our present purpose of not revealing more of the story than is absolutely necessary. With this implied praise, (and no light degree of panegyric is involved in such a remark,) we must therefore quit the fair writer; only requesting her, at parting, if her motto † does not augur an entire cessation of public *inkshed*, to be very careful how she makes excursions into the regions of humorous description, wit, or ridicule, in her next publication. Her genius, like that of her admired Joanna Baillie, is of the tragic cast; and, we should say, exclusively qualified to excel in scenes of elevated feeling or of pathetic tenderness.

Art. III. *Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in Asia*, from the earliest Ages to the present Time. By Hugh Murray, F.R.S.E. Author of "Historical Account of Discoveries in Africa." 3 Vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s. Boards. Edinburgh, Constable and Co.; London, Longman and Co. 1820.

Our recollections of Mr. Murray's former work, on African discovery, predisposed us to a favourable opinion of the volumes now before us; and such expectations have not been by any means altogether disappointed, notwithstanding that some circumstances have rendered the present publication less satisfactory as a general digest than its predecessor.* Although the outline of the two compilations is very similar, considerable diversity exists in the manner in which it has been filled up in the two cases; and this variation has arisen apparently not so much from intention in the author, as from the different characters of the two quarters of the globe which engaged his pen. In giving our preference, therefore, to the former production, we do little else than imply our opinion that a history of African discovery was, from the nature of the countries to which it related, much better adapted for a compressed narrative than travels in Asia; an opinion for which we may state a few reasons.

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* See Monthly Review for October, 1820, p. 169.

† "*La fin couronne les œuvres.*"

The continents of Asia and Africa are not less discordant in their history, population, manners, and institutions, than are the travellers in general who have respectively visited each, in their characters and pursuits. Asia recalls to the stranger the history of former empires in their remains: it presents the sites of past grandeur, mingled with the modern haunts of ignorance and barbarism; and it requires, in many of its regions, that antient learning, as well sacred as profane, should be united in the traveller to the other requisites, without which the eye-witness of countries and their inhabitants can seldom perfectly embrace them in mind or describe them on paper. In other parts of Asia, again, human nature is still exhibited, and has been, as far as credible history can carry us back, under forms and institutions totally different from those which we recognize elsewhere, either in antient or modern annals. Polities and superstitions present themselves that have existed from time out of record, with all the peculiarities of character which they necessarily impress on their subjects and votaries. The arts, whether as subservient to utility or productive merely of embellishment, are discovered to be founded frequently on principles altogether unlike those of European civilization, antient as well as recent. Elsewhere, also, the history of trade and commerce, with its effects on mankind during a long succession of ages, the commodities which it has supplied, and the changes in the channels through which it has flowed, become important points of investigation and description. To all this may be added the necessity for some knowlege of the annals of a commercial empire of vast extent, itself a phænomenon in the history of mankind, which offers a wide field for the inquiries of the philosophic traveller. We may well pass over the other parts of the Asiatic continent, to which we have not alluded, without specific notice: but a glance at the map, with the associations which it will recall, must convince every person that they too afford matter for history, and for moral and physical speculations which are of no easy calculation. These vast and various objects have not discouraged many ardent European travellers from selecting those portions for their observation to which their qualifications have best suited them, or which other circumstances have rendered it practicable for them to examine; and we have consequently vast treasures of information, of very multifarious kinds, stored in our libraries, relative to this quarter of the globe.

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* See Rev. vol. lxxxv. p. 126.

What, on the other hand, has Africa to place in competition with such claims as these, to allure the traveller or sharpen the stimulus of curiosity? We may almost venture to answer, little else than the glory that may be acquired by the solution of certain geographical problems, and thus increasing the knowlege of one part of mankind, to the end that it may ameliorate the condition of another; — a noble undertaking, beyond all doubt, but such as can fill but few volumes that will not admit of an almost indefinite compression. Some distinctions will certainly be found in Africa in the forms of barbarous society: but, even if these were considered as more frequent than they have hitherto been found to be, it should be recollected that the traveller must be engaged with the present only: the past, except in a few countries, and those of small extent when compared with the whole, offering little for his researches or reflections.

Now these very circumstances, which render Africa a region less fertile in impressive scenes, in objects of comparison, and in historical reminiscences, are the same which afford much greater facility in combining those writings that relate to it into a compact and at the same time an instructive narrative, than can be the case of Asia. The works and authorities that are to be consulted and abridged necessarily derive their particular character from the scenes visited, and will be more or less adapted to compression as those scenes are more or less fertile in remarkable objects and elements of disquisition.

The volumes at present under consideration go far to convince us, when contrasted with their predecessors, that we have taken a true view of this case. A *History of Discovery* is certainly very different from a compilation of travels, yet still it is not a very definable title: for it may be either a detail of the personal adventures of the discoverers, or a history of the places visited in the prosecution of the plan of such discovery. In the former of these two cases, it would signify little whether the countries visited resembled Africa or Asia as to the practicability of rendering such annals satisfactory to the reader: but, in the latter case, the different circumstances of the countries, if the limits under which they are examined are the same, must enter very widely into the possibility of adequately compassing the proposed end. Mr. Murray's present work partakes of both these plans; and the result has been that, in many instances, the compression which has been used in analyzing the works of travellers has squeezed them so dry as to leave but a small portion of that entertainment which is subservient to instruction. Great pains, however, have been taken to collect a variety of materials: the journals of travellers now become very rare from their age, and curious from the simplicity of their remarks, have been drawn forth from their secrecy; and not merely those which were preserved in old compendiums of travels, but many others which could not have been obtained without diligent research. The portions of the narrative drawn from these sources are very amusing; and, without pretending to say how much of this interesting matter has been suppressed, we know that very much has been preserved; generally sufficient to afford a good idea of the personal character of the authors, their adventures, and the leading features of Asiatic manners at the places which they visited and at the times in which they lived. Still, in proportion as *they* have been indulged, the *moderns* have frequently suffered; and we have often wished to return to them, when fatigued by the jejune analysis of our own contemporaries.

To afford a sufficient view of the general arrangement and method of the work, we may state that the three volumes are divided into six books; of which the first contains General Travels through Asia, commencing with the discoveries of the antients and the Arabians. They are succeeded by the early European embassies into Tartary, the travels of Rubruquis, Marco Polo, Mandeville, and others. The adventures of missions, partly political and partly religious, in the age of Timur, next follow. Voyages along the southern coasts of Asia, travels across the Caspian to Persia and Bokhara, and to and from India by an overland route, thence again to China, and, lastly, expeditions through central Asia and the Great Desert, succeed in the order which we have given; and this first book is concluded with a view of the geographical

systems

systems relating to India, drawn up with clearness and conciseness.

Book II. is entirely devoted to Indostan: the travels commencing with those of Cosmas Indicopleustes in the sixth century, and descending to our own times. The four concluding chapters of this book relate respectively to the geography and statistics of Indostan, — its religion and literature, — a general view of society there, — and the British system in India. The chapter which is occupied with religion and literature is remarkably satisfactory in its details, and conveys more real information than we have often seen digested into a similar space.

For the third book, on the Countries bordering on Indostan, the author has been chiefly indebted to more modern writers. It comprehends travels through the Himmaleh, and to the sources of the Indian rivers; together with accounts of Thibet, Nepaul, Caubul, &c. &c.

Book IV. takes Western Asia for its general title, and contains both early and recent travels in Persia, the Holy Land, Asiatic Turkey, and Arabia.

The fifth book, like its predecessor, taking the travels in the separate countries which fall under the head of Eastern Asia in chronological order, comprizes the countries east of India to China, China itself, and Japan.

The last book relates to northern Asia, and includes travels in the Caucasus and Siberia. A very useful appendix contains a copious catalogue of the most important works that have been written, in all ages, relating to this interesting quarter of the globe; embracing not merely those which have been used as authorities, but others that deserve a place in the library of the man of science and research. Some such register as this was very requisite to enable the curious to ascertain in what collections, and under what titles, they might meet with the adventurers of a more early date and more rare occurrence. That some omissions may be detected among modern writers, and those of the highest note, must be confessed: but the catalogue is avowedly not universal, and is principally directed to the authors who have been cited in the work. Still, as these limits are exceeded, we could wish that, in a future impression of this history, they may be altogether disregarded, and a perfect catalogue substituted for the present.

We do not perceive any serious objections to the arrangement which we have detailed, although the author apparently expects that such would arise. On the whole, geographical and national distinctions appear well preserved in the divisions

sions that are given; and, although much if not all of the substance of the first and longest book would naturally have fallen under the leading subject of its successors, we cannot but think that more has been gained than lost by the method that has been pursued. The islands of the Indian Archipelago, together with Australasia, are altogether excluded: but we hope that an additional book may be hereafter devoted to them; for, though we agree with Mr. Murray that they do not form an essential part of the original plan, they will add much to its general character of comprehensiveness. With the exception of the latter chapters of the book relating to Indostan, description, technically so termed in travels, has not been much pursued; and the want of it is one of the causes of dryness in the analyses of some of the modern travellers, to which we have already adverted: yet we are aware that, had it been allowed occasionally, and at other times rejected arbitrarily, the work must have lost all uniformity of execution: while, on the other hand, had any general latitude been given for the introduction of it throughout, we must have had a vast collection of abridged travels, instead of a history of discovery.

Respecting a publication of this nature, we may conceive that we have already sufficiently discharged our duty in explaining the plan and the contents, and offering our opinion on the merits of the execution: but something more amusing, we know, is expected in these days from the annals of literature; and, in the hope of fulfilling that expectation, we will turn to the fourth book, as relating to countries or a class of travellers that have lately more occupied our attention.

We read of no modern European travellers in Persia before the latter end of the fifteenth century; when the rapid progress of Mohammed the Second had terrified the European nations which bordered on his new conquests in their own quarter of the globe. Above all, it was incumbent on the Venetians, from the nature of their power and the scattered situation of many of their possessions, to devise some means for checking so dangerous a neighbour. Accordingly, a design was entertained of creating an enemy to the Mohammedan power in its rear; and Caterino Zeno was induced to undertake an embassy to Uzum-Cassan, then reigning monarch of Persia; whose wife, being the daughter of the Emperor of Trebizond, a Greek prince, professed Christianity. Zeno was distantly related to this Queen Despina, and his reception at the Persian court did credit to the respect which they paid to the ties of consanguinity: though some time elapsed before he procured an interview with the Queen, his aunt, "it being stated that once to allow her face to be seen by him would be considered an entire breach of the conjugal faith." When these scruples were overcome, Zeno became very familiar with the royal pair, resided in the palace, and was even on such easy terms as to be admitted to their sleeping apartment while they were in bed together. His political mission, however, was not very prosperous; for, though it did produce a short war against Mohammed, the contest was such as to prove rather a diversion to that prince than an annoyance. Josaphat Barbaro, another Venetian, next undertook the embassy; from which Zeno had been dispatched with messages to Europe. He landed on the Caramanian coast, and had therefore opportunities for considerable observation in the extent of country which he traversed: but he does not seem to have much availed himself of these advantages, being more occupied with his own ill-treatment from Turcoman robbers than with any other adventures. At Tauris, he found the redoubtable Uzum-Cassan; to whom he seems to have recommended himself by his admiration of every thing which the monarch presented to his notice. A balass-ruby, weighing two ounces and a half, having been shewn to him for his valuation, he replied that it could only be estimated in cities, and not by gold. The sovereign's wardrobe exceeded all that modern Kremlins can display, and Barbaro lauded it accordingly. His statistics and antiquarian observations are very easily recorded: 25,000 fighting men were attended by 30,000 camels, 25,000 horses, 20,000 asses, and 5000 mules. The "*epota flumina, Medo prandente*," seems therefore, in a dry country, to have been no incredible circumstance. The ruins of Persepolis he attributed to Jewish origin; which Mr. Murray has observed to be no unusual mistake not only with Mohammedan but with other early travellers. The mode in which some of our native antiquities are attributed by the parochial *Cicerones* to the Romans, by whom, however, they frequently mean the *Catholics*, renders these errors less remarkable. One conspicuous figure, indeed, was as clearly Solomon as a cloud was a weazel; — and Barbaro had strong suspicions that in another he recognized the Pope giving his benediction. Such contradictions in chronology do not appear to have occasioned any especial trouble to this ambassador.

A subsequent Venetian traveller, of nearly the same time, Contarini, as reported by Mr. Murray, has left as little to observe either of his political objects or his personal adventures. These same persevering republicans appear to have been far from disheartened by the insufficient results of former embassies; and again, in 1575, we read of the travels of Vicenze Alessandri, undertaken in their service, to the court of the Shah Thamas at Tauris. Oriental seclusion was at that time the character of the prince; and several instances are given of the state of police and royal impartiality which are very amusing. One may be taken as an instance:

‘ A merchant having been handsomely feasted by some of the royal guards, was immediately robbed of a large sum by persons whom he believed to be in the employ of these his courteous entertainers. By friends and presents he found access to the King, and earnestly entreated that these guards should be imprisoned and examined. The King expressed his entire concurrence, provided the merchant would accede to the condition that, in the event of not being able to prove his allegations, *his* head should be cut off. The merchant did not think it expedient to embark in a contest liable to such a termination. A few days after, however, he obtained certain information on the subject; and having by a new present of four hundred ducats gained fresh access to the King, the money was found in the possession of the guard. The King then graciously ordered that it should be deposited in his own treasury.’

Still this same monarch, whose equitable solution of such cases as these is illustrated and enforced by other stories, is said to have been venerated by his subjects ‘ rather as a god than a king.’ Some English merchants were found by Alessandri living at Tauris, but met with very little success. The two brothers, Sir Anthony and Sir Robert Shirley, resided in Persia during the reign of Shah Abbas the great; and Purchas, according to Mr. Murray, places their political importance in an absurdly exaggerated light, which their own narratives, or rather that of the former, will by no means justify. His character of the Shah, in whose service he lived, is described as vaguely panegyrical: had it been closely drawn, and not merely “ a character to let,” it would not have been unimportant to the history of the period. The mode in which he was able to live, “ *illâ quoque tutus in aulâ*,” was not unlike that of the type whom he followed, and who never tried to swim against the stream. “ So much I know,” says he, “ that in handling with prince's especial affairs, I ought not so much to repose myself on the good and just property of my proposition, as upon the direct knowledge of the nature of the prince.” Persons have acted very much on this principle in all days, but it is more conspicuous in practice than in profession.

Garcia de Sylva supplies much of what Shirley omits regarding the far-famed Shah Abbas, but opens him to us by anecdotes more than by regular portraiture. The capture of the Portuguese settlement at Ormuz in the Persian Gulf, in 1621, having created great dismay at Goa, then under Spanish dominion, (it was during the reign of Philip the Third,) an attempt was made to regain by negotiation what had been lost in war, and Garcia was appointed to the mission. The magnificence of his reception in different cities on his route, and some account of them, employ most of the journal of his progress to the court; Gombroon, Lara, Shiraz, the ruins of Persepolis, Ispahan, and Cashan, being visited by him in his way to Casbin, then the royal residence: but his comparisons, being chiefly drawn from his own native country, are comparatively uninteresting to the English reader. The *cortège* appointed to accompany the Ambassador was numerous and splendid: but he was a little discomposed at finding not fewer than six hundred persons drawn out as bearers of his presents; the consequence of which was that, individually, they had very little reason to complain of the weight of the articles which they bore.

'On reaching the palace, they were detained for half an hour at the gate. Indignant, less at the hardship than at the "pride of these barbarous Orientals," Don Garcia announced his determination to return home, unless immediate admission was obtained. Hereupon he soon gained permission to enter the royal gardens, and proceeded through an avenue of large and beautiful trees of considerable dimensions, to a lake; in the midst was a summer-house, open on all sides, but covered with a cupola, supported by four columns. The approach was by a small bridge, of which they had passed two thirds when the train suddenly stopped, and the interpreter called out "The King!" Shah Abbas in fact appeared, coming out alone from the summer-house. The first view of this prince subverted every idea which Don Garcia had formed respecting the court of this great potentate. Instead of an oriental pageant, blazing with gold and gems, he saw a little man, drest in a paltry robe, such as was worn by his meanest subjects, and a bonnet still shabbier than the robe. His face, not naturally swarthy, was tanned by continual exposure to the air; his hands were rough, coarse, and black, like those of the rudest peasant, whom indeed he in every respect resembled.'

The simplicity of the Ambassador's fare corresponded with the monarch's dress, which does not imply much delicacy or variety. The King himself was of the number of those who, like Tom Thumb, do not like to be "*petitioned any petitions,*" though they can request favours very suitable to their own convenience to receive. The question relative to Ormuz, therefore, was no sooner put than his Majesty's attention was constantly diverted to some other subject.

Apparently too polite to refuse or negative an application, he assumed to himself the right of selecting his own topics for conversation, and of introducing them, though entirely irrelevant to what was passing at the time, whenever he was indisposed to answer the Ambassador. At last, when much pushed on the subject of the embassy, he thought of a new plan, viz. that of having a Catholic monk, whom he had allowed to settle at Ispahan, constantly at hand with his sacred book. The monarch's piety was now uniformly kindled whenever the name of Ormuz was mentioned, the book was opened, and, though he could not understand a syllable of it, he was overcome with fits of rapturous and fervent devotion, immediately on this talismanic spring being touched. The farce seems to have been well played, though rather too broadly. It needs scarcely be added that, in the end, Garcia gained nothing by his mission.

After Olearius, who was sent on a mercantile speculation by the Duke of Holstein to Persia in 1633, and Sir Thomas Herbert, whose precise object in travelling thither is not explained, but whose expedition is nearly of the same date, we arrive at the name of Chardin, to whom Europe is deeply indebted for much of its acquaintance with the East. Yet, although this traveller spent a very considerable time in the Persian territories, the only detailed account which he has given is that (as Mr. M. informs us) of one journey undertaken in 1673 by order of Louis the Fourteenth, on a mercantile speculation for the purchase of jewels. His travels were reprinted several times on the Continent, and have long since been translated into our own language; so that any particular account of them would be mis-placed here. The English version is not noticed in Mr. Murray's appendix; which, if hereafter enlarged, we hope will contain notices of this and other translations. The narrative of Chardin's perils by land in Mingrelia and Georgia is entertaining, but presents little novelty, as they arose generally from the same cause, viz. the cupidity of the natives and their rulers to appropriate to themselves any valuables that strangers might possess. One peculiar embarrassment, indeed, assailed him; and this was the officious kindness of a Mingrelian princess in insisting on providing him with a wife: but he appears to have escaped by some means from an apprehension which was very appalling to him. The modern religious missionaries have not unfrequently been reduced to strange difficulties by such offers: but other travellers in Persia seem either to have taken those instances of kindness in a different view, or not to have been troubled with them. — Chardin's account of the literature of Persia, at the time of his visit, may probably be the most amusing extract that we can make from the very concise abridgement of his diffuse work.

'The Persians are a lettered people. The sciences are even their ruling passion. The great men pay the greatest attention to the education of their children, which is chiefly conducted at home by hired tutors. Even men with long beards, thirty, forty, or fifty years of age, are not ashamed to be seen at their studies, and even to begin the elements of learning. The three ranks of their wise men are *Taleb*, *Mollah*, and *Moushtehed*. This last is a character far superior to any which letters can confer in Europe. The *Moushtehed* is supposed to understand all the sixty-two sciences, and to be entitled to give opinions upon every subject, which it would be perilous to contradict. This lofty dignity is conferred solely by public consent, and few enjoy it undisputed.* Chardin knew only one, and even in his case the voice of the nation was not quite unanimous. There were many, however, on the road to be *Moushteheds*. Chardin extols much the sciences of Persia, representing them as quite equal to those of Europe, unless in respect of some new discoveries, many even of which, accounted new by us, are old in the East. He adds that all the Greek authors known to us are translated into Persian, and familiarly read. On this last point, Mr. Langlès (editor of Chardin) observes that his author is certainly mistaken, the Greek translations (i. e. *the translations from the Greek*) being confined to fragments of Aristotle, Galen, Euclid, and Ptolemy. They know nothing of the history of the West, nor even of their own country prior to the Mahometan invasion. Alexander with them is the mere hero of poetical fables.'

The circle of sciences pompously announced resolves itself also, on examination, into very few heads. Poetry was their chief passion, which was either amatory or moral and didactic; and even then rigid Mohammedans considered it as scarcely lawful to peruse Hafiz without interpreting him in a mystical sense.

A few more travellers in Persia, of similar date with Chardin, bring us down to the recent accounts of that empire which Malcolm, Morier, and others, have laid before the public; and the latest work mentioned is the very sensible memoir of Mr. Rich concerning Babylon, on which we have twice bestowed no inconsiderable share of attention.†

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* Thus resembling in some way the pugilistic championship, or, as it is technically called, "the hat," among our boxers. — *Rev.*

† See Rev. vol. lxxxi. p. 257., and vol. lxxxix. p. 41.

The pilgrimages to the Holy Land carry back the history of European travels (for the word discovery seems scarcely applicable to the greater part of Asia,) to a much more remote date in Syria and the adjacent countries than in other parts of that continent. The earliest traveller mentioned by Mr. Murray may be considered indeed as coëval with, if not anterior to, the usual notion of the commencement of modern history. Arnulphus journeyed in 705: but Mr. M. observes of him, and of his contemporaries and successors in the task of pilgrimage, that, although their recorded travels are almost innumerable, they afford scarcely any information of the state of the countries through which they passed; limiting their remarks to the specific spot, the arrival at which was the object of their expedition. Some regarded such a forbearance as a religious duty, and others probably were but ill qualified even for the easy task of journal-writing. The comparison between Papists and Methodists is now of old date and celebrity: but an illustration of it in the manners of the former at such early periods of history is somewhat singular. The principle of mixing nothing secular with religious pursuits, or rather the ostentatious profession of it, is equally conspicuous in both instances, and is much exemplified in our own days by contrasting the accounts given by Methodist and Moravian missionaries. To speak of a Papist of the eighth century might seem a little slip in chronology, if taken in a very restrictive sense: but the principle to which we have alluded seems to have descended unimpaired to much later æras. Martin Baumgarten, who travelled at the commencement of the sixteenth century, (1507,) takes a more general view of the countries which he saw than most other pilgrims, and indeed his travels were more extensive: yet much is not to be expected from a traveller who satisfies himself with describing the pyramids of Gizeh as "a prodigious piece of work, especially in so sandy a country."

We trust that we have said enough to convey a general idea of the work before us. Our object has been simply to draw a little from the old writers relating to one division of the main subject; presuming that, after what we have said of the execution of the publication generally, our readers can then have little difficulty in forming an opinion of the whole.

Art. IV. *Holkham; its Agriculture, &c.* By Edward Rigby, Esq., M. D., F. L. S., &c. &c. The third Edition, considerably enlarged. 8vo. pp. 140. Hunter.

"*Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.*"

We, however, have the good fortune to know something of 'Holkham and its Agriculture,' and have occasionally seized an opportunity of alluding to this fairy creation of the present proprietor; a man of personal and political integrity beyond all suspicion, of sound practical sense, of unbounded liberality, and who has done more good to the county of Norfolk than any individual who ever trod the surface of its soil. If Neptune struck the earth with his trident and produced the horse *, so it may be truly asserted of Mr. Coke,

"*Cultor nemorum, cui pinguia Cææ*
Ter centum rubri *tondent dumeta juvenci,*"

that, wherever he has planted his foot on the ground, an ear of corn has sprung up on the spot which received its impression. It gives us great pleasure, therefore, to see so intelligent an observer as Dr. Rigby, who is in every respect competent to do justice to the subject, employing his leisure-evenings in describing that system of husbandry which has converted a desert into a garden, or more properly into a granary; which fertilizes the soil, while it draws from it the most grateful supplies; which enriches a tenantry, while it supports the landlord in opulence; and which has enabled the naturally sterile fields of Norfolk to grow a superabundant produce, and export it to every part of the kingdom.

On Mr. Coke's accession to his estate at Holkham, about forty-four years ago, the income of it was 2200l. a year; and he has planted, in the course of that time, between fifteen and sixteen hundred acres of land, now proudly bearing magnificent woods, the annual trimmings and thinnings of which far exceed the original rental of the whole estate. When Dr. Rigby's pamphlet was published, the annual gross produce from the poles, underwood, and spare timber of the Holkham plantation, was 2700l.: but in the last year it had increased to 3600l.

The master-spring of Mr. Coke's policy is to give his tenants every possible encouragement to improve their farms to the utmost. Accordingly, he lets them, not on *lazy* rents, (that is to say, at half their value,) but on very easy and moderate rents, with liberal covenants, and leases of one-and-twenty years. The farm which he occupies himself consists of about 2000 acres; those of his tenants vary from 500 to 1200. Two years ago, *at the forty-second anniversary of his sheep-shearing*, Mr. Coke publicly stated that, when he began that festival, "the land of Holkham was so poor and unproductive that much of it was not worth five shillings an acre;" indeed, he said that a large tract had been let *tythe-free*, on a long lease, at three shillings per acre. At the expiration of this tenant's lease, Mr. Coke offered him a new one for 21 years at five shillings per acre, but he had not courage to accept it; and Mr. C. procured for him a farm under another gentleman, and took the land in question into his own possession. At the time of which we are now speaking, the culture of wheat was entirely unknown in this district; and in the whole tract of country which lies between Holkham and Lynn, not an ear was to be seen, nor was it believed that an ear of wheat would grow. Indeed, Norfolk was at that period a county for rye, and not what it now is, a county for abundant crops of wheat and barley. From long leases, and the most liberal encouragement to an improved system of agriculture, *the total increase on Mr. Coke's Norfolk rents amounts to twenty thousand a year*, not only without distressing his tenants, but with improving their situation; — a *creation* of wealth, as Dr. Rigby observes, probably unexampled, except in the vicinity of large towns or in populous manufacturing districts.

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* —— "*Tuque, O, cui prima frementem*
Fudit equum magno tellus percussa tridenti,
Neptune." — Virg.

Farmers have been rather hardly used. If a man invests a few thousand pounds in commerce, he gives his sons a classical education, and his daughters are instructed in the various accomplishments of the age, as the sons and daughters of a "British merchant" who may, without any reproach, live in a corresponding style of fashion himself: but the sons of a substantial "British farmer," truly, must be *adscripti glebæ*, fixed to the soil, rooted in the clod: they must continue to plough and harrow, sow and reap; and his daughters must pass their time in the dairy and cheese-chamber, or relieve the monotony of the employment by plucking geese and trussing turkies for market. The farmer *steps out of his sphere*, it is said, if *his* sons go to Eton or Westminster; or if *his* daughters learn music, dancing, and drawing. Where is the sense or the justice of this? Are not as much talent, science, alertness, and comprehension of mind, and as much capital, required to conduct a large farm as to conduct any mercantile concern of corresponding extent? Many of Mr. Coke's tenants are opulent: their farms are extensive; and, on the renewal of their leases, he has built large, commodious, and handsome houses for them. This is just as it should be. Let the advocates of small farms, to the exclusion of large holdings, visit Holkham; where they will see around them marks of an increasing population and of increasing enjoyment; where, *notwithstanding the most unsparing use of machinery, and annual premiums bestowed for the encouragement of it*, they will find men, women, and children all abundantly provided with employment, well fed, well clothed, and well housed; and where they will hear, moreover, of the demand for labour daily augmenting on these large farms, in consequence of the daily improving system of husbandry which is pursued on them.

Mr. Coke attributes much of the progress made by Norfolk in its agriculture to the enlargement of flocks, which unavoidably demand an extension of farms to graze them: but if these flocks become, as experience has proved that they do, the means of increasing the productions of the soil, then must the large farms which they require be advantageous to the community. Let it not be supposed that we are advocates, or that we imagine any man in his sober senses to be an advocate, for throwing down the boundary-fences of half a score small farms in order to make one large farm. God forbid! In a well regulated system, there must be farms of all sizes, from the potatoe-ground of the labourer to the vast domain of the baronial landlord; and it is this *gentle* slope, this *unbroken* ascent, that constitutes the solidity as well as the beauty of the mighty pyramid of human society. In the course of another generation, apparently, the question will be settled as to the preference of large or small farms. Some years hence, there will be no large proprietors of land in France; and the increase of small landholders must be very rapid, for, by the law of succession in that country, land must be divided equally among all the children of a marriage: that is to say, the father has only the power of adding one portion to that of the eldest son, and, if the number of his children exceeds five, this power is withdrawn. Thus must all the landed estates be absolutely broken down, and indefinitely subdivided, in a generation or two. It seems scarcely possible to have taken a step more destructive of a permanent and hereditary aristocracy, in the very heat of the Revolution, than this is. How long would the House of Peers of Great Britain remain under the operation of such a levelling law: and how long will that of France exist under it? In the lapse of no great portion of time, France *must* become a nation of cottagers; and the *break* will be prodigious between the throne and the people. There will be an apex and a base, but no central body to unite and cement them together, and to form the smooth and continuous outline or the solid substance of the pyramid. Since the present farm-buildings, like the chateaux, must be vastly too large for the proprietors of the next generation, they must be divided, multiplied, and reduced to the most diminutive size. Will agriculture flourish under the spade-culture of a nation of cottage-agriculturists? Machinery can never be employed to any extent; for there will be neither room nor occasion for it. The application of capital is out of the question: matter is infinitely divisible, and therefore it cannot be annihilated: but its dispersion into *sous* and *centimes* must render it of very insignificant use in agriculture.

Mr. Coke has not been inattentive, as Dr. Rigby most truly observes, to the comfort and accommodation of the numerous and increasing labourers on his different estates; the extent of cottage-occupations of a superior character being, probably, unequalled in any other merely agricultural district. Nor has he enlarged his farms by swallowing up those that were small and contiguous, but by bringing new lands into cultivation; and principally of such inferior quality that they would not, separately, for a series of years, have reimbursed the expence of inclosure, tillage, and the erection of those various buildings which a farm requires. Mr. C. observed at his sheep-shearing two years ago, "that three times the number of inhabitants are now maintained on the same space of ground as before;" and from actual enumeration it appears that, within a few years, since cultivation has advanced by the union of capital and skill, the population of his own village has risen from two to six hundred. Scarcely an individual in it of any age is unable to find full employment, and hands are often wanted. It was represented to him some time past, by the principal inhabitants of Holkham and the neighbouring parishes of Warham and Wighton, that their poor-house was no longer wanted; and that it was a burden to keep it up, the number of their poor being so much diminished that they had no inhabitants for it. With great caution and prudence, Mr. C. advised them to consider well what they were about, and to look forwards to times in which the poor might increase. The gentlemen replied, "they were convinced that, by the spirit of independence which their comforts inspired, and the certainty of labour, they had no dread of a reverse, for the whole district was industrious and moral." *The work-house was accordingly pulled down*, and the aged and infirm were but a small burden to the three parishes. (P. 79.) What an admirable lesson in political economy is this! and where is the cold-blooded churl that can refrain from paying the homage due to the man whose indefatigable exertions and liberal spirit have furnished a practical illustration of its efficacy?

Dr. Rigby's pamphlet has already passed through three editions, and we should be glad to see it pass through as many more. Of the general fidelity of its representations we have no doubt; for much of it, indeed, we can personally vouch; and so can thousands who, at some period of their lives, have participated in the princely hospitalities of Holkham, and have witnessed crops of incredible luxuriance on a soil from which Nature, in some penurious mood, had withholden her usual bounty.

We must now take leave of *Holkham*, being invited to pay a visit to *Framingham*, the very beautiful country-seat of Dr. Rigby himself.

Art. V. *Framingham*, its Agriculture, &c.; including the Economy of a small Farm. By Edward Rigby, Esq. M.D. F.L. and H.S. &c. 8vo. pp. 107. 3s. 6d. Hunter. 1820.

Many of our readers, no doubt, have perused White's Natural History of Selborne; and to those who have not we may say that they have a treat to come which we are almost wicked enough to envy, for it is one of the most delightful books with which we are acquainted. Mr. White was a clergyman who lived in the parish of Selborne a great many years, and during the whole period of his residence was in the daily habit of noticing and recording all that was curious and interesting in the objects of natural history which surrounded him; such as any remarkable varieties of season; the time of budding, leafing, flowering, &c. of trees and shrubs; the habits and manners of insects; the notes, nidification, emigration, and return of birds, &c. &c.: in short, nothing escaped his research and illustration which could interest the naturalist and the man of science. We are not going to compare the little production before us, — composed, no doubt, in the stolen hours of recreation from an anxious and laborious profession, — with the comprehensive work of a writer whose distance from "populous cities and the busy hum of men" enabled him to devote his whole attention to the favourite object of his pursuit. The good sense of Dr. Rigby, we are persuaded, would reject such flattery; and he will be satisfied with the merited praise of having trodden in the footsteps of Mr. White, and of having, in a few pages, by the course and tenor of his observations, agreeably brought so excellent a production to our remembrance.

Powerfully impressed with the admirable system of agriculture established at Holkham, where an almost barren and immeasurable desert has within the space of half a century been converted into a tract of unrivalled fertility, blooming like a garden; and where the moral and political influence of this improved system is incontestibly exhibited in the great reduction of poor-rate, and the abundant labour supplied to an increased and growing population; Dr. Rigby has very laudably exhibited it on a limited scale, more immediately to meet the attention of a class of farmers, who may consider a system practised so extensively as at Holkham to be beyond the reach of their imitation. In his own farm, however, of less than two hundred acres, almost half of which is covered with plantations, he has shewn that the adoption of such a plan is not only practicable but profitable. For the detail of his management, for the proportion of his potatoes, turnips, carrots, wheat, layer, &c., and for the enumeration of implements, quantity of live-stock, composition and management of manure, we would refer practical men to the pamphlet, where much useful information on these subjects will be found.

Dr. R. is a zealous advocate for extensive planting; for he believes that it answers in any situation, and, in certain soils, almost to any extent. This is a word of good advice whispered into the ear of landlords, but to which those only who are at their ease can listen: — tenants can have nothing to do with it, and a *poor* landlord would starve while his saplings were growing. A great proportion of the Doctor's land was planted with different kinds of firs, among which the Scotch and the Larch soon became the most conspicuous. In select parts, besides the usual forest-trees, he planted some of a rarer kind: the *Salix cærulea*, the Athenian Poplar, the Canadian Poplar, and the Oriental and Occidental Planes. Of these the *Salix cærulea* has the most rapid growth, and produces a wood applicable to many useful purposes: in a few years, it may be riven into laths, which are as strong, tough, and elastic as foreign deals. The carpenter's plane gives it a remarkably smooth polish, and the boards will serve well for in-door work:

'But the most extraordinary purpose to which it has lately been applied is a manufacture for waistcoats. The boards are struck with a grooved plane into narrow ridges, and then, with a smooth plane, the high surfaces are struck off, making smooth narrow threads, or rather ribbons, which are woven into a kind of cloth, and made into waistcoats, which, having the singular property of being impenetrable to insects, are in much request in South America; they are likewise used, as other willows have been, for women's hats. A considerable quantity of this willow has lately been purchased in this neighbourhood, by a person engaged in this manufacture, and as none but clean pieces could serve his purpose, they were sold at half-a-crown a foot.

'The Canada poplar is an ornamental tree, also of quick growth, and it soon becomes a useful wood. I have a specimen of this wood before me, with the following inscription upon it: "Canada poplar, populus monilifera, male, twenty-five years' growth, measured half a load; ten boards, fifteen feet long, ten inches wide, and an inch thick, were cut from it, besides other useful wood. Framingham, November, 1811." It is a dioecious tree, the female sometimes bearing seed in this country. The seed is beautifully involved in a cotton-like substance, which, as it opens for its escape, gradually drops down in a delicate white woolly line, and being moved by the gentlest breeze, it is often caught by a neighbouring bough, and remains suspended between the branches, forming a festoon or necklace, as its name implies.'

The Larch is a tree with many valuable qualities, which have only of late years received much attention: but perhaps Dr. Rigby over-rates the properties of its bark in tanning leather, since, though it is used for that purpose, it bears a very inferior price to oak-bark in the market. The Silver Fir, one of the most beautiful of the pine tribe, suffers in a particular degree from the depredations of cattle: if cows are allowed to feed or break into any plantations where it grows, they never fail to rub against it, break its branches, and ultimately to destroy the tree. It requires shelter, and a good soil. The Scotch Fir is a hardier and more useful plant. Planes do not thrive in this variable climate; the Oriental, from the Levant, was introduced here in 1548, and the Occidental, from North America, in 1640: yet, notwithstanding all this length of seasoning, which we might suppose would have completely naturalized them, Dr. Rigby corroborates the report which we have elsewhere heard, and of which indeed we have known instances, that, a few years ago, from an unusual severity of cold, or the prevalence of some other generally prevailing cause, the Occidental was completely destroyed throughout this country; and since that time the Oriental also has given way, so that few are now remaining in a state of healthy growth.

Dr. R. has indulged an ingenious speculation as to the growth of the *Orchis Mascula*, which, with several other species of that beautiful and singular tribe, grows abundantly at Framingham. The root is almost entirely mucilaginous, and is largely imported from the East under the name of *Salep*, as an article of nutritious and medicinal food. All attempts to raise it here from seed have failed, and the Doctor suspects this disappointment to be the result of the peculiar structure of the capsule, which does not always keep its seeds long enough to allow them to attain perfect maturity. He observes that, although such an imperfection in the original formation of this class is contrary to the usual order and correctness of nature in the structure and evolution of plants, yet the fact acquires some probability from another peculiarity which compensates for the former, as it is a provision for preserving the individual when its multiplication by seed becomes uncertain. This peculiarity in the *Orchis*, which is characterized as a perennial in botanical descriptions, is the annual production of a new root of bulbous structure, when the former root has been expended in the production and support of the plant; and from which new root the plant of the succeeding year will be derived and supported. If the want of mature seeds in this tribe of plants were universal, it is evident that there could be no increase of them; and, if the roots were annually taken up for consumption, the class would be destroyed in the course of time. Providence, however, does not put the extinction of a whole tribe of plants within the power and caprice of man; and, where the circumstance of ungenial soil or climate is hostile to the *multiplication* of any species, nature is so much the more attentive to its *preservation*. At the Botanic Garden, Edinburgh, the late Mr. Donn discovered the *Poa Alpina* on a high rock called Corbie Craig, and on the summit of several of the Highland mountains: but he observed that in these very elevated spots *it is always viviparous; that is, its flowers become perfect minute plants, which drop off and strike root in the ground;* a provision of nature obviously intended for the propagation of the plant in those Alpine regions, where the severity and moistness of the climate would, in general, prevent the seeds from ripening. This very remarkable fact will perhaps be considered as giving some support to Dr. Rigby's suggestion about the *Orchis*. It cannot be doubted that this plant ripens its seeds in those eastern countries from which we import the roots; and it is highly probable that, if they were transplanted into good soil and received the advantage of culture, they would mature their seeds here. Though a perennial in the East, the *Orchis* loses with us the characteristic distinction of perennials, namely, permanent individuality; for the plant dies annually; and, as it cannot mature its seeds, it leaves an organized body capable of producing a future plant. Thus is the *Orchis* perpetuated, although nature has not, in this country, given it her usual command to "increase and multiply."

Another very remarkable circumstance is recorded here, which we shall state in Dr. Rigby's own words. Having mentioned warmth, light *, and moisture, as necessary to vegetation, and a deficiency of any one of these as causing a languor or suspension of its functions, he proceeds thus:

> 'A deficiency of moisture may, however, as before observed, even in the summer-time, suspend the vegetative process, and induce a temporary torpor in plants, very much resembling that of winter, a singular instance of which took place in the summer of 1800, when the drought was so long and severe that many plants, not only humble ones, but even trees, experienced a suspension of vegetation, and prematurely, for it was in the beginning of August, lost their leaves, as in winter: the perfect resemblance of this temporary torpor to winter was, also, further evinced by the returning rain supplying what was necessary for a restoration of vegetation, and producing all the effects of a premature and second spring. The mountain-ash, which had lost all its leaves, and its imperfectly formed berries, and had the true appearance of winter, had a compleat renovation of leaves and blossoms; the violet started up again with fresh flower and its usual fragrance, and the caltha palustris, which had flowered in the spring, again, as in the spring, put forth fresh flowers, and could the season have been protracted long enough, they all would, doubtlessly, have perfected their seed.
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> 'But the most extraordinary effect of this singular deviation from the common course of nature, was the interruption induced in the future usual habit of many plants for some years after. The violet, which flowered on the return of rain after the severe drought, for several years continued to flower a second time in autumn, and the caltha palustris, and thence the subject of this protracted discussion, before one of the most punctual plants in nature, as to its time of flowering, and singularly synchronous with the cuckoo's first note, not only, as before observed, flowered on the return of rain after the drought, but afterwards put forth its flowers, at uncertain periods, having become sensible to much slighter changes in temperature than heretofore, and, as it were, mistaking them for spring; as a proof of which I frequently, in several mild parts of the winters, for some years after, noticed the caltha palustris, in protected spots, as in deep ditches, in perfect growth and full flower. But time, I believe, has restored them to their wonted regularity, and neither the violet nor the marsh

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* Mucor and many *fungi*, however, shun light. They are accordingly found in *dark* cellars; and we all know that common mushrooms grow under beds of straw, where they receive but little light or atmospheric *air*, which should have been added as a *fourth* essential to vegetation.

marigold are, any longer, guilty of so singular a deviation from the ordinary course of nature.'

The vegetable creation seems to be almost as much under the dominion of *habit* as the animal; for the drunkard, conscious of his degrading servitude, has sometimes succeeded in emancipating himself by a daily diminution, however slight, of his wonted potation; as plants of southern climates are gradually made to forget the stimulant of their accustomed warmth, and to endure the climate of these northern regions. Sometimes, in a paroxysm of remorse, the votary of Bacchus dashes the deadly cup on the ground; bravely resolving, while contemplating its shattered fragments, no more to be the victim of ebriety; and thus, by an almost convulsive effort, he breaks at once through the habit which had grown and strengthened with indulgence. Thus also did the severity of a single summer's drought, which retarded the flowering of the violet, the *Caltha palustris*, and some other plants, so entirely interrupt their habits as to change the period of their flowering for years afterward. The drunkard may in time resume his former habits; so did these flowers. If, on the one hand, it is to the influence of habit that we must ascribe the difficulty of inuring tender plants to our climate, on the other, it is to such influence alone that we are indebted for any power of preserving, perpetuating, and improving them: for it is clear that, if habit had no influence whatever in reconciling exotics to their new soil and climate, in vain should we transport hither the vegetable products of the north, the east, the south, and the west. Not only should we see the drowsy poppy and the barren oat disgrace our cultivated fields,

> " *inter nitentia culta*
> *Infelix lolium et steriles dominantur avenæ,*

but those cultivated fields themselves, vainly cultivated indeed, would exhibit degenerate grasses with empty husks, instead of reeds laden with heavy ears of corn. Without this wonderous power of habit, in fact, we might, like our forefathers, have been now seeking our precarious meal of acorns in the forest: for it is remarkable that we have scarcely any vegetables useful for the food of man which this country can call its own. Wheat and rye come from Tartary and Siberia, where they are yet indigenous.* It is not certainly known whence barley and oats come, but they are not natives here. We derive rice from Ethiopia, and buck-wheat from Asia. The potatoe was obtained from the mountains of Quito in South America; cabbages and lettuces, from Holland; cresses, from Crete; the cauliflower, from Cyprus; kidney beans, from the East Indies; asparagus, from Asia; garlick likewise from the East; tobacco, from America; horse-radish, from China; lentils, from France; parsley, from Egypt; fennel, from the Canary Islands; &c. &c. As with fruits, so with flowers: the jasmine comes from the East Indies; the tulip, from Cappadocia; the daffodil, from Italy; the elder-tree, from Persia; the lily, from Syria; the tube-rose, from Java and Ceylon; the pink and carnation, from Italy; &c. &c.

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* In a paper in the Transactions of the Horticultural Society, (vol. i.) Sir Joseph Banks mentions a spring-wheat which he suspects to come from the interior of the peninsula of India; from the hilly country, far within land from Bengal.

In another paper by Sir Joseph Banks, in the Transactions of the Horticultural Society, respecting the proper mode of inuring tender plants to our climate, he gives hints which evidently result from the adoption of Mr. Knight's ingenious theory, that the paternal progeny of plants resemble their parent in every respect, while the seminal offspring are susceptible of endless variation. The general principle seems to be that a disposition prevails *in plants* to retain, under different circumstances, their former habits; and a disposition *in seeds* to *acquire* the habits of their parent-plants. The Scotch farmer accordingly finds that barley grown on sandy soils in the warmest parts of England, when introduced into his country, ripens earlier than crops of the same kind from the seeds of plants which have passed through several successive generations in the colder climate of Scotland. On luxuriant soils, where crops usually have a great length of straw, it is therefore advisable to sow seed that was grown on a poor and naked soil, where it had been *the habit of the parent-plants* to grow deficient straw; and, on the same principles, seed for bare and barren heaths should be obtained from the most luxuriant fields. Seeds lose the habits of their parent-plants much quicker than plants propagated by suckers, grafts, and cuttings; which, according to Mr. Knight, are a simple elongation of the parent itself, partaking of the same life, and attended by the same habits in youth, maturity, and decay. A tender annual plant may in a few generations be so hardened as to flourish in a colder climate, in full perfection. Many of the common flowering shrubs have long been familiar to our gardens, and can scarcely be now called exotics: the laurel, the bay-tree, the arbutus, the myrtle, the orange, and various others, have been cultivated in England nearly two centuries; yet not one of them will bear with certainty our winter-frosts, although they are hardier, no doubt, than they were when first imported. Some of these shrubs ripen their seeds in this climate, but our gardeners are not accustomed to sow them, and prefer to propagate the plants by suckers and cuttings; where, to use Mr. Knight's expression, "there is no new life generated." Now, from an experiment on the *Zizania Aquatica*, or Canada rice, which Sir Joseph Banks introduced here in 1790 from North America, and which in about twelve or fourteen years had by seminal reproduction become entirely naturalized, it appears that, where the seeds of a tender exotic are sown successively year after year, the progeny rapidly improves in hardiness, and in a few generations completely accommodates itself to a greater degree of cold than its native climate. It is true that, when the Laurel was introduced by "Master Cole" two hundred years ago, he was accustomed to throw a blanket over the top of it in frosty weather for protection, and that we do not find such precaution necessary now: but it is still liable to be injured by severe weather, as the last winter abundantly proved. It appears, therefore, in the case of the laurel, myrtle, &c. where the original plant is *continued* by cuttings, suckers, or grafts, and not *transmitted* by seminal generation to a distinct offspring, that a much longer time is required to harden and adapt it to a severer climate than when the offspring are propagated seminally. Consequently, whenever the season affords an opportunity of obtaining mature seeds from any tender exotics, we should avail ourselves of the circumstance.

We must, not, however, continue these interminable speculations: though Dr. Rigby has seduced us into the groves of Framingham, and we are loth to leave them, after having whiled away a very agreeable hour in his company.

Art. VI. *King Coal's Levee, or Geological Etiquette*, with Explanatory Notes; and the *Council of the Metals.* Third Edition. To which is added, Baron Basalt's Tour. 12mo. pp. 120. 4s. Boards. Longman and Co. 1819.

Art. VII. *A Geological Primer in Verse:* with a Poetical Geognosy, or Feasting and Fighting; and sundry right pleasant Poems; with Notes. To which is added, A Critical Dissertation on "King Coal's Levee," addressed to the Professors and Students of the University of Oxford. 8vo. pp. 80. Boards. Longman and Co. 1820.

Art. VIII. *Court News;* or, The Peers of King Coal: and the Errants; or a Survey of British Strata: with explanatory Notes. 12mo. pp. 65. 3s. 6d. Boards. Longman and Co. 1820.

In this age of scientific glee, when all the animated families of nature have been summoned to the ball-room, we had ventured to anticipate that even the mineral people would ere long be asked to a *hop*, or, at least, *to tea and turn out*:—but, lo! they are greeted with the exalted pomp of a *levee*. This really appears marvellous to sedate Reviewers, who are instantly shocked at such a gross violation of probability as rocks and stones setting out on long journeys, and paying their ceremonious respects and making set speeches to a sovereign as inert and unorganized as themselves. Yet such is the deceitfulness of the human heart, that, under this semblance of honest criticism, there may unconsciously lurk some movements of peevishness or envy; and, could we candidly analyze all the workings of our internal frame, we might perhaps be convinced that, precluded as we are by our ever-during vocation from the gaieties of gala-days and the ineffable delights of the presence-chamber, we cannot endure the humiliating reflection that brute matter should, even in poetry, be supposed capable of enjoying scenes and privileges from which, alas! we are debarred.

However this may be, it is certain that the public, including some lettered divines, have not scrupled to bestow their countenance on the present exhibition of bowing and speaking stones; for 'it has now more than doubled its former size; and the author begs leave to acknowledge his obligations to the Rev. W. Conybeare of Christ Church, Oxford, for his scientific hints towards the enlargement of the text, and to the Rev. W. Buckland, Professor of Mineralogy and Geology in that University, for his kind assistance in considerable additions to the Notes.' The author, however, with becoming modesty, still limits the scene of his effusions to old England.

He commences, as every legitimate bard is bound to do, by an invocation; unfolding his theme, arraying the ceremonial of the court, and putting the loyal and dutiful subjects in motion, in the following animated strains:

'Hail shadowy power and subterranean state!
Still may such pomp around the monarch wait,
Still may the grovelling herd in silent awe
Bend at his throne, and make his nod their law,
And may some minstrel soul in happier vein,
With high-ton'd harp, in louder loftier strain,
Spread through this middle world the glories of his reign!
'King Coal, the mighty hero of the mine,
—Sprung from a dingy, but a far-fam'd line,
Who, fathoms deep, in peace our earth possest,
Curb'd but in sway by ocean's billowy breast,—
Would hold a Levee: by such gorgeous scene
To please Pyrites, his alluring queen;

Would wield the sceptre sovereign fate decreed,
Enforce obedience, smile the welcome meed,
And prove his pow'r from Vectis to the Tweed.
Forth flew the mandate; earthquakes through the land
Spoke in hoarse tones the monarch's high command:
Air caught the sounds, and in expansion free,
Spread the deep word to Albion's circling sea.
— Each pond'rous sire, each grave or sprightly dame,
Must bow before the prince of smoke and flame;
Must bend their steps, howe'er unus'd to rove,
To greet the dusky King, and his resplendent love.
  ' On ebon throne, with choicest gems enlaid,
Sat the two tenants of earth's darkest shade;
She bright and blithe, and blooming as the spring,
He stern and stately, " every inch a King."
From vaulted roof, in glist'ning arches turn'd,
Around the throne the silv'ry gas-lights burn'd;
Rose high in air, with soft ethereal fire,
That left the day no object of desire.
Mirrors of Mica, black, red, green, and white,
Mingling a rich and parti-colour'd light,
Suspensive dwelt those silv'ry suns between,
And pour'd their changeful splendor on the scene.
  ' On either side, at awful distance, stood
The subtle-minded gnomes, a swarthy brood;
The monarch's pages they, — well-train'd to bear
His instant mandates through earth, sea, or air.
Ethereal spirits, — but to visual ray
Now bodied forth, in habits rich and gay:
With tinsel stars upon each velvet dress;
— Conductors of the eye to ugliness!
Each in his hand a staff of office bore,
And grave they stood as mutes beside the dead man's door.
  ' Beneath the queen so costly and so bright,
The maids of honour, rob'd in purest white,
Soft-smiling beauties, cheer'd the dazzled sight.
As in mild summer-nights the gazer sees,
When Heaven is fair, and hush'd is every breeze,
The constellation of the Pleiades.
  ' Behind the throne, triumphant music shed
Its loudest notes around the monarch's head.
The shrill-tongued trumpet, and the deep bassoon,
And cymbal, emblem of the pale-fac'd moon,
From full blown cheeks and brawny arms, combine
To wake the drowsy echoes of the mine.
  ' Earth shook, — and well it might; for now the throng
In indolent procession mov'd along:
Mov'd, — and around a hollow murmur sent;
Mov'd on, — and star'd, and wonder'd how they went.
  ' What boots it here, in glowing verse to tell
The dire events earth's puppets that befell;

What boots it here, though earth affrighted saw
Another Lisbon yield to nature's law;
Though thousands died, — it but abridg'd the span
That fate allotted to the creature man.
Rocks moving harmless would indeed be rare!
— Sufficient for our purpose, they were there.'

The point of precedence being adjusted by seniority, Duke *Granite* moves first in the procession, attended by *Gneiss*, 'a weather-beaten man.' Next appears the Marquis of *Slate*, 'who will *split* with his best friends;' a wealthy nobleman, but racked with contortions which greatly perplexed all the faculty. To him succeeds the Countess-Dowager *Porphyry*, somewhat negligent of dress, being 'a prime blue stocking.' She is followed by Viscount *Sienite*, and his inseparable friend, *Hornblende*. Then appears Count *Grauwacké*, 'by wizard Werner bred in Saxony,' and laying claim to all the estates of the noble family of *Slate*. The elder *Sandstone* moves on, impatient for the arrival of his younger brother, who was flirting with Miss *Gypsum*.

Having noticed the subordinate kindred of the Sand-stones, and their affinity to the great Lord *Quartz*, the poet descants on the stately deportment and physical and chemical acquisitions of Sir Lawrence *Lime-stone;* the portraits of whose sons, *Lias*, *Oolite*, and *Chalk*, suggest that of their weaker cousin *Marl*. Sir Lawrence, announced by his lacquey *Spar*, in splendid livery dight, commences his speech with apologizing for the absence of his honoured mother, Lady *Marble*, who had gone to Italy on account of her health:

'He spake, and bow'd. The King here turn'd his head,
And to Pyrites in low accents said;
"I wish, sweet consort, you could once have seen
This Lady Marble; she hath lovely been.
Been, did I say? She *is:* — as I'm alive,
You scarce would take her to be thirty-five.
Astonishing how well her years she bears!
No muddy skin, no forehead seam'd by cares,
But a complexion, and an eye of light
Like a young child's, so beautiful and bright.
She shines in native loveliness and grace,
By far the most attractive of her race.
Ill health may be the plea; her native air
May tend the nervous system to repair;
But I should doubt her journey o'er the sea
Is prompted by the sex's vanity:
Since she may fancy a more genial ray
Will render beauty slower in decay.
That lady is most *highly polish'd* too,
Each court of Europe hath she travell'd through.

In this our isle indeed, you scarce can quote
A family of any style or note
Where Lady Marble cannot freely roam;
Indeed where she may not feel quite *at home.*
I wish," the monarch whisper'd in her ear,
" That no intrigue be on the *tapis* here;
For I have heard of late repeated mention,
Canova pays her very great attention."
Thus did the King reveal his mighty mind;
Then coldly to Sir Lawrence he inclin'd;
— Who saw with half an eye how sat the wind,
So bow'd again, and quickly pass'd along,
Bustling with look important through the throng.
The King had coldly view'd him, — and no wonder!
He always strove to keep that Lime-stone *under.*'

The younger *Sand-stone*, and his bride-elect, Miss *Gypsum*, are next introduced; while her lovely cousin, *Selenite*, is allowed to loiter in the anti-room, for reasons best known to her relative. In this stage of the ceremony, her Majesty is suddenly thrown into a state of great agitation and alarm by Squire *Lias*, in his cups, fantastically accoutred, and mounted on a huge crocodile, at the instigation of his bottle-companion, Jack *Clay*. The Squire is violently extruded from the presence by the Gnomes, and left to snore in the anti-room:

' Soon he awoke, and ruling reason too
Waking sad shame, — he then look'd very *blue.*
Joy to the strife that wakes no funeral knell!
One dire mischance the muse hath here to tell.
Were it but *one*, alas! 'twere passing well!
Of the King's pages few e'er reach'd their homes;
— The crocodile had swallow'd half the Gnomes!'

Chalk, who had never *crossed* King Coal at any time, though attended by his companion *Flint*, ' a right hard-hearted boy,' experiences a very gracious reception, which ' served him to discourse on for a year.' — *Marl*, unwilling ultimately to disobey the royal mandate, had despatched a messenger to Jack *Clay*, that he might be favoured with his advice and assistance. Jack was found in the island of Sheppey, but had become a gentleman of sufficient consequence to feel somewhat shy of keeping indifferent company; her Majesty's collections of shells and plants having devolved to his charge, and learned bodies having enrolled him in their ranks. Our dignified Professor, therefore, being not very anxious to appear at court in the humble capacity of attendant on a helpless invalid, was in no hurry to proceed; and, in the mean time, he had amused himself by playing his pranks on

Lias. Poor *Marl*, quite impatient of the delay, had requested his own servants to bear him along: but, from their ignorance of the paths, he met only with obstructions and bruises, and was glad to return home. *Clay* appears *in propriâ personâ*, but still too much under the influence of his late fit of hilarity to be able to stutter through his speech, or to obtain a smile from his sovereign.

The next groupe consists of Baron *Basalt*, Lady *Greenstone*, and Master *Whin*, attended by their foot-page, *Zeolite.* The haughty Baron, who boasted consummate skill in architecture, surveys the palace with great contempt:

> ' Anon he whispered in his Lady's ear,
> " Fairhead and Staffa not like this appear!
> Palace, forsooth! — a pig-stye should it be:
> Scarce fit for that: — No; Fingal's Cave for *me!*" '

As the aforesaid Baron had often disconcerted the King's best laid plans by his audacious intrusions, and all his family were regarded as a *trap*, we need scarcely mention that he experienced no courtesy from the throne. — In the motley assemblage which next throngs the anti-room, appear 'stout Mr. HORNSTONE,' 'his foster-brother, *Chert*,' *Jasper*, *Agate*, *Felspar*,

> ' Fair STEATITE, a dame of high degree,
> Earl SERPENTINE's decided *chère amie*,'

Asbestus, *Clinkstone*, &c.

> ' SWINESTONE was there — but did not tarry long,
> The ladies said he smelt so *very strong*.'

> ' These timid souls were aw'd, and all aback:
> HORNBLENDE peep'd in — but said the King look'd *black**;
> On which ASBESTUS begg'd they might retire,
> — Though reckon'd brave, and boasted — *to stand fire*.'

Old shivering *Shale*, however, took courage to advance, and greatly amused the Queen with his antique compliments and costume: while his Majesty, with much good sense and affability, received him cordially as a worthy friend and companion. In the mean time, a band of plebeian *Pebbles*, cheered by *Breccia*, had thrown the hall into confusion and alarm by their insulting and mutinous deportment, but were dispersed and put down by the efforts of the courtiers and the Gnomes. No sooner, however, were these *Radicals* quelled, than a spectacle still more appalling was presented in the form of a monstrous sledge, composed of a mammoth's skeleton, dragged by alternate pairs of hippopotami, rhinoceroses, and buffalos, and sustaining the mighty weight of *Gravel.* This huge giant remonstrates, in no very measured phrase, against the affront that had been put on him by omitting to invite his subjects to the levee:

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* Mr. Hornblend, who is by no means an Adonis, might have spared the remark. — *Rev.*

> 'Off then his cloak, with gesture proud, he threw;
> Around its gatherings, like a whirlwind, flew,
> And, as they reach'd the dome's remotest edge,
> Down sat the Giant; and on mov'd the sledge.
> But the elk's antlers caught that flying cloak,
> As o'er the palace its wide drapery broke;
> And as the sledge upon the rugged ground
> Mov'd slowly on, with deep and jarring sound,
> Toss'd the torn fragments fancifully down,
> The loose-built theories of man to crown.
> 'Now fear, that like an incubus had prest,
> And check'd the vital current in each breast,
> Roll'd slowly off: and, as with one consent,
> A deep-drawn sigh from every bosom went:
> The King gaz'd round, Pyrites rubb'd her eyes,
> Gnomes, courtiers, all awoke in wild surprise.'

The King, ashamed at having betrayed his fear, and enraged at the *Metals*, who had refused to acknowlege his supremacy, thus vows vengeance:

> 'Metals and Semi-Metals, *pure* and *base*,
> Here I denounce your vile presumptuous race.
> Earth shall behold each sulphury column roll
> Its dark and poisonous skirts from pole to pole,
> Speaking the deadly dictates of my soul.
> The universe shall witness how I treat them:
> I'll *melt* the dogs, wherever I shall meet them!'

Fear and volcanic tremblings shake the hall: the angry Monarch raises his arm: all is darkness and chaos; and many were the mishaps and discomfitures of the courtly throng in groping and squeezing their way home.

This spirited little morsel, which is neither altogether a *jeu d'esprit* nor a lesson on the mineralogy of England, and which yet partakes of both, somewhat savours of the ingenious effusions of Miss Porden *; and, as our numerous quotations must have already convinced our readers, it bespeaks much felicity of fancy, with no ordinary powers of versification. The author excels in trimming a triplet: but, in such a short poem, he should have made a more discreet use of his skill: at all events, he should have avoided two and three successive repetitions of such a licence. We object, also, to such rhymes as *form'd* and *warm'd*, *stood* and *flood*, *assorts* and *quartz*: These, however, are blemishes which a little mechanical attention may remove, and which will probably disappear in the course of a more intimate acquaintance with the Muses; and the present flattering specimen of talent warrants the expectation of some more elevated and extended performance from the same quarter.

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* See Monthly Review, vol. lxxxv. p. 29.

The notes, which unfold the *dull realities* of the theme, are far from prolix, yet may convey much useful information to those who are desirous of tracing the outlines of the geology of England, without all "the pomp and circumstance" of massy volumes. The definitions and statements are in general very correct, but one or two would require qualification. Thus, p. 48., 'it is not agreed whether clay-slate contains organic remains or not, or is to be considered primitive or secondary.' Now, the whole doctrine of mineral formations may to some appear questionable: but, if admitted, those beds of clay-slate which are found in a nearly vertical position, and associated with mica-slate, must be decidedly *primitive*. Again, the singular pyritous impressions of a family of crustaceous animals, *ogyginæ* of Brongniart, observed in the extensive slate-quarries of Angers, are a striking example of fossil remains in a repository of slate; for they pervade the mass, and figure like plates in the leaves of a book, their position being nearly vertical. In the same beds of slate are occasionally found dendritical delineations, more than a foot in length, which seem to represent some marine plant, although Guettard oddly conjectures that they are vestiges of *tremellæ*. If, then, the *secondary* character of any member of the mineral system is to be determined by its exhibiting traces of organized remains, who can doubt that such a substance as secondary slate exists?

That the members of the zeolite family are found *exclusively* in trap-rock is also asserted with too little reserve; for mesotype has been detected in primitive serpentine, and stilbite occurs in metallic veins which traverse mica-slate in Norway, as likewise in several of the primitive rocks of the Swiss and Dauphinese Alps. In the Pyrenées, too, it has been found in granite, or primitive schistus; and, in the island of Arran, in drusy cavities of the granitic rock.

Of the two minor poems in the present volume, the first is a sequel of the Levee. The assembly of the Metals, on the representation of Sir Lawrence Lime-stone in his discomfited guise, having deliberated on what steps should be taken in consequence of King Coal's fulminating speech, each proposes or endeavours to state his own views; when, at the lucky suggestion of *Manganese* they agree *never to come near him.* *Iron* had, however, reserved a *salvo* in his own breast, that his *sons* might be sent to court to push their fortunes, as they accordingly were, under the guidance of Jack Clay; and his Majesty, whose resentment had now subsided, consented to place them under the protection of Shale, for whose mellow society he had conceived a very decided *penchant.*

'Shale wove them a bower — that large *palm-trees* surrounded, —
And with *ferns* quite gigantic its area bounded.
A passion for plants had so grappled his soul,
That an old *Hortus siccus* each spare moment stole:
For which he had ransack'd the swamps and the meads,
Till his *Hortus* was richest in *grasses* and *reeds.*
But a strange antiquarian whim he display'd;
From the simplest of plants his selection was made,
And of structure primeval like none *we* descry
'Mid the bountiful gifts that the seasons supply;
Nor confin'd he his search, — for the earth widely knew
From the poles to the tropics the treasures he drew:
Which long in his cabinet hoarded so slily,
As an ancient *Herbarium* are priz'd very highly.
To Shale then the urchins were duly consign'd,
Who found them at once to his studies inclin'd:
And with him and King Coal in these regular ways
They liv'd snugly enough all the rest of their days.'

The object of *Baron Basalt's Tour* is to sketch the localities of the principal primitive and flœtz-trap-formations of England and Wales. It is very happily conceived, and executed in the style of the old romantic ballads, and in various measures. The Baron bestrides his Atlas; and his groom, Zeolite, rides Skeleton. The journey commences on the borders, and is prosecuted through the trap-districts of Northumberland, Cumberland, Derbyshire, Leicestershire, Shropshire, Wales, Gloucestershire, Devonshire, and Cornwall; and the travellers encounter various adventures, occasionally alarming the natives, and quaffing freely wine or ale as often as they experience the hospitality of the hero's kindred. The 6th and 15th stanzas, which we cull at random, must suffice as samples of this amusing and ingenious narrative; which, also, is accompanied by neat explanatory notes.

'They rose with morning's bright career,
From those grey turrets to depart,
— Where meek-ey'd pity bends to cheer
The shipwreck'd seaman's heart, —
And o'er the bosom of the deep
To the Farn Islands gaily sweep.

The Baron there got his cap well lin'd
With eider-down to nurse his brain:
By which his intellect, refin'd,
Started quite fresh again:
But since no Boswell's aid he cherish'd,
All his bon-mots — alas! — have perish'd.
But whilst he grappled each eider-duck's nest,
Zeolite suck'd the eggs;
Till the varlet grew so sick at last
He scarce could keep his legs;
And when they homeward came afloat,
He grac'd the bottom of the boat.' —

'The Baron conceiv'd that a body, when heated,
Must be cool'd ere the process can well be repeated:
And with error of judgment no mortal can tax him,
For it seems 'tis a true philosophical maxim.
So away to St. David's bold headland he hied,
And splash'd like a drake in the billowy tide;
Whilst Zeolite stood with a cargo of towels,
And blest with delectable pains in his bowels:
For we seldom in pleasure life's moments employ,
Without paying toll for the scenes we enjoy.
But whether he died, and was turn'd to Welsh dust,
Or again had the comfort of moist'ning his crust,
In the manuscript, whence these short notes are extracted,
No mention is made, — nor how Zeolite acted.'

Again we have to remind the author that *marauder* and *border*, *bore* and *war*, *nest* and *last*, *ton* and *bonnes*, *noddle* and *waddle*, are not legitimate rhymes: but we cannot close his performance without conveying to him our cordial acknowlegements for the pleasing remission from severer duties which the perusal of it has afforded us.

The '*Geological Primer*' is derived, we believe, from the pen of Mr. Bakewell, who is so well known by his geological lectures and publications.

The design of the *Poetical Geognosy* is to present, in familiar rhymes, a view of the general stratification of the earth's surface. At a grand dinner, given to all the rocks by old Neptune, each of the guests passes under the cognizance of the Muse, and his or her station is assigned in some spirited lines, which recall the smartness and vivacity of the preceding bard; and which, by the aid of an 'Argument' and a few marginal notes, unfold the presumed history of mineral formations to country gentlemen.

'The Strata from Paris arrived very late,
With letters requesting a chair and a plate.
"*Eh bien*," said the God, with a good-natured air,
"*Faites entrer Monsieur le Calcaire Grossier*;

Let him and his friends at a sideboard be placed,
And with Cerites and Lymnites the covers be graced."
' Now, Muse, raise thy voice, and be kind to our wishes,
And tell us the names of the principal dishes.
To Chalk, preserved palates and fossil Echini
Were handed in Cham-shells more pearly than China.
Then Alcyonites, Nautilites, graced a tureen,
With Belemnites tastefully stuck in between.
The Oolites were served with a wondrous profusion
Of Bivalves, dish'd up in apparent confusion.
There Trigonias, Anomias, and Arcas were placed,
And each rock took the species that tickled his taste.
At this juncture some Limpets were sent in on one dish,
From our worthy friend Halifax, vicar of Standish.
Now oviparous creatures, in which the back-bone is,
Were hash'd with remains of the Cornua Ammonis.'

The close of the banquet was disturbed by the fiery operations of Pluto, who felt highly incensed at not being asked by his brother:

' Thrice he stamp'd in a rage, and with crashes like thunder
The earth open'd wide, and the rocks burst asunder,
And the red streaming lava flow'd over and under.
It spread far and wide, till grim Pluto said " Halt!"
And ranged it in columns and files of Basalt!
For he saw Neptune coming, collecting his might,
And roaring and raising his waves for the fight.
' Now were Eurite and Greenstone beginning to *run*,
Which Hutton and Hall said was excellent fun.
But a rock-rending scene in the sequel it proved,
E'en the hard heart of Porphyry was melted and moved.
And many a rock the Muse could not draw nigh to,
She saw very plainly was soften'd *in situ*.
Now thick vapours of Sulphur, and clouds black as night,
Roll'd in volumes, and hid the whole scene from the sight;
And the Muse told the Poet 'twas time to take flight:
Adding this—" My good fellow, pray leave off your writing,
We have had quite enough both of feasting and fighting."

The *Geological Primer*, which, according to the title-page, should have been first in order, is intended as an Introduction to ' King Coal's Levee,' and is modelled on that erudite alphabetical effusion which begins with

" A was an Archer, and shot at a Frog," &c.

It exhausts all the letters of the alphabet, except Y, which might also have been pressed into the service of *yanolithe*: but the principal objection to this parody, in a *critical* point of view, is that it blends geology and mineralogy, and is a complete primer of neither.

The *Granitology* was suggested by a visit to Derby, the former residence of Dr. Darwin; who, had he lived, might, it is supposed, have sung "The Loves of the Mountains," and have adopted a strain somewhat similar to that which is here exhibited. Thus:

'In ancient time, ere Granite first had birth,
And form'd the solid pavement of the earth,
Stern Silex reign'd, and felt the strong desire
To have a son, the semblance of the sire.
To soft Alumina his court he paid,
But tried in vain to win the gentle maid;
Till to caloric and the sprites of flame
He sued for aid — nor sued for aid in vain:
They warm'd her heart, the bridal couch they spread,
And Felspar was the offspring of their bed:
He on his sparkling front and polish'd face
Mix'd with his father's strength his mother's grace.'

The subject of the lines intitled *Physical Geography* is the huge repulsive nose of a person now deceased, which might have been allowed to moulder in its native dust without molestation.

Geological Cookery consists of six receipts for the production of Granite, Porphyry, Pudding-stone, Amygdaloid, good Breccia, with a calcareous cement, and a coarse Breccia. We quote the second:

'*To make Porphyry.*

'Let Silex and Argil be well kneaded down;
Then colour at pleasure, red, grey, green, or brown:
When the paste is all ready, stick in here and there
Small crystals of Felspar, both oblong and square.*'

The verses 'on reading Madame Maintenon's Memoirs' pointedly allude to the union of gallantry and devotion, of piety and profligacy, which characterized the court of Louis XIV.

Of the *Critical Dissertation* in prose on 'King Coal's Levee,' it becomes not us to speak; else we might endeavour to shew that the ironical spirit which pervades it is *un peu trop fort:* but far be the *jalousie du metier* from our dwellings!

'* This is the old-fashioned receipt for making Porphyry, used by our grandmothers; viz. they made the paste first, and stuck in the Felspar afterwards. This method is easy and plain: but in the most approved modern receipts, the ingredients are all mixed together at first, and the Felspar is left to crystallize while the *paste is* hardening.'

The remaining production is much less inviting than either of the preceding. The *Court News* comes from a friend who sat in a *cranny*, and observed the peers as they passed. The *Errants* is little more than a memorandum of the super-position of the strata of England and Wales *done into verse*, if such a phrase be applicable to a few uncouth lines, constructed with little regard to harmony, grammar, or rhyme. It may, indeed, convince the most sceptical of the existing *freedom* of the press.

ART. IX. *Antar,* a Bedoueen Romance. Translated from the Arabic, by Terrick Hamilton, Esq., Oriental Secretary to the British Embassy at Constantinople. Part the First, in 4 Vols. Crown 8vo. 2l. 12s. 6d. Boards. Murray. 1820.

IF the translator of this romance, or poem, be intitled to the praise of indefatigable patience, we must assert, also, that no small portion of the same Christian virtue will be requisite for the reader who ventures on the appalling task of perusing it. It is indeed in vain to dissemble, little as we are inclined to throw discouragement over the labours of Mr. Hamiltion, that he will be extravagantly sanguine if he calculates on enlisting, among the admirers of Antar and his exploits, any considerable number of those who seek merely for amusement in fictitious narration; and who throw it aside with disgust and impatience, if the story becomes languid by its repetitions or wearisome in its length. From such persons, disciplined for the most part to a style of fiction that has scarcely one point of resemblance to the singular work which is now, for the first time, ushered into the world in an English translation, Antar will be highly fortunate if he escapes with no more than the contemptuous fate of being laid down nearly as soon as he is taken up.

There is, however, a class of readers, "the censure of whom must overweigh a whole theatre of others," who will try the merits of an Arabian romance of the sixth century by a standard of criticism more fair and accurate. We do not mean the professed oriental scholar; who is generally too bigoted in favour of languages to which he has dedicated many years of toilsome and persevering study to pronounce an impartial judgment; and who, from the very nature of his pursuits, must have imbibed Asiatic partialities strong enough to diminish the value of his suffrage, if not wholly to destroy it. We advert rather to those who are occupied in that pleasing and instructive science, of which the inductions *depend on* copious and varied particulars in the history of the human mind, through the different periods of its social and moral progression. To such inquirers, the first poetry of rude and uncultured nations affords invaluable data, by which they are enabled to arrive at satisfactory and decisive conclusions respecting the influence of society on their intellectual character, and the reciprocal influence of that intellectual character on social forms and institutions; — and perhaps it is not possible, in the whole circle of human research, to find clearer illustrations of the state of manners and the habits of thinking prevalent among the extraordinary race who inhabit the desert, than those which are reflected in every page of the curious and almost endless legend or poem of Antar.

In the history of these tribes, two æras occur in which they must be contemplated; viz. that which preceded Mohammed, and that which took place at the introduction of Islamism. Of the former state of the Arabs, we have hitherto had only those sketches which have been faithfully but vaguely and generally drawn in the valuable works of Abulfeda, Pococke, D'Herbelot, and others. Before Antar, we have seen no living picture of their daily and ordinary life; no mirror exhibiting on its surface their domestic intercourses and familiar pursuits; — and yet, without these, how limited must be our knowlege of a people who, from the earliest times, have been an exception to the common principles which regulate the improvement of nations, and have stood alone and unmoved in the great march of human society? We had been told, indeed, that they were hospitable, brave, and vindictive; that they fed on camels, and lived in tents; that they had an eager and unconquerable love for the property of others; and that they were remarkable for the acuteness of their perception, as well as the nicety and punctiliousness of their honour. Yet Antar is the only record of this simple but singular mode of existence; depicting the original manners of the Arabs of the desert, uncorrupted by the refinements and customs of Syria, Egypt, and Persia; and presenting details of that tribe, as picturesque and authentic as those which the Homeric poems give of the first state of society and manners in Greece.

An Arabian tale will naturally lead us to expect something in the style and character of those delightful inventions, the celebrated "Thousand and One Nights:" — but the present has nothing in common with those productions; which, according to the most learned orientalist of the age, M. Langlès, were not originally Arabian, but derived from the Pehleri or *old Persian*, and from that language translated into Arabic.

It has none of those gorgeous descriptions of palaces and gardens, or of the pomp and pride of Sultans and Vizirs, and little of the machinery of genii and magicians, which are to be found in such profusion throughout those captivating romances; but it pourtrays the simple manners of the Bedoueens of the desert, with their adventurous and migratory life; a community governed by manners rather than laws, and controlled only by a patriarchal authority which was less feared than respected. Antar himself is the most prominent figure of the tale: his exploits, which are of the miraculous kind, are the chief subjects of narration; and these are clothed in hyperbolical exaggerations, which, however offensive to correct taste, have in all times been the great delight and amusement of oriental nations. Yet it must not be supposed that Antar is merely a fictitious person: for he was the son of an Arab prince of the tribe of Abs by a black woman, whom his father had made captive in a predatory excursion; and he raised himself by the heroic qualities which he displayed from his earliest years, and by his extraordinary genius for poetry, from the state of slavery in which he was born to the confidence of his King, and to a pre-eminence above all the chiefs of Arabia. The time at which he flourished, viz. the close of the sixth and the beginning of the seventh century of the Christian æra, will account for the absence of all allusion to the customs or institutions of Islamism.

Poetry* was in high esteem among the Arabians of this period; and it was deemed a proof of ingenuous birth and high accomplishment, if any one could express himself in verse with ease and elegance on extraordinary occasions. Their poems were also the repositories in which they preserved their genealogies, the rights of tribes, and the memory of great actions. For this reason, therefore, the art was highly honoured; and he who excelled in it was so dear to his country and his race, that, when a genius of this sort arose among them, the event became the theme of public congratulation. Entertainments were even given to celebrate it, at which the women assisted, dressed in the most splendid attire, singing to the sound of timbrels the happiness of their tribe, who had now a poet to proclaim their fame, to preserve their descents, and to keep their language pure and uncorrupted; — and these festivals were not customarily instituted but on rare and fortunate occasions; such as the birth of a boy, the rise of a poet, or the fall of a foal of generous extraction. The emulation of their poets was incited by distinguished prizes, awarded to superiority in the noble contention of intellect; and the poems, which were adjudged to be victorious at an annual mart or fair held at Ocadh, were deposited in the king's treasury: as were the seven celebrated poems called Moallakat, which were hung up on the walls of the Caaba at Mecca. This assembly was suppressed by Mohammed, whose restless spirit of conquest and ambition discouraged for a time the pursuit of poetry among the Arabs; and the interruption of their favourite studies occasioned the loss of many pieces of their antient verse. Such as remained were preserved chiefly by memory.

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* See Sale's Introduction to the Koran.

The materials, whence the romance of Antar was constructed, were oral traditions of the events which it commemorates; and which are said to have been first committed to writing by a poet called Asmaee, in the reign of the celebrated caliph Haroon Raschid, the contemporary of Charlemagne.

'It is no matter of doubt,' says Mr. Hamilton, 'that this romance was composed or compiled at that period; and that it was a book highly esteemed seems equally notorious. It is, however, a very surprising circumstance that, from that time almost down to the present century, no orientalist of Europe should have mentioned its existence. Asia possesses men of ingenuity and talents, who have, with infinite labour, made commentaries on those books, generally considered as objects of research; but Haji Calfa, the most celebrated of the bibliographers of Asia, only cursorily mentions it.

'The most natural way of accounting for this omission is to suppose, that as this book exclusively related to the Arabs of the Desert, unconnected with those men of literature, whose habits and pursuits led them to prefer a residence in cities and at courts, it may, in the course of time, have been entirely lost to the learned readers, and only felt and admired amongst the hordes and tribes whose manners it so accurately described, and whose energies and passions it was so well calculated to awaken, in the perusal of those records of the intrepidity of their forefathers. Thus it may have been so long neglected, till it was at last forgotten; still, however, cherished by those who could understand its value, and engraven in the hearts and the memories of men, who might boast as being the descendants of heroes and warriors, whose glories made them pant after martial fame, and roused them, if not to imitate, at least not to discredit the celebrity of their progenitors, who had lived honoured and renowned, and whose splendid histories and deaths would survive to remotest ages, recorded by the pen of so devoted and enthusiastic an admirer of their exploits, and so capable of transmitting them to the latest posterity, in such glowing and animating description.

'Even at this period, Antar, as the hero of this romance, or Asmaee, as the reporter of his deeds, are but little known beyond the Deserts, and the towns of Aleppo, Damascus, Bagdad, and Cairo. To the Arabs, it is their standard work, which excites in them the wildest emotions; even read by some, firm in the memory of others; but listened to with avidity by all.'

So high is the estimation in which the romance is held in the East, that it is read aloud in the public coffee-houses at Aleppo, Bagdad, and Constantinople, by one particular person; who keeps a sheet in his hand, to which he occasionally refers to refresh his memory. Yet, notwithstanding its reputation in the East, Mr. Hamilton tells us that, until the publication of the "*Mines de l'Orient*," printed at Vienna in 1802, the name of Antar had scarcely been heard in Europe. Great difficulty, also, has been experienced in procuring copies; owing, in part, to the reluctance which the ballad-mongers or reciters, who live by rehearsing them in the coffee-houses, feel in supplying them; and partly to the heavy expence of transcribing them. The present translation is made from a copy procured at Aleppo, which is comprized in a smaller form than any other that has hitherto reached Europe. In general, Mr. Hamilton says that the copies are in numerous volumes, of various sizes, amounting frequently to forty, and exhibiting a mass calculated to appall the hardiest translator; and it was therefore a very lucky circumstance that this should have been found in so compressed a shape. Mr. Burckhardt (a name dear to oriental students) accounts for the abridged state of this copy, by its having undergone considerable curtailments from some learned inhabitants of Syria; and he urged Mr. Hamilton to persevere in his arduous undertaking: promising him (too sanguinely, we apprehend,) the most complete success, and a "popularity equal to that enjoyed so long by the Arabian Nights," to which, says Mr. B., "*it is in every respect superior*." This we conceive to be an overheated estimate of the merits of the work: but not unnatural, when we recollect the labour and diligence which must have been expended in the translation; and the nice perception of the beauties of Arabic diction, which, though wholly or at least in a great measure obliterated in the English version, must have largely contributed to the admiration felt by those gentlemen for the original. It may, indeed, be considered as one of the most antient books of Arabian literature; having been written in a sort of Augustan period*, when letters were studiously cultivated among the Arabic conquerors, and protected by the Arabian princes of Bagdad. Its language also is exquisitely pure; remote equally from the primitive roughness of the early and from the sparkling conceits of the latter writers. These are recommendations likely to act powerfully on the minds of persons who have attained a knowledge of this copious and beautiful language: but — saying nothing at present on the injudicious comparison into which it has been forced with the "Thousand and One Nights" — the endless repetitions occasioned by the perpetual recurrence of the same thoughts and the same events, and which in the Arabic are in some sort varied by the boundless infinities of expression almost peculiar to that tongue, must render it languid and heavy to the English reader. Can this be objected to the Arabian Nights? Who can have forgotten the potent but mysterious witchery of these light and airy creations of fancy, which, while they hovered around us, spread over our existence the delicious day-dreams whence it was agony to be awakened? Who remembers not those mixed emotions of terror, surprize, and gladness, with which we pursued the fortunes of Aladdin from his lowest condition to the enchanted palaces reared by the slaves of the lamp and the ring? Or, if these sparkling enchantments palled on us, — sating us, as it were, with the uniformity of glowing and luxuriant description, — such could never be the case with the exquisite humour of those tales which are wholly divested of prodigy, and carried on merely by human contrivance; such as the story of the little Hunchback, and the Barber and his six brothers. These are fables so diversified in character, so replete with incident, so pathetic, and so comic, that they have been the sources of a great portion of the western romance *: yet, judging by those parts that have been already translated, and by those which are not wholly unknown to us though they are still veiled in their oriental garb, we should pronounce them to be altogether unrivalled, and to form of themselves an æra in the mind of man as important and memorable to those who study its progress as the almost miraculous inventions of Homer. We must add that those extraordinary productions cannot rightly be classed with Arabian tales; a title which they have acquired from some accidental circumstance, but which is wholly disowned by the style and genius of their composition: for they evidently belong to another country, and breathe not of the scenery and climate of the Arabians, of the rocks of Arabia Petræa, or of the arid soil or the scanty and scattered palm-groves of Yemen and Syria.

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* The second century of the Hegira.

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* Various origins have been assigned successively to the romantic fiction in Europe; the tales of the Northern Scalds, the Arabian, and those of Armorica or Britanny.

Antar, on the contrary, is, in every sense of the word, an Arabian tale, and for that very reason has scarcely an attribute in common with the "Thousand and One." It is a tale of the desert; and the interest which it is calculated to excite is exclusively such as arises from the contemplation of a faithful portraiture of the wandering tribes of that country: — unless the charm of the language and the beauties of the poetry, of which the English reader can take no cognizance, be included in the consideration. Examined by this test, amid the disadvantages of a translation, (which, though executed with great judgment and fidelity, cannot impress more than a faint shadow of the original,) Antar must still be perused with considerable pleasure by those to whom the simple modes of social life afford matter of interesting speculation; and by those who are gratified with glowing and luxuriant description, united to lively and picturesque sketches of events and characters. The latter are indeed necessarily few, and the series of impressions excited by the story proportionately brief also: for it consists chiefly of prodigies of heroism and courage effected by a single hero, who drives whole armies like flocks of sheep before him, whose arm is invincible, and whose strength is inexhaustible. From the very nature of these recitals, they must be wanting in that variety which gives vigor and animation to legendary descriptions; a fault scarcely perceived, perhaps, by those who can surrender themselves to the unmingled delight imparted by the harmony of the verse, or the sweetness of the rhythm, but which must be heavily felt by readers who are ignorant of the genius and construction of the Arabian idiom. The length of the romance, moreover, which is not even yet finished in the four closely printed volumes of Mr. Hamilton's translation, will have no tendency to alleviate such a sensation.*

The principal charm of the narrative consists in the truth and freshness of its delineations, in its exact colouring and vivid sketches of the passions which agitate the breasts of its personages, and in the natural and unembellished touches of a pathos far beyond the reach of art, warm and glowing from the soul of the writer. In representing the exploits by which the hero at length attained an eminent rank among the Arabs, intitled himself to the title and privileges of an Arab chief, and in consequence acquired the right of intermarrying with the daughter of a chief, it exhibits the means by which he accomplished the great object of his ambition, the suspension of his poem in the Caaba at Mecca; and here we must caution our readers against the error, which was almost universal before the romance of Antar appeared in any European language, of confounding with this tale the poem itself: which is one of the seven poems called Al-Moallakat, (that is, the *suspended*,) and is well known to the learned world by the Latin translation of M. Menil *, and the commentary of Willmet. The romance also is interspersed with verses, chiefly in praise of Ibla, from which we may frame an accurate notion of Arabian poetry in general. On this topic the translator dilates with a predilection for his subject, which may force a smile from those whose taste and criticism have been framed on principles applicable only to the poets of the western languages.

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* The original consists of three parts, in which order the translator intends to publish it. Only the first part, extending to the marriage of Antar and Ibla, has been translated at present. The second extends to the period at which the hero suspends his poem at Mecca; and the third closes with his death.

'The poetry,' says Mr. H., 'has the charm of a more elevated style; and a wider range for the imagination has been eagerly seized by the poet. Infinitely more difficult in its construction, it is still natural, and devoid of those conceits and absurdities that abound in almost all Asiatic compositions. It comprises every variety to which poetry is applied. The heroic, the complimentary, the laudatory, the amatory, the ludicrous, the merry, and the elegiac, are all combined in the utmost profusion; even the pastoral is not omitted. A specimen of this species of poetry occurs that is perfectly unique in the language: the translator never met with any thing of the kind. Moreover, on inquiry among some learned Musulmans, he could not understand that such compositions were at all known or appreciated among them. It is in the style of an eclogue, and is introduced as a trial of skill amongst revellers at a feast. Besides its originality, it has great merit as an oriental composition, abounding in terms never before modelled into grammatical inflection, and which excited the most unfeigned admiration and surprise among some natives of Constantinople, to whom these verses were shown.

'The heroic is, of course, a mixture of all that is bold in imagery and inflated in expression; exaggeration and personal vanity run throughout the whole; perhaps these are the legitimate characteristics of such poetry: certainly we have the highest authority for its currency, in a poet whose writings are considered as the standard for whatever is grand and majestical in that species of poetical composition.

'The elegiac has drawn tears from persons, whose sympathy and tenderness were fashioned to be roused by such scenes as are described in this work, and are therefore as true to nature as those feelings which are recognised in a more refined state of society.

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* *Antaræ Poema Arabicum Moolakah, cum integris Zouzenii scholiis. E codice Manuscripto edidit et in Lat. sermonem transtulit Vincentius Menil.* Lugd. Bat. 1816.

'The ludicrous and satirical are in some instances too gross, often indelicate, but not obscene. There is something pretty and original in the amatory style; and the merry can move to mirth in its innocence and playfulness. As to the complimentary, it is, as as is the case in all languages, the least entitled to commendation, abounding in ridiculous conceits and unintelligible panegyric.'

If Antar obtains among us any admirers, they will be *intense* admirers. They must be found among the lovers of that species of verse which may be emphatically styled the poesy of the heart; and which in every country is antecedent to the more polished kind that is elaborated by the intellect, and dazzles by contrasts of words and brilliancy of diction, instead of impressing the mind with the truth and justness of its sentiments. Such readers will gather around Antar, and hang with unwearied delight over these exquisite recitals of his adventures; and the work will charm them not only as a specimen of a poetry speaking the voice of nature, and wholly divested of the artificial character which the commerce of refined societies imparts to the poetry of more cultured nations, but as an effort of genius conceived and executed in the loftiest spirit of oriental composition. Sir William Jones, who had met with only a small part of this voluminous legend, speaking of it in his commentaries on Asiatic Poetry, says, "I have only seen the fourteenth volume of this work, which comprizes all that is elegant and noble in language: — so lofty, so various, and so bold in its style, that I do not hesitate to rank it among the most finished poems."

An abstract of such a romance would be incompatible with the widest limits of our journal: but we should not discharge our duty to oriental learning, or to the diligence and assiduity of Mr. Hamilton, if we hesitated to afford our readers, by means of a few extracts, an opportunity of forming some judgment of its merits.

Of his gigantic power and extraordinary courage, Antar in his infancy gave a striking presage. When Zebeeba (his mother) wished to wean him, he grumbled and growled; 'and the corners of his eyes became fiery red, so that he appeared like a mass of crimson blood.' Many chiefs of the tribe laid claim to him, because he was strong and stout, for Shedad his father had taken his mother to himself, and distributed the plunder of one of their expeditions among the

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rest. The contest would have been sanguinary, but King Zoheir desired Shedad to produce before him the young slave who was the object of contention.

'Upon that, Shedad departed and brought Antar before him; and the King beheld him, and lo! he was like a lion when he roars. As soon as he saw him he gave a loud scream, and threw a piece of meat at him; but a dog that was there got before him, and snatched up the meat like a hawk, and ran away. But Antar followed him till he came up with him; he was greatly enraged, and seized hold of him with all his strength. He wrenched open his jaws, and tore them in twain even to the shoulders, and snatched the meat out of his mouth. When the King saw this, he was astonished, and the Arab chiefs that were present were amazed; and exclaimed, what ingenuity, what power, strength, and ability! O my friends, said King Zoheir, contend no more about such a wretch as this! but if it is absolutely necessary that this business should be decided, I must refer you to the Cadi Bashar, son of Codha'ah the Fazarean; let him give sentence on this point, and settle to whom this slave belongs. Tell him the story, for he is the Cadi of the Arabs.

'When they heard King Zoheir's remarks, they instantly withdrew their hands from their swords, and mounting their horses, went before the Cadi, to whom they explained what had happened. In fine, the Cadi decided that the child should be the property of Shedad; for he was their leader, and no one but him had any knowledge of the woman. You agreed to the partition, said he, and he affixed his name to him; you have therefore resigned the woman, and you took your share of the spoil and plunder; besides, the child resembles Shedad. Contend and be at variance no more, but return in peace and quietness. Thus, as soon as the Arab chiefs heard the Cadi's sentence, they yielded; and when they reached their homes, they passed their time in friendship and comfort. Soon after, Shedad made a separate house for Zebeeba and her children, and he gave her whatever she wanted, and consigned over to her charge her two children, and also gave her particular injunction about her youngest son called Antar.

'Now Antar was becoming a big boy, and grew up, and used to accompany his mother to the pastures, and he watched the cattle; and this he continued to do till he increased in stature. He used to walk and run about to harden himself, till at length his muscles were strengthened, his frame altogether more robust, and his bones more firm and solid, and his speech correct. He then began to tyrannize over boys of the same age, and beat his brothers; and when he returned from the pastures, he amused himself with the servants and women; and he would eat nothing but what he liked; and whoever offended him he would thrash with a stick, till he tortured him; and all the tribe were his enemies. He used to employ himself in tending the flocks, and as he conducted them, he wandered about the deserts and plains, and loved solitude and retirement. His days were passed in roaming about the mountain sides, sometimes riding upon the dogs, by which he acquired courage and intrepidity; and thus he went on till he attained his tenth year. One day he was wandering over the deserts with the flocks, and when the sun was burning hot, he left his people, and climbed up a tree and took shelter from the heat, whilst the flocks grazed, and he watched them; when, lo! a wolf started from behind the trees, and dispersed them. But Antar seeing how the animal had dispersed the herds, he descended and ran after him till he overtook him, and struck him with his staff between the eyes; he made the oil of his brains fly out from between his ears, and slew him; he then cut off his head and his legs, and returned growling like an angry lion. And so thou wouldst devour Antar's flocks? cried he, addressing himself to the dead wolf; but thou dost not know that he is a savage lion. He put the head and legs into the scrip he had with him; leaving the carcass, he returned to the flocks, and thus spoke: —

' " O thou wolf, eager for death, I have left thee wallowing in dust, and spoiled of life — thou wouldst have the run of my flocks, but I have left thee dyed with blood — thou wouldst disperse my sheep, and thou knowest I am a lion that never fears. This is the way I treat thee, thou dog of the desert. Hast ever before seen battle and wars?"

' About evening Antar reached his dwelling; his mother took the basket from him, and there she saw the wolf's head and legs. She was quite confounded, but said nothing. She presented them to Shedad, who only desired her not to let him stray about. Do thou and he mind the cattle, and go not far into the wilds, lest some foe meet thee. Zebeeba promised obedience to the words of her lord, and the next day she departed with her three children to the pastures, whither they drove the herds to graze among the plains and the hills. But Antar rode about the country on the horses, and obtained strength and agility by the exercise; he drove them over the steeps, hurling his reed spear at the trunks of the trees; and his mother concealed these circumstances from his father, fearing he would beat him or kill him. It was thus he became bold and hardy; his limbs were robust, his bodily powers increased, and his mind was improved by courage and intrepidity. And when a camel would stray away, he would cry out and make it stop, and he would struggle with and subdue the mightiest of the herds; and when he seized one by the tail, he tore it off; and when they resisted him, he would strike them on the back of the head, or tear open their mouths; and thus he continued his feats till all the servants were afraid of him, and every one far and near dreaded him.'

Love, whose empire is acknowleged even in the desert, pierced the heart of Antar; and, though a slave, he dared to feed a hopeless passion for the beautiful Ibla, daughter of Malik his uncle, whose hair flowed down her back, dark as the shades of night. When Antar saw her in all her beauty and loveliness, his tears flowed, and he thus addressed her in verse:

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' " The lovely virgin has struck my heart with the arrow of a glance, for which there is no cure. Sometimes she wishes for a feast in the sand-hills, like a fawn whose eyes are full of magic. My disease preys on me, it is in my entrails. I conceal it; but its very concealment discloses it. She moves; I should say it was the branch of the tamarisk that waves its branches to the southern breeze. She approaches; I should say it was the frightened fawn, when a calamity alarms it in the waste. She walks away; I should say her face was truly the sun when its lustre dazzles the beholders. She gazes; I should say it was the full moon of the night when Orion girds it with its stars. She smiles, and the pearls of her teeth sparkle, in which there is the cure for the sickness of lovers. She prostrates herself in reverence towards her God; and the greatest of men bow down to her beauties. O Ibla! when I most despair, love for thee and all its weaknesses are my only hope. Should fortune or my father assist me, I will requite myself for its vicissitudes by my fearless spirit." '

Among the terrible feats of his youth, Antar had killed a slave of Prince Shas, and by other acts of mischief incurred the resentment of Shedad; when the latter, fearing that he would destroy some person of rank and power, and thus bring ruin on the tribe, counselled with his brothers to put him to death one day as he was feeding his flocks. It happened, however, that Antar on that very day was resolved to encounter a lion, one of the most savage inhabitants of the desert, in order to prove himself worthy of his Ibla, and for that purpose descended into a valley filled with lions and tigers. He was soon gratified by the appearance of one of extraordinary size, whose nostrils were wide and whose eyes flashed fire. "Welcome," said he, "thou father of lions — dog of the plain. I deal death to the bravest;" and, as he rushed towards him, he addressed him also in verse.

' Just at that moment Shedad and his brothers came up to kill Antar. They saw him address the lion, and heard what he threatened: he sprang forward, and fell on him like a hail-storm, and hissed at him like a black serpent — he met the lion as he sprang, and outroared his bellow; then, giving a dreadful shriek, he seized hold of the beast's mouth with his hand, and wrenched it open to his shoulders, and he shouted aloud — the valley and the country round echoed back the roar: he stuck to him until he was dead, and then dragged him by the legs out of the valley; and having cut some wood, he took out his Zanad*, struck a light, and made a fire. He waited until it blazed; then ripped up the lion, took out the entrails, and cut off his four legs, and threw them into the flames; and when he perceived they were roasted, he took them out, and ate thereof till he finished his

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' * Wood used for the purpose of striking a light.'

meal: he then ran to a fountain, and drank till he was satisfied; and having washed his mouth and hands, he went to a shadowy tree, where he put the lion's head under his own as a pillow, and wrapping up his head in a part of his sleeve, he fell asleep. His father and uncles were observing him and his actions, and as they saw what he did, they were quite terrified and scared. Verily this slave, said Zakmet-ool Jewad, has not his equal; no one in his senses would engage him. Malik also trembled. What shall we do with this wretch? said he. Great indeed has been the deed he has done; none of us can harm him; he would soon destroy us, and tear out our entrails, or do as he has done with the lion. Let us return home, said Shedad, our honour is still safe; we must find some other means to kill him and accomplish our wishes.'

Miracles of valour recommended him so strongly to King Zobeir, that he was ordered to recite his verses in the presence of that monarch: who honoured him with a robe worked in gold, and mounted him on one of his finest Arab horses. "From this day forward," said he to Shedad, "I will not permit him to attend your flocks; let him now run the career of victory with the warriors of his country." Antar consequently attacked the tribes in predatory excursions; his brother Shiboob, a sort of Sancho to this oriental Quixote, attending him: — but Shiboob had a quality for which poor Sancho could not pride himself, — he was so light of foot that he could outstrip a deer.

Antar's rapid progress in the affections of the King excited the envy and indignation of his enemies, principally Ibla's relations, who plotted his destruction; and many of his adventures are hair-breadth escapes from the snares which, from the opening to the end of the romance, their malice is seen to have prepared for him. Shedad began now to glory in Antar, who had rescued the tribe from death and plunder by the invincible might of his single arm: but he was still baseborn, and the right to equal rank with the chiefs of his tribe was denied to him. Antar therefore besought his father to acknowlege him as a son, so that his 'rank might be made known and that he might become a chief:' but Shedad refused, and was so incensed that a slave who had tended camels and collected the ordure of cattle among the mountains should prefer such a demand, that he rushed on him and would have killed him, had not his wife interposed. Antar was now in the greatest agony, and wandered far from home about the rocks and mountains; to which he poured out the musings of his heart on the wretchedness of his fate, and sang the praises of Ibla. — This fair damsel's father, urged by King

Zobeir, at length agreed to the marriage: but a scheme was formed for the destruction of Antar. It was concerted among his enemies that Ibla's father should demand as her dower a thousand Asafeer camels; for these camels were in the possession of Monzar, king of the Arabs, and lieutenant of the great Nushirvan; and they knew that Antar would go in search of them among the tribe of Shiban, and would never return alive. Antar consented; and Malik gave him his hand, and betrothed to him his daughter. We cannot deprive our readers of a part of this adventure, which must serve as a specimen of about a hundred more.

'They travelled on till they reached the land of Hirah, where they saw populous towns, plains abounding in flowing streams, date-trees and warbling birds, and sweetly smelling flowers; and the country appeared like a blessing to enliven the sorrowing heart; and the camels were grazing, and straying about the land; and they were of various colours, like the flowers of a garden; and there were she camels, and young camels, and slaves and attendants. And as soon as Antar saw them he was all anxiety, quite out of breath with eagerness. And he felt that his uncle had sent him on this commission to insure his death and destruction, unless his intrepidity should guide him through.

'Ebe Reeah, said he to Shiboob, I well know that this is a land great in power, and in no region is there one to be compared to it. We have nothing for it but prudence and daring fortitude in danger, and a timely submission to power, that we may obtain what we are in search of, and return rejoicing and successful. Hasten then, son of my mother, and look after these Asafeer camels, and mark them, whilst I let my horse Abjer rest himself. Shiboob consented to what he directed, and leaving his bow and quiver, disguised himself in the clothes of a slave, and feigned himself sick. Thus he went towards the pastures, where he saw the camels like young brides; and when the slaves marked Shiboob, they sprang towards him, welcomed him, and made him sit down, and took out some of their provisions, and made him eat, asking him whence he came, and what had happened to him.

'I am a slave of the tribe of Zebeed, said he, and Shedad is my master's name; and he is a stubborn, cruel man, and had no compassion for his slaves, male or female. So I have run away and have left him, and my wish is to meet some one who will protect me from him. Remain with us as long as thou pleasest, my cousin, said the slaves, pitying him, and be welcome! and thy time shall pass pleasantly enough.

'Very thankful was he, and remained with them the rest of the day, and he told them all manner of lies and deceitful tales till he had marked out the Asafeer camels, and he saw they were the miracles of the age; and when evening came on, the slaves and attendants drove away the camels, and sought their habitations and homes, and Shiboob went with them. But when they came nigh to the tents, it being now dark, he separated from them and gave his feet to the wind, seeking the plain till he was in the presence of Antar, who sprang up to meet him, exclaiming—Tell me, O Ebe Reeah, what news hast thou? Nothing, said Shiboob, but that we are in a dangerous position, and under fate and destiny, unless the Lord of Heaven is our defender and protector.

'O Shiboob, said Antar, is it not well known that when a slave exposes his life to the abyss of danger, he is exalted to the height of glory? They then concealed themselves till morning dawned, when Antar clad and incased himself in armour till he appeared like a tower, or a fragment rent from a mountain; and he went forward till he reached the pastures, crouching along as a wolf after a sheep.

'And when it was day, the Asafeer camels were driven to graze, and behind every thousand she camels were ten slaves to attend them, that the males might not annoy them. The she camels ranged about grazing, and the slaves began to amuse themselves; for they were slaves of the King of the Arab chiefs, and knew not what it was to be attacked.

'These are the Asafeer camels, said Shiboob, so make thy plan, and not as it seems best to thee. Run on, said Antar, and occupy the road to Hirah, so that their cries be not raised against us, ere we be far away out of this country. As thou pleasest, brother, said Shiboob. And he moved along on tiptoe over the plain, till he came in the rear of the slaves, when he seated himself on his knees, and emptying his quiver of arrows before him, waited their attack. As to Antar, he urged on Abjer, and plunged amongst the he and she camels, and cut off a thousand of the Asafeer camels with his spear, crying out to the slaves—Ye base born, drive away these camels, and on before me! or my sword will be stained with your blood.

'When the slaves heard Antar, they were terrified at his enormous bulk and gigantic shape, and the rolling of his eyes, and the weight of his arms. They drove the camels before him, and goaded them on with the points of their spears, and they fled away before them like eagles.'

Hyperbole is the life of oriental poetry. Most readers will be of opinion that twenty thousand men opposed to Antar constituted fearful odds against him: 'but Antar received the twenty thousand as the parched land the first of the rain.'—The following sentences may be extracted as containing, in a short compass, nearly the chief characteristics of the amatory poetry of the Arabians; in which, among other conceits, the lady's charms are likened to some of the letters of the alphabet.

"My patience and my transports exist when I am moving and when I am at rest: but love is the companion of my heart. In her face and in the roses of her cheeks is my full moon, brilliant and sparkling. Her figure is *graceful as the Alef*, and her light limbs are *round as the Nun*, and her seat of smiles is budding as the *Meem*, musk is her smell, and from her juices and her breath are sweet liquors and perfumes." (Vol. ii. p. 284.)

We must, however, close our selections; for our pages are filled as imperceptibly as our time slips away while we are admiring insulated beauties.

" *Singula dum capti circumvectamur amore.*"

Mr. Hamilton has executed his translation with spirit and elegance; and, if the hero has any chance for captivating in English attire, his *Interpreter* has given him a dress that seems well to become him. In the course of so long a work, it will not be surprizing that one or two petty inaccuracies of language occur, which Mr. Hamilton will be able to rectify in a future edition. Thus, in the first volume, p. 136., the expression, 'Ignorance among mankind is *a trait that conducts* the ignorant to death,' is an instance of false metaphor which he might easily have avoided: for a trait, used as a feature of the mind, is not a road that conducts to death. In page 146. of the same volume, we smile when we read that 'Hassan is a valiant and brave fellow, but has not wherewithal *to keep up an establishment*;' a phrase which whirls us a thousand leagues from the pastoral simplicity of the desert, its camels, tents, and sheep, to an European town-house and country-house, carriages, and servants. In p. 327., vol. i., Ibla, in the phrenzy of her love, makes use of an oath, which is rather too vernacular in our own tongue to correspond with the softness and delicacy which we are willing to attribute to her: — " Oh, by God, never will I surrender myself to another, were he to come with a thousand charms." These trifling negligences almost disappear in the general excellence of the work; and we doubt not that others, which might be enumerated, will be perceived by Mr. Hamilton himself when he revises his faithful and elaborate version.

Art. X. *Abstract of Mr. Brougham's Education-Bills.* 8vo. 6d. Longman and Co. 1821.

Art. XI. *A Letter to Henry Brougham,* Esq. M. P., on certain Clauses in the Education-Bills now before Parliament. By S. Butler, D.D. F.A.S., Head Master of Shrewsbury School. 8vo. 1s. Longman and Co.

Art. XII. *Observations on Mr. Brougham's Bill* for better providing the Means of Education for his Majesty's Subjects: shewing its Inadequacy to the End proposed, and the Danger which will arise from it to the Cause of Religious Liberty. 8vo. 1s. Baldwin and Co.

Art. XIII. *Plain Thoughts on the Abstract of Mr. Brougham's Education-Bill.* By a plain Englishman. 8vo. 1s. Rivingtons.

Art. XIV. *An Appeal to the Legislature and the Public,* more especially to Dissenters from the Established Church, of every Denomination, on the Tendency of Mr. Brougham's Bill for the Education of the Poor, to augment the Poor's Rate, to interfere with the Rights of Conscience, and infringe on the Spirit of the Toleration-Acts. With some Remarks on its probable Effects in injuring Sunday-Schools. By James Baldwin Brown, Esq. LL.D., of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law, and one of the Committee of the Protestant Society for the Protection of Religious Liberty. 8vo. pp. 99. 3s. 6d. Westley.

The celebrated Edmund Burke is the chief writer who has attempted to decry the maxim of attending to measures, and not to men. Certainly, it is a rule which has its limitations; and a public character ought, as well as every person in private life, to enjoy that consideration which approved integrity and past services cannot fail to bestow. On the introduction of any new measure, therefore, a man who has already conferred essential benefits on the public has a right to claim, not only a fair hearing, for that is due to every one, but something of a predisposition on his behalf, and a favourable presumption; for it is not to be *supposed,* but can be admitted only on clear proof, that he who has intitled himself to be deemed a patriot can be anxious to overturn his former efforts, and to undermine those foundations on which his fame as well as his importance must rest. Still, such liberal indulgence is not to be carried too far; and no presumptions of good intention can be brought to repel the mischievous tendency of a particular measure, when that tendency is clearly established: nor can any character for previous services alter or counteract the nature of present conduct. Mr. Burke's example is, in this as in many other instances, the best answer and antidote to his own reasoning. He urged to all and persuaded some of his admirers, that the advocate for the independence of America could never be an enemy to the extension of rational freedom, or the strenuous friend of economy become a Quixote in unnecessary wars; yet Mr. Burke, whether honestly or dishonestly, whether wisely or injudiciously, (for this is immaterial to our present purpose,) so entirely altered his principles and views of policy, that it is difficult to recognize the same individual when we look at his early and his late conduct and writings together. It is, indeed, the *nature* of genius to be liable to quick transitions of thought and feeling, and the very *condition* of genius to be prone to aberration. When great fervor and warmth of imagination are possessed, and the temperament is enthusiastic, the mind seems to be inevitably more susceptible of sudden impressions; and the reasoning faculty, though it is frequently subtle and powerful almost in proportion to the vivacity of the fancy, is seldom so steady and determinate in its conclusions as in persons of inferior powers and of a more sedate disposition.*

Through life, as far as it has yet passed, Mr. Brougham has displayed the same ardour, intensity, and impetuosity of character which he now exhibits. His very early production on "The Principles of Colonial Policy" shewed an extraordinary capacity: yet it was written with vehemence in favour of opinions which he has long since repudiated, and now cannot mention without inveighing *against* them with equal ardor. His exertions on the subject of the "Orders in Council" deserved unqualified applause, and gave proof of perseverance and energy almost without parallel, which established the estimate of his talents in the minds of all commercial men throughout the kingdom. Next, his inquiries into the "Abuses of Charitable Institutions" manifested the same indefatigable industry, applied to the cause of humanity; and on both these latter occasions Mr. Brougham came forwards as a friend to free and liberal policy, while he evinced that he was deeply versed in the principles of Adam Smith and of Malthus. He considered the promotion of industry as the great secret of trade; that individuals, if left to themselves, would find the mode of employing their own capital most successfully; and that all restrictions and monopolies were an injury to the community, not only by suppressing the enterprize of others, but by checking the incitements to exertion of the privileged bodies themselves, and thus serving as a bonus to inaction and torpor. He seemed to lay down the principle that individuals are the best judges of their own wants, and the most likely to discover means for remedying them, if unmolested and unfettered; that, in all exertions by *associated bodies*, for any general benefit, the component members are the most competent to ascertain who are fittest to be intrusted with the conduct of their concerns; and that, where, from antient laws or established practice, public societies were under the guardianship of functionaries provided by other appointments, there it was advisable that the acts of such functionaries should be open to the utmost inspection possible, and that trustees for the public should be subjected to the control of public opinion.

Now, as another illustration of the inconsistency of talents and the variations of genius, the present Education-bills of Mr. Brougham appear to run counter to all the political opinions which he has maintained since he sat in the House of Commons. We shall set forth the details which we regard as objectionable, from an 'Abstract' of the Bills, (published, as we understand, under their author's own directions,) after having premised a few words on the state of national education in this country, when Mr. Brougham undertook his labour of legislating on that subject. Throughout the kingdom, antient endowed schools were existing, of two very different descriptions; the one, parish-schools for the exclusive education of the lower orders in reading, writing, and arithmetic, generally taught by the parish-clerk; the other, grammar-schools, for the instruction of all classes in the learned languages, with scholarships or exhibitions for a certain number to some college in one of the Universities, under the superintendence of masters having qualifications according to the will of the founder, and usually required at least to be graduates in one of the Universities. Besides these, were schools of more recent establishment, commonly supported by voluntary subscription; and which, like the old parish-schools, were intended exclusively for the lower orders. The more antient of them were Sunday-schools, which the different congregations of Christian worshippers maintained for the young of their own denomination; and the latest were those which eventually classed themselves under the denomination of the National Schools, and the British and Foreign Schools: the first adopting the system of Dr. Bell, and instructing the children in the Prayer-book and Catechism of the Church of England: the other following the plan of Mr. Lancaster, and confining the religious education of the children strictly to the Scriptures.

At this period, the parish-schools in general were of little consideration, and the grammar-schools were the grand institutions for the education of the middle classes: but, in certain cases, from the decease of trustees, or from mismanagement, some of the funds had been diverted from the original design.

The Sunday-schools were usually effective and serviceable, but their respective spheres were contracted. The National Schools, and the British and Foreign Schools, were flourishing in the number of persons admitted: but their expences considerably outstripped the funds provided by the liberality of their respective donors and subscribers. The superintendence of them was intrusted to committees elected by the contributors at large; and in such election, regard was generally paid to the character for benevolence and active exertion which had been acquired by the individuals.

Under such circumstances, when it was known that Mr. Brougham contemplated some legislative enactments for securing and extending the education of the poor, it was expected that he would leave the parish-schools and the Sunday-schools in their present condition; that he would provide for the application of particular scholarships and exhibitions in grammar-schools to their proper purposes, where such benefits had been discontinued or mis-directed; and that he would procure some parliamentary grant (in the nature of those which are made to the British Museum, and to the institution at Chelsea for the education of military orphans) to be given for the encouragement and furtherance of the National and the British Schools. Such a measure would have proceeded on intelligible grounds; would have involved no theory which could disturb the intentions of founders; and would not have had any tendency to alter the ascendancy of the national religious establishment by increase or diminution. All parties, therefore, were surprized when Mr. Brougham came to detail the provisions of his two Education-bills: the first of which goes to enact the new building of parish-schools, to be maintained by a school-rate similar to the poor-rate, and to convert as many of the National and British Schools as choose to be so converted, *on terms*, into Parish-schools:—while the second is in effect a bill to convert Grammar-schools into Parish-schools. As it seems to us, two Bills more objectionable in principle and in detail were never introduced into the House of Commons.

It is provided by the first Bill that, in every parish or chapelry, in England, the question whether a new school shall there be built shall be agitated either by complaint or by application: viz. by complaint of the grand jury, the officiating minister, two Justices of the county, or five householders of the parish:—or, *by application of the master, or conductors of a subscription or other private school who desire to have it become a parish-school, and apply for this purpose upon terms:*—which application must have the consent of the officiating minister, or two Justices, or five householders.

These complaints and applications are to be decided by Justices at the sessions. The churchwardens are to defend their parishes, if they please, against either mode, at the expence of the parishes: they may be required so to do by five householders, at a week's notice; and Justices may adjudge the costs of the proceedings to either party, the order of Sessions being final: — the education-digest to be given as evidence, but not as *conclusive* evidence.

As a qualification for the mastership, the candidate must produce a certificate from the officiating minister and three householders of the parish in which he last lived; setting forth his character, and *that he is a member of the Established Church.* Parish-clerks are eligible as schoolmasters. *Where the master is continued* ON APPLICATION, *the same certificates are necessary.* The master is to be elected at a meeting of householders rated to the school-rate, to be holden in the school-house; where the senior parish-officer is to preside, to have a casting vote, to read the candidate's testimonials, to determine all disputes as to the right of voting, to declare on whom the choice has fallen, and to report the same to the officiating minister.

The officiating minister is to call the person chosen before him, and examine him and his certificates, and to notify his APPROBATION *or* REJECTION *to the parish-officer: if he approves, the appointment to be complete: if he rejects, a new election to be made as before.*

When, on APPLICATION, *a school is put on the footing of a parish-school, without any consideration for buildings and lands belonging to it, or with a consideration below their value, the Justices may appoint the former master, if duly qualified, and with the approbation of the officiating minister. All future vacancies to be filled up as hereinbefore stated.*

The visitation of the school is by the Ordinary, either in person or by the Dean, or by the Archdeacon, or by the Chancellor of the diocese. The *visitor may remove the master.* An appeal is allowed from the Ordinary to the Metropolitan; and from the Dean, Archdeacon, and Chancellor, to the Ordinary.

> ' *The Holy Scriptures* are to be taught: the officiating minister, if he pleases, *directing, from time to time, any passages he may think fit to be taught among others.*
>
> ' *No other religious book* whatever to be used or taught in lessons: *no book without officiating minister's approbation;* and no religious worship, except the Lord's Prayer *or other passages of Scripture.*
>
> ' *Church Catechism* to be taught half of one day in the week; and, if the officiating minister thinks proper, at a school-meeting *on Sunday-evening,* not exceeding three hours.

' N

'*No child* to be *punished*, rebuked, admonished, or otherwise molested, for being *absent with leave* of its parents, guardians, or persons having care of it, at the times when the Church Catechism is taught.

'Scholars to attend the *parish-church* once every Sunday with the master, unless they attend with their parents or others having care of them: but no child to be punished, rebuked, admonished, or otherwise molested, for not so attending, if the parents or guardians shall signify a *wish* to that effect, and that the child attends some *other place of Christian worship*.'

The second Bill contains, *inter alia*, the following enactments:

'Declaratory enactment, that trustees or others, having the appointment of the master of a grammar-school, may *bargain with a master* in office for teaching reading, writing, and accounts, by himself or usher, on such terms as may be agreed on, he continuing to teach grammar according to the directions of the foundation.

'Declaratory enactment, that on the first *vacancy*, and on all others, the same persons *may prescribe* such teaching as a condition of choosing the master of the grammar-school, over and above what the foundation requires.

'Declaratory enactment, that a bargain may be made with the master appointed, or *impose a condition upon the master to be appointed*, of any endowed school where the number or kind of scholars is limited, that an *unlimited number*, and of all kinds, shall be taught.

'Same declaratory enactment as to *limiting or prohibiting* the taking of *boarders*.'

It was our wish and our intention to discuss these clauses in detail, in the order in which they follow one another in the proposed Bill: but, as we find that the limits of our Review will not allow us to examine the matter with such minuteness, we shall state the more material objections which have met our observation as concisely as we can: recommending to the very serious consideration of our readers the pamphlets which engaged us in these reflections, and which are specified at the head of this article; particularly the 'Observations' and Mr. Brown's 'Appeal' on the subject of the first Bill, and Dr. Butler's 'Letter' on the second.

The direct objection to the above regulations of the first Bill is that all the members of the community are to contribute equally, but are not to receive equal advantages. The primary source for the establishment of these new schools is in the public funds, which are supported by taxes on Great Britain and Ireland, yet the operation of the act is confined solely to England. The next source is the county-rates. Now, to both these sources Dissenters of all denominations have to contribute equally with churchmen: yet the offices in these schools, and the whole superintendence of them, are to be confined to churchmen. No person can be a candidate for the situation of schoolmaster who is not a member of the Established Church; and the clergyman of the parish has an arbitrary power of rejecting the churchman elected by all the parishioners, until they find one who is the object of his own pleasure. The sole visitation of these schools, also, is to be confided to the Ordinary of the diocese, and other functionaries of the Established Church. Putting all other considerations out of view at present, is such an arrangement equitable? If this were entirely a new system, and no schools were now in existence to be affected by these Bills, would it be just that the whole mass of the community should be forcibly compelled to pay for the building of new schools, in which all the offices are to be intrusted only to a privileged part? Is it not strange that the legislature should give effect to a system of education, for the publicity of which we are indebted to Mr. Lancaster at least in an equal degree with any other individual, by building schools throughout the kingdom, and enacting at the same time that Mr. Lancaster is an unfit person to be elected master in any one of them? Is the parish-clerk, although such a personage may have been, as Mr. Brougham asserts, "in the more ancient and better times of the church viewed as a spiritual assistant," is the clerk of modern days so much more qualified than any individual whatever among all the classes of sectaries, that he should be expressly recommended by the act as a person *suitable* to be elected, — for *eligible* he was before; while every man who is not a member of the Church of England is expressly disqualified from being a schoolmaster, in schools intended for the education of the poor of all classes and denominations of Christian worshippers? A clause is indeed introduced, declaring that the schoolmaster shall make no distinction on account of religion: but Mr. Brown, adverting to the prejudices and the instincts of persons in the lower class of life, well observes that

> 'On Dissenters the parish-clerk has other grounds than his zeal for the faith and discipline of the church in which he is an officer, for not casting any peculiarly complaisant regards. They not only absent themselves from the ministrations of his parson, and the ordinances of his church, but they obstinately prefer other psalmody to his, and in some cases are so heterodox as to discard from their worship psalmody of every kind; besides which, under the protection of the law, they put into his pockets few or no christening fees; two of their sects, the Quakers and the Jews, are not married at his church, and, therefore, defraud him, as he will think, of his marriage-dues, whilst *they* universally, and other sects

wherever they have separate burial grounds,—and the short-sighted bigotry of some ministers of the Establishment is rapidly extending them to every considerable town in the country,—are committed to the silent grave, "dust to dust, ashes to ashes," without the aid of his responses or amen, and, what is worse, without paying him any burial-fee.'

Mr. Brown also remarks justly that, in christenings and burials, and in some parishes by service on Wednesday and Friday, the parish-clerk has avocations which may not be quite suitable to the care and discipline of a large school. Can it conduce to any beneficial result that the minister of a particular congregation in a parish shall have a right, at his own unrestricted option, to thwart the wishes of a majority of all the congregations in the parish? Even where his own congregation is the principal or the only one in the parish, a clergyman will find himself placed in a very perplexing situation. The 'Plain Englishman,' who seems to be himself a member and a clergyman of the Church of England, in his 'Plain Thoughts' expresses his disapprobation of this clause in a very forcible manner; urging that already too many occasions occur in which the clergyman of the parish, in consequence of laws made in a very different state of society from that which at present exists, finds his own interest or his own wishes put in opposition to those of the great body of his parishioners; and maintaining that no situation can be more distressing to a conscientious clergyman than that of being compelled, in defence of his own rights or those of his successors, to enter into dissensions and broils with the flock which is under his charge, or with the other residents in his parish whom it is his duty as a clergyman of the Establishment to conciliate to its institutions, rather than to offend.

For what purpose can it be that the visitation of these schools should be given to the Ordinary? By this provision, as Mr. Brown very forcibly argues,

> 'The entire control of the new National Schools is vested in the minister and hierarchy of the Established Church, without any layman, though he were the most orthodox and zealous member of that church, having a right to interfere, in the slightest degree, with their management, or to offer even his advice for the correction of the grossest abuses that, in the course of time, may creep into it. It were almost needless to remark, that if such an one must be a silent spectator of whatever may be wrong in the conduct of these schools, no Dissenter can presume to point it out, or even have the means of ascertaining correctly what is its nature and extent, though he may compulsorily be one of the principal contributors to their support. The master, the minister, and the bishop, or the subordinate dignitaries of his diocese, may effect-

ually prevent every individual in the parish, or in the country, from entering the doors of the school to see how it is conducted, having this short answer to give, by authority of the law, to all inquirers, "It is no business of yours." All the advantages of a public control are, therefore, entirely excluded from the system, and in lieu of it an official one is established, of whose utter inefficacy and natural tendency to abuse, Mr. Brougham's celebrated Letter on the misapplication of public charities affords many lamentable instances. The appointment of special visitors, in the persons of diocesans and their officers, excludes also entirely the right and power of the Lord Chancellor, or of any other judge, or court of equity or law, to redress any grievance, however enormous; or to compel the performance of any duty, however long or shamefully neglected, except it be in the complete misapplication of the funds. For this consequence of his measures, we appeal to the language of Mr. Brougham himself, in the Letter just referred to.

' "Where funds have been misapplied, the court will interfere, notwithstanding the appointment of a visitor, but then this interposition is confined entirely to this breach of trust. It will take no cognizance whatever of any other neglect or misconduct on the part of the trustees. They may have perverted the charity to purposes wholly foreign to the founder's intention; they may have suffered the school to decay, while the master reaped the profits; they may, through folly, or even by design, have adopted measures calculated to ensure its ruin. Still if there be a special visitor who neglects or violates his duty, permitting or abetting the misconduct of the managers, courts of equity cannot entertain the discussion of their proceedings, unless the funds are directly misapplied." '

These two clauses, giving the clergyman a *veto* in the appointment of schoolmasters, and vesting the sole right of visitation in the Ordinary, appear to us to be well calculated for reinstating ecclesiastics in privileges which they once claimed universally, and which they did for some time and in some degree exercise over grammar-schools: but which they never fulfilled with any advantage to the community, and which have long since fallen into a happy desuetude and dropped into a slumber whence we should be heartily sorry to see them awakened. Before the Reformation, schools were taught by persons appointed under the sanction of the bishop in every cathedral church; and, as the bishops furnished places for education, they claimed the right of preventing any teaching elsewhere without special authority from them. This practice of the bishops licencing schoolmasters seems to have existed at least since the council of Lateran in 1215, and schools of learning have been immemorially subjects of ecclesiastical cognizance. By several acts of parliament, and particularly by the Act of Uniformity, such practice has been recognized by the legislature; and the not procuring of the bishop's license has been constituted an offence cognizable also in the temporal courts. In antient times, when the ecclesiastics engrossed the learning of the country, and nearly concentrated the whole in their own body, some ground might be maintained for their fixing the staple of that commodity, and constituting themselves sole judges of the merit of any candidate who wished to deal in such an article: but, even in later times, they confined themselves to schools of learning. The statutes of the realm might and did make it an offence for a lay schoolmaster to teach a school for reading and writing, without a licence from the bishop of the diocese: but such offence was punishable only in the temporal courts. The ecclesiastical courts could prevent laymen from teaching *grammar-schools* without licence, because schools *of learning* were under ecclesiastical cognizance; and they could restrict ecclesiastics from teaching any schools whatsoever without such licence, because ecclesiastics were bound by the canons and the canons contained such a prohibition. Schools for reading and writing, however, never have been subjects of ecclesiastical controul; and no reason can be given to shew that the clergyman of every parish must be better able to judge whether a man is qualified to teach reading, writing, and arithmetic, than any other literate person in that parish: or to prove that the dean, the archdeacon, the chancellor, or the ordinary, of the diocese, must be more competent to superintend the management of such schools than respectable persons living on the spot.

Let us next consider what the effect would be of such a Bill, if it were passed by the legislature, on the schools already existing. The master or conductors of the National Schools might, in some instances, be desirous of having their schools placed on the footing of parish-schools: but no conductors of or contributors to the British schools could avail themselves of the same benefit for their institutions, without entirely renouncing the principles on which they were formed. If the master of a National School should apply for the conversion of it into a parish-school under this Act, and his application be approved by the Justices of the Peace, it must be made a parish-school at once; and it does not appear that the contributors to the school, in its former state, can do any thing more than withdraw their subscriptions, which will be no longer necessary, and submit to be rated in common with the rest of the parish. So again, if the master of a British School, who is a churchman, be desirous of having his school converted, in opposition to the wishes of all the contributors, and the Justices sanction the conversion, the contributors seem to have no remedy, but must acquiesce and pay their rates. If five householders, in any parish which already has either a National or a British School, or both, complain of the want of a parish-school, and the Justices think that one is wanting, one must be established; and the contributors, whether or not they continue the establishment supported by voluntary subscription, and though they may greatly disapprove the measure, will have to pay their rates to the new school. Here Mr. Brown observes;

> ' This is a matter in which every one is concerned, Churchman as well as Dissenter; for, according to their rateable property in the parish, they contribute in equal proportions to the fund from which the expence incurred in such defence is to be defrayed. We have already seen that either the officiating minister — two Justices — or five housekeepers, may, at their pleasure, put the parish to this expense. Is the parish large, and do *five* housekeepers, living at one of its desert extremities, wish for a school for their accommodation? Does any individual fancy that he could make a school, with a comfortable house and garden, and a salary of thirty pounds a year, or more, attached to it, a pretty snug living for himself; and has he *five* uncles, cousins, or kind considerate neighbours, who will forward his advancement but by lending him their names? Is the salary of the *parish-clerk* but small, and does his considerate *vicar* wish to reward his orthodoxy with a snug annuity for life? In any, or all of these cases, go to the Quarter Sessions, and either your views will be accomplished, or the *parish* will be put to an immense expense in exposing and defeating them. The word *immense* is used, and it is used advisedly, and upon sufficient grounds; for every one acquainted with the practice of courts of Quarter Sessions must be fully aware of the vast sums expended there in the trial of appeals. On a moderate calculation, forty pounds is the lowest cost of the trial of any one such appeal; and in a vast majority of cases the expense so far exceeds this sum, whilst the uncertainty of the issue is so great in all, that parishes, overloaded every where by the weight of their poor's rates, are perpetually putting up with burdens which they know they ought not to bear, rather than risk their increase in attempting their removal. These then surely are not times for the augmentation of those burdens, in the wanton and ruinous manner in which this Bill, if ever suffered to pass into a law, will increase them. With this provision left unaltered, it is not presuming too much to prophesy that there will be no application for a new school, which, successful or unsuccessful, will not bring a heavy expense upon the parish. Whoever may make the application — whatever may be the motive for applying, if not opposed, the court will be bound to grant the prayer of the complaint; taking it, as they must, for granted, in the absence of all opposition, that the grounds alleged are reasonable and just. Hence, therefore, the parish *must* appeal wherever protection is wished to be obtained against the expense of a new school or schools:

schools; and they may be driven to do so as often as any *five* litigious inhabitants may choose to put them to the trouble and expense. The rector, vicar, or officiating curate, may think that no schools are wanting, and of this opinion may be the great majority of the parish, Churchmen as well as Dissenters; yet if *two* Justices of the district, or *five* housekeepers of the parish, are of a different opinion, the question *may* be litigated sessions after sessions, until twice the cost of the schools is thrown away in law expenses, to determine whether they are needed. On the other hand, be the want of the schools ever so obvious to the minister, justices, and the great mass of the inhabitants, so long as *five* housekeepers cannot see the need of them, they, *at the expense of the parish*, and not at their own charge, may appeal against their establishment. If *they* require the churchwarden to defend them against this new imposition on the parochial rates, he must obey their summons, or subject himself to an indictment for his refusal. Should the Bill ever pass, though it is to be hoped it never will, this is a clause in it of which a frequent use will not fail to be made, to the great injury of parishes, and the rapid augmentation of their intolerably heavy rates.'

With regard to that Bill proposed by Mr. Brougham, which, instead of providing for the correction of abuses in grammar-schools, and for giving effect to the intention of the founders, would convert them into parish-schools, we think that the proposed alterations would be extremely prejudicial not only to the establishments themselves but to the public at large. Mr. Brougham, apparently, at the outset of his investigations, had a very mistaken notion about the grammar-schools, which he conceived to be intended to teach reading and writing: — but the purposes declared in the foundations of most of them, the general usage, and the express decisions of courts of law and equity, (in which the distinction has been clearly recognized between grammar-schools and schools for reading and writing,) must soon have convinced him of his mistake; and, though he has never explicitly retracted his opinion, the present Bill, as Dr. Butler justly observes, implies that distinction in its very terms. The first clause provides that a bargain may be made for instruction in reading, writing, and accounts, on such terms as shall be agreed, *besides teaching grammar according to the intentions of the founder.* — We consider the following remarks of Dr. Butler on the nature of grammar-schools, and on the result of Mr. Brougham's proposed measures, as eminently correct:

'The object of grammar-schools is not to give instruction in spelling, but in literature — not in English reading and accounts, but in grammar and the learned languages. This is manifest not only from the general meaning and acceptation of the word, but, as I have shewn, from the confession and acknowledgment of your own clauses, and is corroborated by a thousand incontrovertible facts. In almost all cases where the funds were sufficient, the founders of these schools have annexed to them exhibitions, scholarships, or fellowships, at the Universities; in several instances they have declared what books shall be taught, which consist entirely of books in the learned languages; frequently they have provided that the masters shall be graduates of certain standing in one of our English Universities; in all these cases pointing out, as plainly as actions and language could express, their object and design to be, that these schools should be seminaries of *sound learning*, and religious education, should be nurseries for the Universities, not parish-schools, where the lowest class of children are taught to read and spell. True it undoubtedly is, that the lowest person who is privileged by the founder to give his children the benefit of the foundation, has a most unquestionable right to avail himself of it. But then he must do this according to the founder's intention and design. He must send his son to learn grammar and the learned languages, and if he does that, no person upon earth can reasonably object. I have known several such cases in my own experience, and I have always a peculiar pleasure and satisfaction when they occur; and even if the boy does not stay to complete his education for the University, yet if he gets enough learning to qualify him for one of the liberal professions, a great advantage is derived to his parents and himself. It seemed necessary for me to say this, by way of guarding against being misunderstood or misrepresented.

'No doubt every person, rich or poor, high or low, who answers the condition of the founder, in being burgess of such a town, parishioner of such a parish, native of such a county, inhabitant of such an hospital, or whatever his claim may be, has an equal right to the benefits of the institution; and I repeat this, because I am fully sensible of the importance of the declaration. But if these rights are *equal* to all the parties interested, it must militate against every principle of justice to make them *unequal*, by giving an advantage to one class which is not given to the rest. You will, I have no doubt, Sir, readily acknowledge, that it would be unjust to insert a clause which should benefit only the highest, or only the intermediate class of persons who have a right to the benefit of these foundations; but if so, it is equally unjust to enact a clause to the advantage of the lowest alone. It is *as* unjust to make a law, the consequences of which must necessarily exclude the children of all the better and more decent part of society, as it would be to enact one which should exclude the lowest only. At present both have *equal* rights; but if your clauses pass, though you may attempt to say that the rights are still equal, the *exercise* of those rights will soon become very *unequal*.

'The intention of the founders of grammar-schools appears to have been to diffuse as widely as possible the attainment of learning, by affording in most cases gratuitous, or at least cheap means of instruction in those languages, a knowledge of which is indispensable for academic education and the liberal professions. While the probability was, that what are generally called the middle classes of society would chiefly take advantage of these institutions, there was no exclusion either of the highest or lowest. But common sense evidently points out, that the lowest classes would not *wish* in many cases to bring up their children to liberal professions; and if they had this laudable ambition, would not be able, in many instances, even when their children had completed their school-education, to support them at the Universities, or place them out in liberal professions in life. It is equally obvious that the very highest classes would, from motives of pride, or even of conscience, generally decline to take advantage of eleemosynary foundations. — The probability therefore was, and has been confirmed by the experience of all ages since these institutions have been established, that the middle classes of society would *principally* be benefited by them. From hence we are supplied with our clergy, our lawyers, our physicians; and here by far the greatest part of the ordinary, and some of the highest order of the gentry of the realm receive their own education, and, as they advance in life, send their children to receive the same benefits. (I am not now speaking of boys who are educated at these schools without participating in the benefits of the foundation, but of those who claim and receive the provision made for them by the founder.) Now, Sir, as long as the decencies of life are kept up (which I suppose they will be, till they are levelled by the radical besom of destruction, which would sweep away both them and every thing that inculcates them, comprising of course, in the very focus of the desolation, all learning and institutions connected therewith); as long, Sir, I say, as these decencies are kept up, parents will have some feelings about the associates of their children. They will not care if the son of a person greatly their inferior receives the *same* benefits of a learned education with their own children, — if they have common liberality, they will foster and encourage such a boy, if he is modest and deserving, well knowing that from such education, in such institutions, have arisen many of the brightest ornaments of their country both in church and state. But they will feel and apprehend a great deal, and justly too, if grammar-schools are to be made schools for teaching English reading, writing, and accounts, — in other words, parish-schools. They will know and feel, without the least ill-will or disrespect to the lowest order of society, that their children can learn no improvements in manners or morals by associating with all the lowest boys of the parish; and they will feel it necessary and inevitable, to forego one of these two advantages, either the preservation of their children's minds from the contagion of vulgar example, or the benefits of an institution which they cannot enjoy without exposing them to so great a risk. Now, Sir, do you think that any sensible and affectionate parent will hesitate a moment, which of these two he should chuse? Do you think that any pecuniary considerations would be sufficient to tempt him to sacrifice the morals and future respectability of his child? Would he not, if obliged to chuse one of these alternatives, as undoubtedly he must, rather forego the benefits of the foundation, than receive them at the risk of his child's moral habits becoming corrupted? If so, Sir, I beseech you to consider how great and valuable a portion of society you deprive of benefits, of which they have themselves participated, and which they have a right to expect for their children, for the sake of one class only, who can be better and more essentially benefited by instruction given them in schools appropriated for that purpose. Consider, Sir, what a numerous body of gentry, lawyers, medical men, merchants, naval and military officers, respectable tradesmen, and innumerable other descriptions of persons there are, in the middle classes of life, to whom these institutions, at present, afford the *only* means of giving their children educations suitable to their situation in life: all, or at least by far the greater part of whom, will be compelled to forego these benefits, if grammar-schools are converted into schools for parish-paupers. Above all, consider that large class of men of whom you have been pleased yourself to speak in high terms of approbation *in* the House of Commons — I mean the clergy of the Established Church. What a great proportion of this body have been educated at these schools, and look to these schools for the education of their children! And thus far I have spoken only of those who have a *right* to the benefits of these foundations; but if we add those who by usage and general consent have been in the habit of sending their children to such schools, paying a moderate sum for their education, and who, if these clauses pass, must place them elsewhere, probably at a greater expense, and with less advantages of competent instruction — the injury which must result from the measure will appear indeed enormous.'

It is declared, Dr. Butler observes, by the final clause of this second Bill, that both the Bills shall be construed together as one act. What the effect of this may be, and whether the clerk of the parish may in the course of time become the master of the grammar-school, we cannot exactly understand: but Mr. Brougham seems to enter into this sort of compromize, that, if the clergy will give up their grammar-schools for the use of the poor, none of the schools for the poor shall, as far as he has any concern, be very unpalatable to the church.

The author of the 'Observations on Mr. Brougham's Bill' strongly recommends that petitions should be offered without delay to both houses of parliament, for the purpose of procuring the rejection of these Bills, and annexes to his pamphlet the usual form of such petitions; and Mr. Brown joins in the recommendation of the measure, which, according to the news-papers, is in many instances carrying into effect. We believe that Mr. Brougham has been very earnestly solicited, from many friendly quarters, to reconsider the measures which he is proposing, but that he has expressed his determination to persevere. We have ourselves the greatest respect for our Establishment: but we think that the present is a measure much better calculated to aggravate the evils of ascendancy, and to place it in an obnoxious and invidious situation, than to increase its stability or to augment the proper weight and estimation which the established clergy must always possess in their own parishes. We conceive, also, that the enactments for the visitation of the schools, offensive as they must be, are much more objectionable on the ground that they would be wholly nugatory and ineffectual; and we are convinced that the sincerest well-wishers of the Church will be the most disgusted to see measures passed into a law, which would give a preference to their own establishment in the distribution of funds for charitable purposes, that are to be levied by compulsory rates from all persons alike. We are not "restless agitators;" nor do we "seek the means of gratifying our own spleen or vanity by fomenting suspicion and ill-will among persons who are respectable and conscientious;" and we regret that any of Mr. Brougham's friends, in eulogizing his present plan, have deemed it necessary to have recourse to such unguarded language and such contemptible insinuations against its opponents. In the remarks that we have made, we have done what we considered as our duty; and we should be glad to see those which appear to us the objectionable clauses in these Bills either supported by their author's friends with some more efficient arguments than sneers or calumnies, or else revised and remodelled by the proposer himself, before he introduces them into the House of Commons. We understand that these Bills are Mr. Brougham's pet-nurslings. As we have not forgotten the great sacrifices which have been made by some of our public men to effect their favourite measures, we hear these tidings with much concern; and the intercourse with Mr. Pitt, and the eventual dependence on him, into which that minister contrived to inveigle Mr. Burke, by appearing to give way to him on the subject of Mr. Hastings's impeachment, press strongly as well as fearfully on our recollection. A member of the House of Commons may do something at least, and, we are willing to think, *much*, by consistency of conduct, by perseverance, and by weight of character acquired in the public estimation on solid grounds: but he who, to effect a particular design, gives up his general principles, must find himself dependent for its success on those with whom he has not been accustomed to act, the gratification of his vanity even then lying at their mercy; and he will in future be divested of all real importance with any party, discarded by his former friends, and probably slighted by his new and temporary adherents.

ART. XV. *Pia Della Pietra.* A Tale. By the Honourable William Herbert. 8vo. 3s. 6d. sewed. Murray. 1820.

ART. XVI. *Hedin; or, the Spectre of the Tomb; a Tale. From the Danish History.* By the Honourable William Herbert, *Clerc.* 8vo. 3s. 6d. sewed. Murray. 1820.

IT has been often remarked that writers of the same age can scarcely escape from catching something of a *contemporary manner*; and, if any great and broad divisions of poetical style co-exist at a given period, with distinguished poets at the head of each, this imitation is especially observable in the multitude of inferior minstrels. Though we have always been far from rating Mr. Herbert's pretensions by a low standard, he is obviously not a leader in any of the classes of poetry to which we have just alluded; and to whatever school he may have belonged in his former productions, it is very plain that, in the present, the "Corsair" and "Lara" of Lord Byron have been his conscious or unconscious models. The tale of *Pia della Pietra* bears, however, very considerable marks of originality; and, if Mr. Herbert has suffered the delightful narrative ease and rapidity of Dryden to pass through a modern medium before he chose it as an object of study, still he evidently retains sufficient respect for that genuine English classic to make him, in some measure, his primary example.

The materials of this tale have been rather too hackneyed of late for the chance of a greatly successful re-appearance, previously to the birth of another generation. In the first place, (though various other instances float in our recollection,) Mrs. Hannah More, in one of her poetical publications, has recorded the untimely fate of a brother killed in a sister's embraces by her jealous husband, who mistook him for a favoured lover. In the second place, the author of "Rokeby," closely following Mrs. M., recorded the same story in that admirably contrived metrical romance; one of the least popular, we believe, of his poems, but, we fear not to assert, one of the most highly finished and most originally conceived. Thirdly, (for we must refrain from specifying the preceding or intervening imitators,) comes Mr. Herbert, and murders the brother of poor *Pia* in the sister's arms, by the hand of her husband *Della Pietra*. The vengeance that follows is newer in verse. The mistaken *Della Pietra* sends his much injured wife to the *Maremma*; that maritime district of Italy which is so fatally exposed to the contagion of the *mal'aria*. Here the unhappy victim languishes in a slow decay; and certainly Mr. Herbert has contrived to throw a corresponding tenderness of tone and cadence into his very elegant verses on this part of the subject. We prefer, however, a quotation of the passage in which the husband is described as arriving at the death-bed of his wife, just in time to receive from her hands the letter which imparts her wrongs, her forgiveness, and her last request; which letter, too, is poetically and beautifully traced.

> ' It was upon a still and breathless eve
> Her spirit seem'd about to take its leave.
> The church's rites were ended; and, resign'd,
> She felt sweet comfort beaming on her mind,
> All that religion can of peace bestow,
> To calm the heart, and soothe the throb of woe.
> The holy man had spoke his latest pray'r,
> Foul spirits from the bed of death to scare;
> And, like grief's image, that desponding maid
> Bent in mild pity o'er her dying head.
> Her limbs wax'd cold, though sultry was the night,
> And darkness dimly grew upon her sight.
> She ask'd for light, the taper's cheering ray;
> But 'twas her light within that did decay:
> Four tapers gleam'd, and on her alter'd face,
> As in a death-wake, shone their pallid blaze.
> With melancholy mien and smother'd breath
> Mournful they watch'd the slow approach of death;
> When dark, and dimly by that light reveal'd,
> A stately form half entered, half conceal'd:
> And Pia raised her look, and (as her eye
> Turn'd on that shape majestic) with a cry
> So piercing, that it seem'd to rend her heart,
> Uprose erect with stiff and sudden start.
> In that dread agony on her bosom prest
> She held the mournful scroll, love's last request:
> And fell, death-smitten in that fearful throe,
> Pale, cold, and lifeless, on her couch of woe.
> ' It was himself, that wretched man of blood;
> Like a dark spectre Della Pietra stood
> At his wife's feet: the beautiful, the meek,
> *Lay lapt* in death, no more to move or speak.
> Came he with deadly views? The work was done,
> The race of innocence was past and won.
> Came he repentant, doubtful of his end?
> Too fond for murder, and too proud to bend?
> It matters little, whether thoughts he bore
> Darkling with hate, or whether he forbore

His face was muffled; and they could not *spy*
The feelings which there strove for mastery;
The wan, the desolate, and ghastly look:
But they could see how fierce the passion shook
His limbs, (as if the fever's shivering fit
Convuls'd them,) and the strange wild gleam that lit
His fixt eye gazing on that lovely shape,
Whose spirit from his wrath had made escape.
The scroll was by her hand; with doubtful dread,
Trembling he tore its covering, and read.'

We think that few poetical readers will be deficient in a desire to prolong their acquaintance with so pathetic a tale, told with so much simplicity of manner. Some of the lines, however, have that peculiar sort of quaintness which one or two popular moderns, with an equal share of good success and bad taste, have revived from their extravagantly admired progenitors in English poetry.

—— ' In thy vale,
Maremma, there was neither mirth nor *wail*.'

We meet repeatedly also with that vile word *spy*, which disfigures so many passages of recent verse:

' She held less converse with things long gone by,
With voiceless forms of those she ne'er might spy.'

Both these lines are very careless, and good for nothing. Mr. Herbert displays much of the elegance and some of the energy of a poet: he is a scholar also; and he should aid in purifying and refining, rather than, by any one example, in corrupting and roughening his native language.

Now for *Hedin*.

As in his tale of *Pia Della Pietra* Mr. Herbert breathed the softness of Italian love and beauty, mixed with the ferocity of Italian revenge, so has he in ' Hedin, or, The Spectre of the Tomb,' exhibited the wild courage of the north, united with its ardent tenderness of affection. In this story, Mr. H. has returned to his earlier sources of poetical inspiration; and, though we hear no more sounds from the *Hammer of Thor*, yet is the heroine on the present occasion one whose " name is found amongst the Valkyzier, or Maids of Slaughter."

Certainly, a very sufficient obscurity for all purposes of the sublime hangs over the Runic rhyme, speaks in the mysterious allusions of the Scalds, and indeed characterizes the muse of Scandinavia. Hedin inherits a portion of the family darkness; and therefore this is one of the few poems to which the notes should be consulted previously to a perusal of the text. Thus prepared, the reader will perceive many very spirited passages in the tale itself, and, moreover, will have a reasonable glimpse of their meaning.

A father-in-law and a son-in-law, both of equally respectable connections, have fallen in a deadly duel, the first onset of which is described as of a truly northern nature: viz. each party stands still to receive a violent blow from the other!! This sort of alternate *thwacking*, with a pause between, presents to our imaginations something as laughable as it is tremendous. Fearfully close, indeed, are the confines of the sublime and the ludicrous; and in this instance the "thin partition," we think, is broken down. Hilda, the wife of one combatant and the daughter of the other, is an enchantress; and her proceedings, after their fall, are thus exhibited:

> ' The night was calm and murky; the soft gale
> Seem'd to diffuse fair peace o'er hill and vale;
> But Hilda slept not, whom the strong desire
> Of her lost Hedin gnaw'd with secret fire.
> To the still grave she bent her fearless way,
> While her dark thoughts with nature's gloom conspire;
> Awhile she seem'd in anguish to survey
> The monumental pile that wrapp'd his mouldering clay.
>
> ' But not to mourn she sought that mansion lone,
> Or weep unseen upon the dreary stone,
> And in her sorrow there was nothing meek;
> Gloomy her eye, and lowering seem'd to speak
> A soul by deep and struggling cares distraught;
> And the bright hectic flush upon her cheek
> Told the mind's fever, and the darkling thought
> With haughty high designs and stedfast passion fraught.
>
> ' Strange signs upon the tomb her hands did trace;
> Then to strong spells she did herself address,
> And in slow measure breathed that fatal strain,
> Whose awful harmony can wake the slain,
> Rive the cold grave, and work the charmer's will.
> Thrice, as she call'd on Hedin, rang the plain;
> Thrice echo'd the dread name from hill to hill;
> Thrice the dark wold sent back the sound, and all was still.
>
> ' Then shook the ground as by an earthquake rent,
> And the deep bowels of the tomb upsent
> A voice, a shriek, a terror; sounds that seem'd
> Like those wild fancies by a sinner dream'd;
> A clang of deadly weapons, and a shout:
> With living strength the heaving granite teem'd,
> Inward convulsion, and a fearful rout,
> As if fiends fought with fiends, and hell was bursting out.
>
> ' And then strange mirth broke frantic on her ear,
> As if the evil one was lurking near;

> While spectres wan, with visage pale and stark,
> Peep'd ghastly through the curtain of the dark,
> With such dire laugh as Phrenzy doth bewray.
> It needs a gifted hand, with skill to mark
> Hilda's proud features, which no dread betray,
> Calm amid lónesome deeds and visions óf dismay.'

'*A lonesome deed*' is new: we doubt not that it is good also. We are not quite so sure that our readers will abstain from a smile, when they read that Hilda was so extremely resolute that

> 'Had the keen sabre smote her lovely face,
> She ne'er had shrunk, *or wink'd*, unworthy of her race.'

Joan of Arc was nothing to Hilda; and even the soldiers of the north, (see the note,) who never *wink'd* though hit in the eyes, must yield to her ladyship.

In stanza forty-eighth we have a very noble specimen of *the bombastic*:

> '*A pride of grief*, when earthly hopes are past,
> *That mounts above the storm, and soars upon the blast.*'

For such a terrible high-flying haughtiness as this, we should certainly recommend a dose of "intellectual hellebore." — An instance of *the bathos* may be happily contrasted with the above:

> 'With eyes that love and gratitude declare,
> To smile, to seek, to view — the sire and husband — *where?*'

"Gentle shepherd, tell me *where?*"

Art. XVII. *An Enquiry into the Causes of the progressive Depreciation of Agricultural Labour in Modern Times;* with Suggestions for its Remedy. By John Barton. 8vo. pp. 128. Arch and Co. 1820.

The depression of agricultural labour alone forms the subject of this inquiry, to the exclusion of a much severer distress occasioned by the curtailment of wages among the manufacturing poor. This arrangement of the author seems to imply that the causes which affect the two classes are different; and so they may be in detail, though we cannot help thinking that they are both resoluble into deficient revenue.[*] Mr. Barton compares the former to a chronic and the latter to an acute disease, more violent in its symptoms but not so alarming. Since the reign of George II., wages have arisen a hundred per cent., if estimated in money: but, if estimated by the various commodities which money can command, they have fallen 33 per cent.; and is not this fact sufficient to account for the extension and increasing pressure of pauperism without heaping insult on injury, and attributing the evil, as some persons have done, to extravagance, idleness, and a general deterioration of moral character among the labouring classes?

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[*] An excellent chapter on this subject occurs in M. de Sismondi's "*Nouveaux Principes d'Economie Politique.*" — "*La production,*" says he, "*dut trouver sa mesure dans le revenu social; et ceux qui encouragent une production indéfinie, sans se soucier de connaître ce revenu, poussent une nation à sa ruine,* en croyant lui ouvrir le *chemin des richesses.*"

As preliminary to the introduction of his own hypothesis, that the true cause of the depreciation of labour is to be found in an increased abundance of the precious metals, Mr. Barton contests the opinion of Mr. Malthus that it is in a great degree attributable to the operation of our poor-laws; which, by giving to the offspring of paupers a legal claim to parochial maintenance, encourage an excessive and unnatural growth of population: more hands are therefore produced than are wanted, the supply of labour exceeds the demand for it, and consequently wages fall. The act of Elizabeth, however, which forms the basis of our poor-laws, passed 220 years ago, (namely, in 1601,) and the rate of wages kept progressively rising for the first hundred and fifty years after it was passed: time enough, surely, for the developement of its imputed tendency; — and, from the days of Elizabeth to those of George II., wages rose more than they have fallen from that period to the present day. It is not a little remarkable, too, that, comparing the price of labour in the reign of Henry VII. with its price at the end of that of Elizabeth, wages had fallen in effective value more than three-fourths, and began to rise at the birth of the parochial system. 'So that a political economist,' says Mr. Barton, 'writing in the reign of George II. might have maintained that the poor-laws tended to *raise* the recompense of industry; and might have appealed, in support of his opinion, to the undeviating experience of two centuries and a half.' As the aloe is said not to flower till it is a hundred years old, so we suspect that some of the most precious fruit of the poor-laws did not ripen till they had received the rays of the sun for more than a hundred and fifty summers. It does not seem to strike Mr. Barton that the paying a labourer six or seven shillings per week, and sending him to the overseer to get the deficiency of his wages made up out of the parish-purse, is quite a modern practice in economics; and that it is a direct depression of the price of labour arising from the existence of poor-laws, which was not imagined fifty years ago, and which has nothing to do with their supposed tendency to promote excessive population. We think that his reasoning on this subject (pp. 44. *et seq.*) is altogether inconclusive and fallacious.

Mr. B. most acquiescingly joins his lamentations to those of Mr. Malthus at the alarming increase of human beings; and the terror inspired by the latter gentleman's theory has also given birth to a practical tyranny in the vaunted vallies of Swisserland, which would hardly have been allowed in Algiers or Constantinople. Indeed, the disciples of Mr. Malthus have carried his principles in one respect even farther than he ventured to push them himself. Although he considers that marriages among the poor, "when the wages of labour will not maintain a family," are immoral, "and directly contrary to the will of God" [where is that will revealed?]; and although he could make up his mind to leave the *guiltless offspring* of such marriages, and not *the culprit-parents*, to the "punishment of nature," that is *want*, by refusing them all parish-assistance; yet does Mr. M. expressly give his opinion that "society cannot justly take upon itself to punish or prevent" such marriages; and that "it is a miserable ambition to snatch the rod from the hands of nature and draw upon ourselves the odium of executioners." M. de Sismondi says, however, expressly that such marriages ought not to be allowed, and that paupers should be obliged to find a security for the maintenance of their offspring before they are permitted to marry! * In the year 1765, M. Muret, of Vevay, in the Pays de Vaud, inferred from an examination of the registers of more than a hundred parishes, that the inhabitants of Swisserland were diminishing, and that serious danger existed of a want of people: which impression he communicated to the Economical Society of Berne: —but in 1808, only forty-three years afterward, and *about ten years after the publication of Mr. Malthus's work*, the government of Berne issued an ordinance, setting forth the vast increase of poor population, and then, for the first time, enacting assessments for their relief. They then exercised also that domination and controul over the actions of their fellow creatures, which, we humbly conceive, no mortal has a right to exercise over any being endowed by nature with the same reason and intelligence as himself. "Increase and multiply" is the command of God: but the command of the Senate of Berne is that "no person who receives relief from his parish shall be allowed to marry without their permission; unless he previously repay the full amount which has been expended on him." The force of this mighty political steam-engine, however, has not been sufficient to keep down pauperism: too much of the vapour, perhaps, has escaped through the safety-valve; for in 1818 the same government, in offering a premium for the best essay on the causes of the increase of pauperism, desires "that it may be particularly inquired whether, without too much endangering the encouragement of vice, some farther obstacle cannot be devised to prevent the marriage of poor persons who have no reasonable prospect of maintaining a family from their own earnings."

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* "*Le mariage des mendians ne devrait jamais être permis; — le mariage de tous ceux qui n'ont aucune propriété devrait etre soumis à une inspection sévère: on aurait droit de demander des garanties pour les enfans à naître: on pourrait exiger celle du maître qui fait travailler: requérir de lui un engagement de conserver à ses gages, pendant un certain nombre d'années, l'homme qui se marie,*" &c. &c. Notwithstanding the excessive absurdity of this passage, much good sense and feeling are displayed in M. de Sismondi's book on population, which was intended as a reply to Mr. Malthus. See M. R. vol. xci. p. 466. *et seq.*

Mr. Barton assumes, all through his work, that population is rapidly increasing: but perhaps he may at least have some doubts as to the accuracy of the "Returns," when he has examined them with the scrutinizing eye of Mr. Godwin. Indeed, a comparison of his own tables (pp. 117. and 118.) will not bear him out. During forty years, from 1740 to 1780, the average proportion supposed to die under twenty-five years of age, according to the first of these tables, was 49-100ths: for simplification, it may be called one half. In another table (note D.), we have the proportion given of births to marriages from 1755 to 1810, and the average is exactly 3⅔. According to this, population would rather decline than increase; because, if half those who are born die before they marry, there must be four children to a marriage to keep population stationary. As, however, the assumed increase of population is ascribed to diminished mortality rather than to excess of births, it may be admitted that, since the year 1780, from greater care and cleanliness, the proportion of deaths is not altogether so large as it is here stated.

As the money-price of agricultural labour has not fallen*, but as wages have grievously declined when measured by commodities, the money-price of the latter must have risen, from some cause, much more than that of the former. Mr. Barton offers an ingenious but delusive argument to shew that taxation, among the various reasons which are assigned for the augmentation of prices, does not produce that effect.

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* It is necessary to bear in mind that this inquiry is confined to agricultural labour: the wages of manufacturing labour have fallen notoriously, and the deficit has been made up out of the poor-rate, assessed in a most unfair proportion on landed property.

> ‘ The price of a commodity can only be raised by some cause which affects the value of that commodity without affecting the value of the precious metals; or else affects the value of those metals without influencing that of the commodity which they measure; for the price is merely the expression of its worth in gold and silver; and has no connection with its abstract value. Now, since gold and silver are commodities liable to be affected in common with all others by every general cause, such as the progress of luxury, or the pressure of taxation, no such general cause can possibly raise prices.’ — Again: ‘ If the standard be affected in common with all the objects which it measures, no change of price can ensue. We do not find the objects about us sensibly bigger in summer than in winter, though it is certain that the dimensions of all bodies are enlarged by a rise of temperature — because the measures we employ are expanded in common with the rest.’

Carrying on this figure, we should say, true; all bodies are enlarged by a rise in temperature, but they are not *equally* enlarged by the *same* rise in temperature, because their capacities for absorbing and retaining heat are very different. So it is with taxation generally, which affects its objects in very different degrees. A tax on gambling-houses, race-horses, hounds, &c., would immediately affect these several objects, and there it would terminate, having little or no collateral operation: — but a tax on the necessaries of life; — on salt, leather, soap, beer, tea, sugar, &c.; — on those articles which are indispensable to the support of the labouring classes; — is nothing less than a downright tax on wages; which, while it diminishes the profits of stock, does also depreciate wages and depress the condition of the labourer. In fact, it is in a great degree by reducing the profits of stock, and the revenue of the capitalist, that such a tax reduces the wages of labour which must be paid out of that revenue: but Mr. Barton says, ‘ of course, it is not my intention to deny that a particular commodity is raised in price by a tax laid directly upon it.’ Then we beg the favour of him to mention the name of that commodity, tangible, visible, eatable, drinkable, wearable, either as a luxury or a necessary, which is not taxed. The pressure of direct taxation is like the pressure of a fluid on the *bottom* of a vessel whose sides are perpendicular; namely, equal to the weight of that fluid: but the law of hydrostatics as to *lateral* pressure holds good likewise as to indirect taxation; viz. that, although the pressure on the side grows less and less till at the surface it is nothing, yet is it so great against the sides of a cubical vessel and the bottom together as to equal three times the weight of the fluid itself. This is strikingly illustrated by the immediate depression of wages which resulted from the imposition of the last tax on leather. Mr. Curwen states the fact in his Report to the Workington Agricultural Society, and it is repeated in our notice of that tract, vol. xciii. p. 333. *et seq.*

It has been mentioned that Mr. Barton considers the true cause of the depreciation of labour to be an increased abundance of the precious metals. We must pass over a variety of arguments designed to prove this position, and to shew at the same time that an excess of paper-currency does not operate like an influx of those metals, but has an opposite effect, being created for the avowed purpose of supplying the scarcity of capital; — we must pass, we say, over these topics, to come at the remedy suggested; first noticing, however, an inconsistency that strikes us. Mr. Barton says, (p. 53.) we may safely conclude that the enhanced price of all commodities in late years proceeds from a depreciation of money; and that this depreciation principally arises from the increased productiveness of the American mines. Again: 'It is evident that an increased abundance of gold and silver must lower the relative value of those metals, and, consequently, as all other sorts of goods are measured by comparison with them, must cause a general rise of prices.' Yet, in examining the operation of an influx of money, we find this passage in the very page that follows: 'In return for these various commodities (exported to Spain, Portugal, or their colonies,) we receive, of course, remittances in gold and silver; these forming at once the most obvious, the most convenient, and the most profitable mode of repayment; inasmuch as those metals are, at once, the natural produce of the country whence they are sent, and *as they may be brought over without very materially lessening their value*; whereas, if Buenos Ayres should send hither an extraordinary quantity of hides, or New Spain of indigo and tobacco, the supply of those commodities at market would exceed the demand, and they could not be disposed of except at a reduction of price.' The influx of hides, &c. would have a more *immediate* operation on the market than an influx of money, but that is all the difference between them. A high money-price of commodities, and of labour also, is a necessary consequence of the increase of gold and silver; but it does not follow *immediately* on that increase, time being requisite for its circulation through the state, and to make its effects be felt on all ranks of people. The influx of gold and silver, and of paper-currency, (for Mr. B. has not convinced us by his reasoning on this subject,) is not commensurate with the influx of taxation. The money-price of labour, therefore, is high, because of the former; while its actual value, measured by commodities, is kept low by the excess of the latter oppressively operating to the diminution of revenue.

We deem it perfectly plain that the sufferings of the poor arise from the low rate not of nominal but of actual wages, whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the cause which produces that low rate. Savings-banks, friendly societies, private charities, and poor-rates, are at best but palliatives: they reach not the root of the evil; and, till we can raise the price of labour, we shall not effectually and permanently improve the situation of the labourer. How is this to be accomplished? We cannot if we would, and certainly we should not if we could, shut up the South American mines; we must endeavour, then, to counteract the effects which Mr. B. attributes to the influx of these "*irritamenta malorum*," the precious metals; and this can only be done by increasing the demand for labour or diminishing its supply. Taking up the notion which has so unhappily in late years prevailed, that this island is over-peopled, (although millions of its acres are untilled, and although *oceans of fish* sport unmolested round its shores,) Mr. Barton, like Mr. Malthus, would lessen the supply of labour rather than increase the means of employment: but his plan is exceedingly different, and bears nearly the same relation to it which the mild genius and spirit of the religion of the native Peruvians bore to the severer superstition of the Mexicans. The system of the one is founded on hope, that of the other on fear: of the one, on reward, and that of the other on punishment: the features of the one are inviting and benignant, but those of the other are stern and repulsive. Having said thus much in its favour, we must add that it does not appear to us likely to have the effect which Mr. B. anticipates; viz. of checking population; and *therefore* we have the less objection to it. His meaning is to gain time, and induce the poor to prolong the period of celibacy; and the plan is to offer a cow, or a cottage and garden rent free for life, or any other reward which may be deemed preferable, to every labourer who shall deposit a stipulated sum, (fifty pounds for instance,) certified to be the produce of his own industry, in a savings-bank at the time of his marriage; which is to remain his property and at his own disposal, — so that he may withdraw it on the day after his marriage. A child born before marriage is of course to debar the parties from the reward. Mr. Barton supposes that, if the poor could be persuaded to defer their marriage, each two years, population would be so checked as to raise the price of wages as high as their warmest friend could wish. 'Within the first two years, each marriage, on an average, produces one birth; and as the whole average-number of births to a marriage is four, an additional two years passed in celibacy by every couple would *reduce* the whole number of births one-fourth, and of course *ultimately* diminish the population in that proportion.' If Mr. Barton had said it would *delay* one fourth of the whole number of legitimate births for two years, we could have had no objection to the statement. It will not be far from truth, perhaps, to take twenty-five and twenty-one as the ages respectively at which males and females marry, making an average of twenty-three years; and Mr. Godwin has calculated the average-duration of married lives at sixteen years. Now, the whole of this term, if not more, may be added to the age of 21, without carrying the female beyond the natural limits of fecundity: but, assuming the correctness of Mr. Malthus's computation, that each marriage produces four births following one another at intervals of two years, so that the whole number of children arising from a marriage, taking one with another, is born within the first *eight* years, abundant time is left for the female to bring forth her average-number, even if she did not marry till she likewise was twenty-five years old. Early marriages, however, are known to be unfavourable to population. A postponement of the period, therefore, for two or three years, would be much more likely to add a fourth to our numbers *ultimately*, than to diminish them.

The moral state of society would perhaps be improved, if a system of reward could be introduced into the same code of laws which is so abundant in punishments. The conditions of those noble and savoury prizes which formerly were hung up at the manor-hall of Whichnovre and the priory of Dunmowe were perhaps too rigidly enforced; and many disappointed applicants, like Joceline Jolly, Esq., may deserve a rasher of the bacon when they are not intitled to the whole gammon. Indeed, we should readily second a proposal for having in every village a public register, to be called the *Book of Merit*, for the purpose of recording and rewarding every striking instance of meritorious conduct. In China, (where no beggars are seen, and where, Sir George Staunton tells us, all means are tried to stimulate to good and deter from evil actions, by the reward of praise as well as by the dread of shame,) a Book of Merit is kept for such a purpose, as an incitement not to the poor only, but equally to the rich; and, in the enumeration of a man's titles, the number of insertions of his name in that document is particularly mentioned. For faults, on the other hand, he is usually degraded; and it is not deemed sufficient that he should assume his reduced title, but he must likewise add to his name the fact of his degradation. Such a record as this, perhaps, might make it necessary to publish a new edition of our "*Court Calendar*," or *Red-Book, revised and corrected.*

Although we do not entirely accord with Mr. B., either as to the cause of the disease which, in common with him, we heartily deplore, or as to the probable efficacy of his remedy, we think that his tract is well worthy of attention, since it is full of kind feeling, and may be read with advantage.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE,

FOR MARCH, 1821.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Art. 18. *The Natural History of Ants*; by M. P. Huber, Member of the Physical and Natural History Society of Geneva, &c. Translated from the French, with additional Notes, by J. R. Johnson, M.D. F.R.S., &c. 12mo. pp. 435. 9s. Boards. Longman and Co. 1820.

In the Appendix to our lxxviiith vol., New Series, we invited the attention of our readers to the contents of this highly interesting publication. The present translation is executed with fidelity and ability, and is well calculated to give a wider circulation to M. Huber's wonderful discoveries, which have been confirmed by some of the most eminent entomologists of the age: but, though Dr. Johnson appears to have rendered his author's meaning with sufficient accuracy throughout, we cannot entirely absolve him from the charge of an occasional incorrect or inelegant expression; since we find *stigmæ* for *stigmata*, arrived *to*, basis *for*, abdomen — *possess*, sometimes halts, and then *diverge*, the webs *serves*, &c. The relative pronoun and the conjunction *that* are too frequently suppressed; and we cannot perceive any good reason why the French *obeissance* should be retained in preference to the English *compliance*; *points d'appui*, for *points of support*; *aperçu*, for *glance*; *provisions de bouche*, for *food*; *enlèvemens*, for *abductions*; *cortège*, for *retinue*; or *mélange*, for *mixture*. The original title, "Researches into the Natural History of Ants," has been improperly exchanged for one of a more general denomination; though the work refers only to the economy of a few species, and the author deemed an apology necessary for the apparent latitude even of the first title.

Several of the additional and illustrative Notes are extracted from Gould's Memoir on Ants, the writings of Latreille, &c.: but others are the result of the translator's personal observation, and, as will be seen from the ensuing specimens, convey information well worthy of being communicated to the public.

'I was

'I was in the habit of visiting, almost daily, for a month, an extensive nest of Red Ants, of which a large flat stone formed the roof. — During my visits for the first three weeks, scarcely a drop of rain had fallen, and the nest seemed to be considerably injured by the continual falling in of loose earth, which these little creatures with amazing industry removed, whenever it happened any of the avenues were blocked up. No attempt was ever made towards reparation; but what was my surprise on visiting my little friends, after a two days' heavy rain, to find, that the repairs were already completed, and that the upper surface of their habitation presented as smooth a surface as if a trowel had been passed over it; yet all their work they had industriously effected by *kneading*, with the rain-water, the loose earth into a sort of paste. From the nest being situated in the midst of an extensive heath, where there could be no supply of water, and from its remaining unrepaired during the dry weather, it amounts to a full conviction, that Ants employ no other cement than water, in the construction of their varied habitations.' —

'I have often been surprised at the ingenuity of these little creatures, in availing themselves of contiguous blades of grass, stalks of corn, &c., when they wish to enlarge the boundaries of their abode. As these are usually met with in the erect position, they are admirably calculated for pillars; they, therefore, coat them over with a fine paste of earth, giving them, by additional layers, the solidity they judge necessary for the work on which they are engaged: they then leave them to be consolidated by the wind, and afterwards spring a number of arches, from pillar to pillar, and thus form an extensive saloon. Should they be, at any time, in want of small apartments, they have only to prepare a quantity of moistened earth, and by placing this between the pillars, and carrying it up to the roof, leaving here and there an aperture for entrance, their object is completely attained.'

The fact reported at page 187. of the cessation of hostilities between the Red and the Yellow Ants, when retained in close confinement in the same box, and the recommencement of their combats as soon as they experienced the influence of the open air, is not less striking. — The strength and address manifested by the Red Ants, in removing heavy bodies, are also well illustrated at p. 226. — These and other observations, combined with the "Treatise on the Medicinal Leech," to which we formerly adverted*, sufficiently attest that Dr. Johnson is qualified for prosecuting his own inquiries, and that he deserves to rank above the station of ordinary translators.

Art. 19. *An Introduction to the Knowledge of Fungusses:* intended, generally, to bring into Notice this hitherto much-neglected Tribe of Vegetables; and, particularly, to promote the taking Figures and Descriptions of them, by young Persons and others, who are in the Practice of drawing Flowers. With Engravings. 12mo. 2s. coloured, sewed. Harvey and Darton. 1820.

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* See Rev. for September, 1816.

A systematic introduction to the families of *Fungi* would require much more room than has been allotted to this diminutive manual. If viewed, however, only as a *specimen* of what may be done in the way of description and delineation, it has claims on our attention, as it may contribute to induce those who have inclination and leisure to apply to the study of such fugacious vegetable productions, and to retain their features and forms by the art of the pencil. The present author might have added to the interest and usefulness of his pages, if he had indicated the discriminating marks of the common edible mushroom, and the method of detecting the truffle.—As the two plates contain not fewer than fourteen well-coloured figures, the price is certainly moderate.

Art. 20. *A Compendium of the Ornithology of Great Britain*, with a Reference to the Anatomy and Physiology of Birds. By John Atkinson, F.L.S., Curator of the Museum, and Librarian to the Philosophical and Literary Society at Leeds. 8vo. pp. 242. 8s. Boards. Hurst and Co. 1820.

The design of this epitome is to collect the information that is scattered over large and expensive works, to include definitions of the recently ascertained species, and to correct any errors in the synonyms that may have arisen from a want of due attention to the difference of plumage in different ages, or at certain times of the year. Anatomical and physiological notes are occasionally introduced, but more sparingly than we could have desired; especially since we are told that a great proportion of the species were accurately examined by the author with regard to their internal structure, and others were dissected in the Orkney islands by intelligent assistants.

As a neat and commodious text-book, we would recommend this unpretending but respectable volume to all who are desirous of entering on the study of British ornithology; and the rather, because it does not profess to supersede the more elaborate treatises on the same subject, but only to facilitate their advantageous perusal. By adopting a smaller type, however, and a more compact arrangement of the letter-press, Mr. Atkinson might have rendered his services more instructive and entertaining; for he might thus have inserted additional synonyms and references, a more uniform register of dimensions, and the outlines of characteristic habits. On the other hand, however, he sometimes treats us with an anecdote or two which we should have scarcely expected in a mere synoptical introduction. Thus, a gentleman who resides in Yorkshire having observed the scales of fishes in the nest of a pair of Barn-owls, 'which had built near a lake, upon his premises, he was induced one moonlight night to watch their motions; when he was agreeably surprised to see one of them plunge into the water, and seize a perch, which it bore to its nest, whence the gentleman took it.'—Again, 'A remarkable instance of a male of the *Corvus Cornix*, or *Hooded Crow*, pairing with the female Carrion Crow, (*Corvus Corone*,) we witnessed at Aroquhar *, on Lock † Long; and this singular attachment had subsisted three or four years: their nest was like that of the Carrion Crow, in the fork of a tall pine, and the young brood had already flown: but we were unable to procure one of them, or to ascertain which of the parents they most resembled.'

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* *Arroquhar*. † Loch.

An index of the orders, genera, and upwards of 280 species, is prefixed; and another, of more general import, is subjoined to the methodical exposition of the class, as far as it relates to this island. The Appendix contains a few pertinent directions for preparing specimens for the cabinet. Directions alone, however, without expertness of hand and practical training, will never render a bird's skin fit to be seen in *genteel company.*

Art. 21. *Thoughts on the Study of Natural History;* and on the Importance of attaching Museums of the Productions of Nature to National Seminaries of Education. Addressed to the Proprietors of the Belfast Institution. 12mo. pp. 122. Printed at Belfast. 1820.

The author of this little tract needed not to have concealed his name, for his observations manifest both reading and reflection; and, though they occasionally bear hard on such distinguished writers as Buffon and St. Pierre, they are penned in the spirit of fairness and liberality. Enamoured of the contemplation of the works of nature, he advocates the dignity and usefulness of such employment in a strain of lively and forcible argumentation; and he repels, with not less felicity, some of the objections which have been conjured up against it. In addition to his reply to the hackneyed charge of its inducing habits of minute and frivolous detail, we may be permitted to remark that, in a great variety of instances at least, the alleged frivolity or waste of talent is quite chimerical; and that the honest and zealous naturalist is too frequently subjected to censure, or derision, by those who affect to despise his labours. Natural History, like every other science, requires its workmen and pioneers. Without the expedients of arrangement and nomenclature, its progress would be instantly arrested; and the most valuable observations and discoveries could neither be generally apprehended, nor intelligibly transmitted to posterity. It is fortunate, therefore, that the bias of some minds inclines them to the construction of synoptical tables, the collection of references, the exposition of synonyms, and the framing of accurate catalogues; and it is scarcely necessary to state that those preparatory though humble processes are not of less consequence to the historian of nature, than are the services of the grammarian and the lexicographer to the fine writer or the orator.

The secondary object, which the present essayist has in view, is to demonstrate the propriety of attaching a Museum to the Belfast Institution; and his pleading in behalf of such a provision for the encouragement of a branch of education, hitherto deplorably neglected in his native country, is abundantly cogent: but we fear that the want of the *ways and means* may long retard the accomplishment of such a praise-worthy project. In the mean time, the lack of natural knowlege, even among the clergy, is strikingly evinced by various quotations from some of the recent *parochial* and statistical surveys. We may notice a few.

‘ In the parish of Ardstraw, county of Tyrone, there are four lakes, and here is the account of their zoological treasures, given by the writer of the survey of that district: “ They all produce large pike, perch, &c.; and are frequented by various sorts of wildfowl, as duck, teal, widgeon, &c.”

‘ The reverend author of the survey of Clonmany parish, county of Donegall, enters more into detail. “ With respect to the mineralogy of this parish,” he says, “ I am myself incompetent to give much satisfaction to the curious in those matters; however, it is generally thought, that our hills and mountains are impregnated with metals and valuable fossils. A foreigner, I believe Dr. Berger, lately *pervaded* our mountains, and brought therefrom *rocks*, &c. for the London Society.”

‘ We are then informed, that the Doctor found nothing worthy of notice in Ennishowen, except in one parish; and that besides “rack [wrack] or sea alga,” which is very plentiful, and produces very good “potatoes and cabbages, and is excellent on meadows, there is no other production worthy of notice here [Clonmany], *except heath, and some fiorin grass*.” Slender enough satisfaction, Heaven knows; though we may rest satisfied, that the parish of Clonmany *is not* “ impregnated with metals and valuable fossils.” Dr. Berger, while he was “*pervading*” mountains, and *carrying off rocks*, could not overlook these treasures: if he concealed the discovery, and took them secretly to Geneva, he has committed a barbarous act of cruelty on this unfortunate parish, notwithstanding the consolation it possesses in its “*sea alga*,” its valuable heath, and its invaluable fiorin.

‘ In the parish of Dunaghy, county of Antrim, “ all the rivers are well supplied with excellent trout, but the sport of the angler is considerably diminished by the poacher and his net.”

‘ In the survey of Lea, Queen's county, the account given of its vegetables is this: “ There are *no* rare plants, but *all* the common kind; however, it may not be foreign from the subject to mention, that there are barberries in plenty, in some of the townlands.”

‘ How decidedly do men often speak on subjects with which they are little acquainted, and how different is their language from that of the profound and deeply versed. The immortal Haller, after years of research among the Alps of Switzerland, published a noble work on their botany, which he introduced to the world with this modest title, “ A Catalogue of the Indigenous Plants of Helvetia.” Here is a writer, on the other hand, who plunges at once into the *mare magnum* of assertion; who tells us, without hesitation, that in the parish where he officiates there are “*no rare plants*;” and to this adds, that there are “ *all the common kind*.” How came he by this knowledge? Why, he actually vibrates in doubt, whether it is foreign from the subject to mention the growth of the barberry. Foreign it certainly is not, nor would it have been irrelevant to acquaint his reader, whether in those townlands where the barberry does occur, it exists wild, or is cultivated, and whether in Lea parish it injures crops in its vicinity, by communicating the *rubigo*.’

With regard to the comparative importance of the study of the organized and that of the unorganized departments of nature, we are very far from wishing to assign any exclusive preference to the latter. Inert matter, indeed, however modified, is still destitute of vitality, and may, therefore, in the minds of many, excite less lively emotions of wonder and delight than those which are so powerfully awakened by a survey of the more complicated forms, motions, and actions of living beings. Yet, to the reflecting few, the formation of a crystal will appear a subject of as curious speculation as the structure of a coral, or of a polypus; and the production and arrangement of a habitable world, destined to perform its revolutions with undeviating certainty in the fields of space, and during countless ages, are expressions of power and intelligence not less equivocal than the myriad races of animals which are produced and perish on its surface. Still, we concur generally in the opinion of the present writer, that an undue degree of attention has been of late bestowed on mineralogy and geology, to the neglect of zoology. Indeed, we seldom feel disposed to impugn any of his sentiments; and, whatever may be the fate of his reasonable and respectful suggestions, he may solace himself with the heart-felt satisfaction of having discharged a patriotic and important duty.

POETRY.

Art. 22. *A Day in Autumn;* a Poem, by Bernard Barton. 4to. pp. 31. Baldwin and Co. 1820.

We have in a former article expressed a favourable opinion of this author.* The present work is written in the Spenserian stanza, and evinces considerable skill in versification: but the subject, we fear, will not prove interesting to general readers. It is a narrative in verse of the writer's feelings on a beautiful day in Autumn, in a pleasant part of the country; and some descriptions of local scenery are interspersed: but the composition is unenlivened by any incidents or delineations of character. After a short invocation to Autumn, he proceeds to describe the sunrise, which was of course most auspicious; and he then leads us to the breakfast-table, where a large party of old and young are assembled, some of whom, we are informed, are only guests for the day. This circumstance, however, is said to have occasioned little regret, because the last hour before parting is by far the most delightful that friends spend together; a sentiment which came on us a little by surprise, and we acknowlege that we are not yet reconciled to it.

After breakfast, a chapter in the New Testament is read, and the company separates. Attended by a few friends, the poet then drives to some woods on the banks of the river Orwell, holding "high converse" as they went of Scott and Byron, and Moore and Wordsworth: the latter of whom, and Peter Bell, he persists in praising, despite of critics. He then bursts forth into an eulogy on poetry, which we extract with much pleasure. The imitation of Beattie in the first two stanzas is obvious, but we think that the whole passage is the happiest in the volume.

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* See Rev. vol. xciii. p. 267.

‘ Yet he who scans aright the end for which
  The gift of song, if genuine, was bestow'd,
Will ever strain its most commanding pitch
  In virtue's praise; and seek to strew the road
That leads to her immortal, blest abode,
  With amaranthine flowers; — even when he plays
With lighter theme, in seeming mirthful mode,
  Or nature's loveliness in song pourtrays,
His end and aim through all should be the Giver's praise.

‘ And inexhaustible the beauties are
  Of this fair universe. — The boundless main;
Heaven's out-stretch'd cope, begemm'd with many a star,
  And earth's rich loveliness, — the ample plain,
And stream which marks it like a silver vein;
  Mountain, and forest, lake, and water-fall: —
Can minstrel e'er want subject for his strain,
  While such display their charms so prodigal?
Or how, while singing them, forget who form'd them all?

‘ O Poesy! thou dear delightful art!
  Of sciences by far the most sublime;
Who, acting rightly thy immortal part,
  Art virtue's handmaid, censor stern of crime,
Nature's high priest, and chronicler of time;
  The nurse of feeling; the interpreter
Of purest passion: — who, in manhood's prime,
  In age, or infancy, alike canst stir
The heart's most secret thoughts: — to Thee I now prefer

‘ My aspirations. — Unto thee I owe
  Nor wealth, nor fame; yet hast thou given to me
Some secret joys the world can ill bestow,
  Delights which ope not to its golden key,
And wait not on its pride and pageantry:
  For thou hast nourish'd, in those lonely hours
That have been spent in intercourse with thee,
  Kind feelings, chasten'd passions, mental powers,
And hopes which look through time. These are not worldly dowers.

‘ For such I thank thee! Thou hast granted all
  I could expect in life; yet, when I must
Return to nature's chill original
  That portion of me which is form'd of dust,
When I go down to darkness! take in trust
  Some scatter'd fragments of my transient name!
I ask no storied urn, no marble bust,
  These move me not; yet could I wish to claim
From some few left behind a dearer meed than fame.

'I mean that tender feeling, which outlives,
In the survivor's heart, the silent grave,
And such as slumber in it; that which gives
To those it mourns for all their hearts would crave.
I ask no laurels o'er my turf to wave,
But, when the sun of my brief day *be set*,
I would not so all softer ties out-brave
As not to wish, when those I love *be met*,
For me that cheeks be wan, and eyes with sorrow wet.'

'And should some portion of my song survive
The death of him who frames it; may it be
Such only as may keep his name alive
In hearts of spotless moral purity; —
Of virtuous feeling, gentle sympathy,
And elevated thoughts; — such have I known: —
May these but cherish my lov'd memory
In some few silent hours, when left alone,
And "fame's obstreperous trump" I willingly disown.'

In pursuing his ramble, the author gives us a pleasing description of the river Orwell, and then returns. Dinner being over, he takes his leave, without any feeling of regret, though it occurred to him that he might never see many of the party again; and an apostrophe to Night concludes the poem.

We agree with Mr. Barton that poetry should not be opposed to religion or morality: — indeed, to use the words of Sir Philip Sidney, "the true end of poetry is the inculcation of morality:" — but it requires something more than moral sentiments, prettily expressed and loosely strung together, to constitute a poem. The Spenserian stanza, moreover, is not adapted to the puerilities of *the Lake school*, of which Mr. B. is an admirer and a follower: it has a majesty which leads us to anticipate noble if not original thoughts; and we are disappointed when the eighth or ninth line shews us only some self-evident truth, or some feeble morality, which an old English proverb would convey with more point and in one half of the compass. — On the whole, this poem, like the earlier productions of its author, is not deficient in elegance: but, in his smaller pieces, we thought that we discovered promise of a mind capable of speaking and thinking for itself; and therefore we felt disappointment on finding this mature composition little more than a cento of imitations. We earnestly advise Mr. Barton, if he is ambitious of eminence, to throw away his leading strings, and begin by trying a few paces by himself, — *going alone*. Power cannot be exhibited without experiment; and those exertions which are necessary for the display of vigour are in no inconsiderable degree conducive to its production.

Some improprieties in language and grammar occur; and, considering the length of the poem, they are rather numerous. We remark only the most prominent. 'A poet's craft,' page 14. line 10., and 'caught from the altar's live coal,' same page, line 6., and 'strain its most commanding pitch,' in the passage which we have *extracted*, are instances of vulgar diction. In the same quotation we marked '*be set*' and '*be met*,' instead of *is set* and *are met*; and at p. 19. l. 10. we have, 'but there *be* many who have never *strove*' [striven]. Mr. Barton seems to have strangely misunderstood the meaning of Milton's "numerous verse," when he says, p. 14. l. 7., 'in verse, which *although* numerous, could not tire.' P. 29. l. 2. he addresses night as 'a period of introverted thought;' a phrase which will sound rather too mystical to the general reader.

Art. 23. *A New Canto.* 8vo. 1s. Wright. 1819.

The writer of this lively nonsense has evidently intended it as an imitation of Lord Byron. It is a rhapsody from beginning to end, describing the sudden arrival of dooms-day; and to those who are fond of extravagance, and doggrel versification, it may seem to possess merit.

POLITICS.

Art. 24. *A Review of a celebrated Speech on the Catholic Claims,* delivered in the House of Commons in the Session of 1813: in a Letter addressed to the Right Hon. W. C. Plunkett. 8vo. 1s. Printed by Valpy. 1820.

Although this pamphlet is not ill written, the arguments contained in it have been advanced and refuted in every session in which the subject has been discussed in Parliament. The Catholic claims seem every year to make new progress; and Mr. Plunkett's farther success in advocating them, at the present moment, leads to the hope that the measure, which Grattan did not live to accomplish, his countrymen may still owe to the impression made by his services, his reasoning, and his eloquence.

EDUCATION.

Art. 25. *A New and Improved Grammar of the Italian Language,* combined with a copious Collection of Exercises, under every Rule and Observation. By G. Grimani, Professor of the Italian Language, and Author of the Italian and French Conversations. Second Edition, &c. 12mo. pp. 392. 10s. 6d. Boards. Gardiner.

We have before had occasion to notice, with some approbation, the philological labours of Signor Grimani, who has deserved well of the generation of Italian tyros, for clearing away the elementary rubbish and innumerable difficulties which have so long obstructed the road of the student, before he could join company and make a proper acquaintance with Petrarch, Ariosto, and Dante. The "Italian Conversations," and "Italian Exercise-Book," mentioned in the xxxiiid and lxxxviiith vols. of our New Series, were formed with unusual care, and no little choice of selection, compared with the general instances afforded in such works. We are now enabled to say, after an attentive consideration of this additional and more extended compilation, that the Improved Grammar shews equal judgment in extracting materials, and in their method of arrangement. The Signor's manner of simplifying the more difficult rules, and impressing them on the memory by short examples, with references to previous grammatical acquisitions, as a sort of repetition, is well calculated to ground the scholar in a solid knowlege of his subject; while the information conveyed in the form of precepts, and familiar sentences, is superior to the low and unmeaning jargon too frequently introduced in the colloquial part of grammars. The poetical quotations evince also some degree of taste; and to them is added a tolerably long list of the usual licences of speech, from Dante and Ariosto, &c. &c. The only fault that we can lay to the charge of Signor G. is that, as we think, he is somewhat too liberal of his exercises, rules, and examples; many of which, not always new, he has appended to the present work, with some injustice to the contents of the former. The volume is thus swelled out to rather an inconsiderate length; at least beyond any absolute necessity for the interests of the pupil, who may happen to be more appalled than allured by its thickness.

Art. 26. *Key to Grimani's Italian Grammar and Exercises.* 12mo. pp. 140. 2s. 6d. Gardiner.

As a supplement to the foregoing work, the advantage of this little volume will be found to consist in enabling the scholar to correct his own translations of the exercises given him in the Grammar to *be done into* Italian, (Italianly, if possible,) by comparing them with the classical authorities in the Key. Signor G. very disinterestedly informs the learner that he may do this without the advantage of a master: but he by no means recommends him to consult it until he has composed his exercise, because it would certainly retard his improvement by obviating the necessity of referring to the rules. We must in justice add that the choice of models of Italian composition, from which the learner is to judge of his own progress, discover correct taste, and a thorough acquaintance with the language.

Art. 27. *An Italian and English Grammar.* From Vergani's Italian and French Grammar. Exemplified in Twenty Lessons; with Exercises, Dialogues, and entertaining Historical Anecdotes. By M. Piranesi, Member of the Academy at Rome. Arranged in English and Italian, with Notes, Remarks, and Additions, calculated to facilitate the Study of the Italian Language, by M. Guichenney, who has also prepared a Key, adapted to the French and Italian as well as the English and Italian Grammar. 12mo. pp. 214. Souter. 1820.

We have little to add to the compendious information afforded by this title-page, except that the author has followed the plan of accenting (′ ‵) several of those words which are most difficult to pronounce, in order that the pupil may acquire the true Tuscan pronunciation, which is by no means easy to attain. The Grammar contains an introductory specimen of each style of composition, that the pupil may be 'initiated in an easy, entertaining, and concise manner, into a knowlege of this most beautiful and harmonious language.'

Art. 28. *A Dictionary of the Peculiarities of the Italian Language.*

Being a Collection of Sentences from the most approved Italian Authors, &c. &c. By M. Santagnello, Author of a Grammar and Exercises, &c. &c. 8vo. 9s. 6d. Boards. Whittakers. 1820.

We think that we may venture to recommend this publication to those classes of Italian students who are already somewhat advanced in a knowlege of the language, and are desirous of acquiring a more complete and accurate use of the peculiar idioms and phraseology than they obtain in the pages of any Dictionary or Grammar, not excepting the Della Cruscan compilations. In the elaborate philological treatises of Dolce and Buommattei, in the elementary works of Veneroni, Barretti, Tourner, and numerous others, we do not discover that the labours and precise plan of M. Santagnello have been anticipated; for his book is rather a supplement both to a Grammar and a Dictionary, and intended for more accomplished as well as more youthful students of the tongue. It is a laborious and well arranged compilation, and illustrates the nicer turns and modes of speaking the diversified meanings; with those distinctions in the collocation and use of verbs, particles, and prepositions, which are often so perplexing to the learner. They are also judiciously exemplified from passages in the works of the most approved Italian writers, which will tend to improve the reader's taste, at the same time that he acquires the requisite grammatical information. Several of the various synonyma of English verbs are given, with different significations of the particle *to;* the cases which adjectives, verbs, and prepositions govern; and the particular use of the infinitives and subjunctives.

It appears to us, however, that we have some cause for censure in the bulk and the consequent price of this volume; in the repetition of instances; and in the statement of those finer shades of meaning and niceties of composition, which, like a native pronunciation of the language itself, can perhaps only be thoroughly mastered by experience in conversation or travel. We should say that M. Santagnello has aimed at effecting more than the most perfect Grammar and Dictionary can ever supply; though, certainly, the advantages to be acquired by the Italian student, from a patient and repeated perusal of this Dictionary of Peculiarities, are neither trivial nor few.

LAW.

Art. 29. *Commentaries on the Laws of England:* principally in the Order, and comprising the whole Substance, of the Commentaries of Sir William Blackstone. 8vo. pp. 838. 1l. 1s. Boards. Butterworth and Son. 1819.

This work has been read with very great satisfaction, and the 'better form' into which Blackstone's materials have been 'reduced,' the 'errors' that have been 'corrected,' the 'defects' that have been 'supplied,' and the 'superfluities' that have been 'retrenched,'—besides the 'added clearness and precision, in point of language,' with which they have been 'invested,'—and the 'order and coherence, the *series juncturaque* with respect to method, of which Blackstone's arrangement has much oftener the semblance, than the reality,' which have been 'conferred on them,' — have been largely extolled, — by at least one individual, namely, the author or compiler himself. We are sorry that we cannot agree with him; and when we inform our readers that the above passages are extracted from one paragraph of his preface, (the remainder of it being written in the same spirit,) they will, with us, be more inclined to give him credit for *as*sumption and *pre*sumption than for good sense or good taste. It will be seen, too, notwithstanding the author's pretensions to originality, that the work is little, and in the first three books nothing, more than an abridgment of the excellent Commentaries of Blackstone; an abridgment too meagre for the student, and too full for the school, not only following precisely the learned Judge's arrangement, but adopting in general his language, except in a few instances in which it is altered for the worse. Had the fourth book been completed in the same style with the three preceding, there could have been no pretence for giving the work any other title than *An Abridgment;* nor is any explanation offered to shew why the original plan was altered.

Art. 30. *A Digested Abridgement of the Laws of the Customs,* &c. &c. &c.; the whole alphabetically arranged and brought down to the End of the Session 59 Geo. III. Compiled, by Direction of the Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury, by Richard Frewin, Esq. assisted by Nicholas Jickling, Esq. 8vo, pp. 629. 12s. 6d. Boards. Egerton. 1819.

We conceive that this volume must prove very useful to persons who are engaged in commerce, and may even be advantageously consulted by the occasional visitor to the Continent, who ought to know what he may carry out of and what he may bring into his own country, without being subject to the *foraging* of custom-house officers. It has been compiled since the important act was passed for the consolidation of the duties of the Customs, and is brought down to the end of the session of the 59th of the late King. So long ago as the year 1786, Mr. Frewin submitted his plan to Mr. Pitt, which met with his approbation: but the French war intervened, and the work was suspended. In 1814, he received the directions of the Lords of the Treasury to complete it, and Mr. Jickling was appointed by them as his coadjutor. In 1815, the latter gentleman published an elaborate and valuable "Digest of the Laws of the Customs," in a terrific quarto of one thousand and four hundred pages! A revision of the duties some time afterward ensued, and in 1819 was passed the grand act of parliament for their consolidation. As the regulations relating to the Customs are so numerous and intricate that individuals, even with the best intentions, cannot always avoid a transgression of them, we have sincere satisfaction in finding that the present systematic Abridgement is at length published under the sanction of Government.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Art. 31. *Van Dieman's Land.* — Geographical and Descriptive Delineations of the Island of Van Dieman's Land. By Lieut. Ch. Jeffreys, (a) R. N., and late Commander of His Majesty's Brig Kangaroo. 8vo. 5s. Boards. Richardson. 1820.

Among the spots which for soil, climate, and capability of every kind, deserve a preference of attention from the emigrant, Van Dieman's Land, according to this author, is eminently conspicuous: it will lose nothing, he says, by comparison with the unformed State of Illinois, and has the advantage of a geographical situation in which the surrounding countries, instead of producing the same things with glutting profusion, offer every imaginable opportunity of interchange. Situated between the parallel of 39 and 44 degrees of latitude, surrounded by a pacific ocean, and blest with a temperate climate, in which the thermometer vibrates between 50 and 78 degrees of heat, it is able to produce in perfection the vegetables and animals both of northern and southern Europe. Snow and thunder-storms are equally rare; while a vast inland-lake sends out rivers in various directions, which are never dry and seldom overflowed, and which water extensive savannahs of fertile meadow-ground, where few trees are found that require the axe of the settler. The agriculturist in Van Dieman's Land reckons on at least thirty-five bushels of wheat per acre; the average is forty; and as much as sixty bushels from that extent of land has been reaped. Carrots grow to the length of eighteen inches, measuring nine or ten round the top, and all good to eat. The barley is equal to any ever seen in England, and hops thrive well. Potatoes attain the size of a Swedish turnip; and sometimes weigh five pounds each. Kangaroos are hunted, and emus shot at pleasure.

These advantages are somewhat counterbalanced by a defective system of government, the inconvenience of which is thus detailed:

'There is one point, however, and that of vital importance, to which Van Dieman's Land is at present reluctantly compelled to yield the palm of superiority, namely, the system of government and civil jurisprudence. Port Jackson being head-quarters, and the chief seat of government and law, there all causes of any moment are tried. Although it may be stated, that Van Dieman's Land has a Deputy-judge-advocate, he can try only civil actions not exceeding 50l.; all others are tried at Port Jackson; and there is no criminal court whatever. This is not only an inconvenience of the most serious nature to the honest and industrious inhabitants, who have occasion to apply for the recognition of their rights as citizens to the laws of their country, but is often a great hinderance to justice, as it must infallibly lead to the compounding of felony. For what man, if he can possibly avoid it, will consent to risk the loss of several months' time, the dangers of the sea, and the immense expences attending a voyage for himself and his witnesses, of six hundred miles, to recover a sum little exceeding 50l., or to bring a criminal to justice, who may have robbed him of a much less amount? It is astonishing that the impolicy, not to say injustice, of this system, if it may be so called, has not been already seen into and remedied. Surely a population of four thousand five hundred souls ought not to be subject to an inconvenience of this magnitude, which might be remedied at a very moderate expense to the public. Why should not the power of the court, over which the Deputy-judge-advocate now presides, be allowed to extend to all causes whatever, both civil and criminal?'

The country is so open that the author could travel from Hobart Town to Launceston and Port Dalrymple on the Tamar, a distance of 125 miles, in a barouche with four horses in hand, and yet had no more than 20 miles of what could possibly be called a road. It is complained that distillation is not permitted, which would enable the farmer to condense into an exportable form the value of his superfluous crops, and to supply the neighbourhood with spirits which are now brought from London to Calcutta. Launceston, it is hinted, has been unwisely abandoned as a seat of judicial authority, and of schools for education.

The expence of outfit for a gentleman-settler is calculated at about 300l., and the articles are specified which it is wise to carry out: but a most inconvenient delay often occurs in obtaining grants of land, partly from the want of precautions at home, and partly from deficient readiness in the government of the colony. We extract this passage as containing important instruction:

'Let us, for example, suppose a person of small property, anxious to secure that independence for his children which the smallness of his capital will not permit him to accomplish in this country, and desirous of making trial of Van Dieman's Land. Suppose him to have a family consisting of a wife and three children; and that he possesses a moderate knowledge of agriculture, and the sum of 220l., exclusive of his household furniture, and wearing apparel; the following scale will exhibit a tolerably correct statement of the necessary expenditure of this sum in an adventure of this kind:

Passage for himself, wife, and three children, -	£130*	0	0
Carpenters' and agricultural implements, -	20	0	0
European merchandize to barter for stock, &c. consisting of the articles elsewhere mentioned, -	50	0	0
Cash, in Spanish dollars, - - - - -	20	0	0
Total - -	£220	0	0

'Having landed at Hobart Town, the first business of an emigrant is to pay his respects to the Lieutenant Governor, stating his prospects and expectations, and producing letters, with which he must have previously provided himself, from the Secretary of State for the Colonies at home, recommending him for the usual indulgence to settlers in the colony, &c.

'* It is right here to state, that this does not include a cabin-passage, yet it does not exclude any of the absolutely necessary comforts of life. And should he be so fortunate as to have a passage given him by government, of course the whole passage-money *will be saved.*'

'He then, by virtue of the Secretary of State's letters, applies for a grant of land, and all other indulgences, usually allowed to persons going out under similar circumstances. His capital would secure to him a grant of two hundred acres of land, to be taken in any part of the colony he himself might fix upon, together with three or four cows, which latter he would receive on a credit of three years, to be repaid in wheat; he and his family, with a certain number of convicts (say three) to be his servants, will also be victualled at the government-expense for about six months, without any conditions of re-payment. By this time, it is rational to suppose, that he will be able to provide for himself. Having fixed upon what he may conceive the most eligible spot, the Deputy Surveyor of Lands will receive instructions to measure it out to him; after which he must repair to the spot with such tools, nails, &c. as his own judgment will point out to him as absolutely necessary for the building of his house.'

Our naval establishment at home is well known to employ in war a prodigious number of lieutenants, who are compelled during peace to await on a meagre half-pay the precarious chance of getting afloat.* Perhaps it would be wise to allow a portion of these young men to commute their annuities of half-pay for the equivalent capital, in case of their preferring a colonial residence; and thus many persons to whom long voyages are not alarming might be induced to go out. — We have already spoken of Van Dieman's Land in vol. xci. p. 333., to which article we now refer the reader.

Art. 32. *Leigh's New Picture of England and Wales;* comprehending a Description of the principal Towns, Antient Remains, Natural and Artificial Curiosities, Soil and Produce, Agriculture, Manufactures, Rivers and Canals, Principal Seats, and Bathing Places; also Historical and Biographical Notices, and a Synopsis of the Counties, &c. Embellished with numerous Views, and a correct general Map. 12mo. pp. 700. 12s. Boards. Leigh. 1820.

This work is a very comprehensive, and, as far as we have had the means of examining it, a correct compilation. It is intended as a companion to Mr. Leigh's New Picture of London and its Environs, and is embellished with numerous views executed in a respectable style, and with one general map. All is done on a small scale: but, consistently with the design of forming a pocket or travelling companion, or *catalogue raisonné*, much is effected on that plan in a neat manner.

Art. 33. *The Means of doing Good.* 24mo. pp. 211. Stourport. 1820.

A Lilliputian Olio or a miscellany of practical knowlege, dedicated to the memory of John Howard, and consisting principally of selections from an essay published by Dr. Cotton Mather in America, and strongly recommended by Franklin. To these quotations, the present compiler has added several articles of more recent information; and among the rest is a short account of the Society of Friends, of which the editor seems to be a member. Prefixed is a neat frontispiece of the good Samaritan, dressed in the costume of that Society. The book contains a little of every thing, and is truly *multum in parvo,* with a good meaning and a good tendency.

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* The last official Navy-list contains 3795 lieutenants: to whom may be added probably twice as many midshipmen, who have no half-pay.

Art. 34. *Character essential to Success in Life:* addressed to those who are approaching Manhood. By Isaac Taylor, Minister of the Gospel at Ongar. 12mo. 5s. Boards. Baldwin and Co. 1820.

In this volume, and particularly in chapter vi., *on Habit,* many useful and judicious admonitions on conduct in life are suggested: but to persons of reflection they offer nothing that is novel, and to persons unaccustomed to reflect the work has no attraction of incident or style. No power of invention is displayed in any part: but plain and sensible observations follow one another in the same tone, without any of that graceful expansion, or that vigorous and pregnant compression, which may conciliate or compel the attention of the reader. Still, the most serious and reflective have their moments of inadvertence, and occasions arise when it is not useless for any man to be reminded of what he has always known; and we have no inclination to disparage a work which is well meant, and of which the moral tendency is laudable. On the contrary, we consider every author who conscientiously exerts his talents, whatever they are, for the promotion of virtue, as so far meritorious; and we therefore feel it to be our duty to recommend this volume to the perusal of the thoughtful and wary in early life, as calculated to confirm their good resolutions, if they are fortunately inclined to tread the right path.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Tom Fidget seems well to deserve the name which he has chosen for the signature of his letter, and no doubt he has his reasons for the anxiety which he expresses about a recent work, of which he is impatient for our opinion. Many others are in the same predicament, *mutatis mutandis:* but the number of publications, of interest too, is so great, that we cannot keep pace with the desires of authors and readers, nor with our own wishes. We will continue to do all that we can.

A Querist should make his requests and wants known through the channel of a Magazine. They are not in our department.

⁂ We again recommend to the notice of our readers the lately published GENERAL INDEX to the whole of the *New Series* of the Monthly Review, in two large vols. 8vo.; as not only a most convenient but a necessary guide to that (now) extensive portion of our work, and to the *History of Literature* for the period which it includes.

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW,

For APRIL, 1821.

Art. I. *Travels in Nubia,* by the late John Lewis Burckhardt: published by the Association for promoting the Discovery of the interior Parts of Africa. With Maps, &c. 4to. 2l. 8s. Boards. Murray.

Amid the constant pressure of new works, we have accidentally suffered a volume of no common merit to remain unnoticed longer than we wished: but we now bring it forwards with pleasure, mixed with regret for the loss of its enterprising and accomplished author. The travels themselves are by no means devoid of matter that is important both in description and in discovery: but a very considerable portion of the book is occupied by subjects introductory to them, and abounds with speculative as well as retrospective interest. We allude to the memoir of the life and preparatory education of this very extraordinary citizen of the world; and to some first essays in the cause in which he afterward engaged, before he entered on his ultimate design of penetrating the *terræ incognitæ* of Africa. This design was terminated prematurely, and most unfortunately for the advancement of science, by the death of the individual who attempted it; and who seemed, by firmness of resolution, enthusiasm in the pursuit, disregard for the common conveniences of life, and especially by initiatory discipline, physical as well as intellectual, more likely to have brought it to a fortunate result than any of those who had preceded him.

A biographical sketch of so remarkable a person cannot be misplaced in our pages. Indeed, when the very early scenes of his life have been briefly noticed, the history of his remaining years, too few in number, becomes inseparable from his adventures as a traveller, in which character he appears before us.

John Louis Burckhardt was born at Lausanne in 1784, but his family came originally from Basle. His father's prospects in life were blighted by the French Revolution; and the subject of this memoir, the eighth child, became when young a daily witness of the miseries inflicted by the disorderly republican government. He grew up, therefore, with a firm detestation of those principles from which his country and his friends had suffered so severely, and with a constant wish to serve in the army of some state that was at war with France: but these intentions were never put in execution, although the feeling which excited them was not transitory. In 1800, at the age of sixteen, he studied at Leipsic, and subsequently at Gottingen; and in 1806, having refused from disinclination some occupations in Germany which were proposed to him, he came over to our shores, apparently without any very definite object. An introduction to the late Sir Joseph Banks, by which he became acquainted with the views of the African Association, and with the wish of that Society to follow up the plan from the execution of which Hornemann had been prevented by death, brought him into the society of persons engaged in scientific pursuits; and he was thus led to tender his own services to promote the object in view.

Mr. Burckhardt's first preparatory steps were to study Arabic at London and Cambridge, and to cultivate different branches of science suitable to the undertaking; to attend lectures on chemistry, surgery, medicine, &c. &c.; to allow his beard to grow; to assume the oriental dress; and to try the vigour of his constitution by laborious exercises, severe abstinence, and exposure to all varieties of temperature.

In 1809, he sailed for Malta, where he saw a letter from a Dr. Seetzen, a German physician, who had preceded him in his own destined line, or rather, being then at Cairo, had marked out a similar route for himself. We find subsequently that he died by poison at Yemen. At Malta Mr. B. equipped himself in the oriental fashion, but describes his dress as somewhat Syrian; though so far differing from the costume of that country, to which he proposed next to proceed, as not to make it supposed, when there, that he wished to pass for a native. He also adhered to the utmost seclusion, that his person might not subsequently be recognized by traders or others.

A letter from him was received, which he wrote at Aleppo late in the same year. In a voyage on the Caramanian coast, he passed with his shipmates for an Indian Mohammedan merchant: but, on his disembarkation at Suedieh, he was soon suspected of being a Frank, and on his journey from that place his apparent poverty excited contempt and ill-usage. He conceives, however, that he succeeded in maintaining (or rather re-establishing) his assumed character with the people of the caravan, although the natives of the towns constantly uttered imprecations against him. Some neglect of ablutions revived

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these suspicions, which were combated with great spirit, and much in the Arab style, during the last day's journey; and thus Ibrahim Ibn Abdallah, which name Mr. B. had assumed at Malta, arrived as a suspected Mohammedan at the house of Mr. Barker, the British Consul at Aleppo.

The traveller remained in Syria, chiefly at Aleppo, two years and a half, perfecting himself in the Arabic language, and in the habits and manners of Mohammedan society. During this period, he continued to wear the dress before mentioned: but, having learnt from experience that he was scarcely yet qualified to assume the character of a Mussulman, he neither professed nor concealed his European origin, acting in this respect as many other travellers do who dress like Orientalists in oriental countries to avoid insult. The assumption of a fictitious character, at so very early a period of his preparatory travels, arose from an idea that the communications between Aleppo and Cairo were so frequent, that a difficulty would arise in compassing such a metamorphosis after having appeared at the former as a Frank: but in this point he was undeceived on his arrival in Syria, and consequently did not persevere in a scheme which he found to be unnecessary.

In 1810 Mr. Burckhardt visited Palmyra, and resided three months at Damascus. He subsequently explored the Libanus, and Anti-Libanus, as also the Auranitis; and in 1812 he made a second stay at Damascus, and visited parts of the antient Decapolis. In his way to Egypt he saw Tiberias and Nazareth; crossed to the eastern side of the Jordan; passed through the countries so little explored to the east and south of the Dead Sea; and at Wady Mousa discovered the remains of a large antient city, presumed to be Petra, the site of the capital of Arabia Petræa. It appears, therefore, that these preparatory travels, as we have before termed them, were by no means unimportant; and the accounts of them published in the volume before us, from the letters sent by the traveller to Sir J. Banks and Mr. Hamilton, form a valuable part of its contents. We will notice incidentally some few matters related in them.

In this year, Mr. B. was so far advanced in Arabic as to understand almost every thing that was said in common conversation. The literature of the learned Turks he found very low; and many of them were glad to consult Wilkins's Arabic and Persian Dictionary, exclaiming, "How wonderful that a Frank should know more of our language than our first Ulemas!" He also met two Persian dervishes; one of whom, a young man of twenty-two, had been in the habit of keeping a regular journal of his travels, with geographical notices: certainly a very singular fact concerning a Mussulman, and which seems to argue the rise of a spirit in the East that may have a most important effect in the cause of discovery. Ali Bey, says Mr. Burckhardt, was suspected of being a Christian at Damascus and Hama: but the oriental magnificence with which he travelled checked inquiry.

With another letter, Mr. B. forwards to his correspondent an Arabic translation of Robinson Crusoe, which he had made, under the title of *Dur el Bahur*, or the Pearl of the Seas. The succeeding letter contains an historical narrative of the operations of the Wahabees, who had about this time met with a memorable check. In the country called the Haouran, the old patrimony of Abraham, were found about twenty villages of the Druses; and in the descent to the south-east of it appeared the remains of many cities, temples, public edifices, &c. &c. The inscriptions, for the chief part, were those of the lower empire, but the most elegant ruins were dated from the ages of Trajan and M. Aurelius. In 1811, Mr. Burckhardt writes: 'I have now completed the perusal of several of the best Arabic authors, prose-writers as well as poets; I have read over the Koran twice, and have got by heart several of its chapters, and many of its sentences; I am likewise nearly finishing a thorough course of the precepts of the Mahometan religion, a learned Effendi having taken upon himself the task of explaining to me the book of Ibrahim Halebi on the Religious Laws of the Turks.'

Even thus far, it may be safely said that no individual had ever undergone more introductory discipline for a destined object. Indeed the view taken by the African Association, in thus attempting to form a traveller for their purpose, was truly sensible; and no instance has yet been afforded of trouble more successfully employed, as far as the formation of a new character could go. Those who have seen Mr. Burckhardt in Egypt, and elsewhere, have borne ample testimony to his apparent identity with the designation which he assumed; and the interior of the man exceeded the outside shew, for he was "*laudatus a laudatis*" for his extensive knowlege, which soon exceeded that of his instructors in the religious exercises which they taught him.

His first letter from Cairo bears date November, 1812. Here, too, preparation was his object; and a residence of many months in Egypt appeared desirable for the acquisition of new dialects, and the knowlege of a system of manners greatly differing from that of Syria. This delay also afforded opportunity for some excursions which forwarded the views before explained; while at the same time they present the author to us as a traveller in many interesting regions, Upper Egypt, Nubia, and Arabia. When he visited the latter, his acquisition of Mohammedan manners had become so far complete that he resided at Mecca during the whole time of the pilgrimage, and passed through the various ceremonies of the occasion, without any suspicion arising as to his real character: but it is to be feared that the seeds of the disease that caused his death were laid in this latter journey; as the attacks of fever and dysentery, which there assailed him, seem to have undermined a constitution apparently hardened against many of the casualties of his situation. Two years and a half were consumed by this journey and the illness which succeeded it; and in July, 1815, we again find Mr. Burckhardt at Cairo. Here and in different parts of Lower Egypt he became resident, partly in search of health, and partly waiting for a caravan, to proceed on his destined route, till the latter end of the year 1817. In the Hadj of that year, among the pilgrims collected at Mecca, were a party of Moggrebyns or western Africans, who were expected to return by way of Cairo and the Fezzan, leaving the latter about the month of December. This was the opportunity which our traveller had determined to embrace in order to execute his mission, for which, as he expresses himself, he had now been schooling six years. Alas! "*Diis aliter visum, qui inanes hominum contentiones in medio spatio frangunt, obruuntque.*" The dysentery returned on him early in October; and on the 15th of the same month he was no more.

The last moments of Mr. Burckhardt, as detailed in a letter from Mr. Salt to the Association, exhibit the excellence of his heart as strongly as his previous actions had testified the energy of his mind. Few instances will be found of greater firmness in the last stage of mortal existence. His will, dictated to the writer, was short: he had few worldly goods to leave: but such things as he had, which he deemed serviceable to the cause of science, he consigned to persons whom he considered as likely to diffuse their utility. After having arranged some such affairs as these, 'he paused, and seemed troubled, and at length, with great exertion, said, "Let Mr. Hamilton acquaint my mother with my death, and that my last thoughts have been with her." This subject he had evidently kept back, as not trusting himself with the mention of it until the last.'

The letters which were written by Mr. B., during the last two years of his residence in Egypt, relate not merely to antiquities, and the efforts of those persons, especially Mr. Bel-

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zoni; who have been so actively engaged in elucidating them, but give a vast mass of statistical information relative to the present state of that country. On these subjects, however, we will not enter at present, but turn to those travels which have given a name to the publication before us.

It will be observed by the reader, that the excursions in Nubia were not a part of Mr. Burckhardt's main design, but were essays of strength, and performed during portions of that time of which we have given a hasty sketch; and in which we have passed them once as to the precise period when they occurred, on account of the subsequent claim which they would make on our attention.

The first journey into Nubia, in the year 1813, commences from Assouan on the Nile, and was performed along the banks of that river to Mahass on the frontiers of Dongola, a distance of four hundred and fifty miles. It was completed, including the return, in thirty-five days, by two good dromedaries, one for Mr. B., and the other for his servant: one day's rest alone being allowed to them, and ten hours of each day being usually occupied in travelling. The baggage was very slight: a gun, a sabre, a pistol, a provision-bag, and a woollen mantle for a carpet by day or a coverlid by night, being the whole inventory; and the trifling sum of five dollars, exclusive of the purchase of the dromedaries, which cost about 22l., forming the total expence. Great parsimony in travelling was a principle uniformly adopted by Mr. Burckhardt, with a view to personal security; — the adage of "*Cantabit vacuus*," &c. being peculiarly applicable to the East. A certain medium, nevertheless, between the appearance of wealth displayed in profusion, which necessarily excites cupidity, and the semblance of poverty, which as frequently provokes contempt and insult, appears on the whole to be preferable; a lesson conveyed in other parts of this volume, and confirmed by the experience of it.

At Derr, which is about one-third or somewhat less of the whole journey, the author took a retrospective view of the country which he had passed: (p. 21.)

'The general direction of the river from Assouan to Korosko (a little to the north of Derr) is south: it there takes a western course, which it retains the whole of the way to Dongola. The eastern bank is, throughout, better adapted for cultivation than the western, and wherever the former is of any breadth, it is covered with the rich alluvial soil deposited by the Nile. On the western side, on the contrary, the sands of the desert are impetuously carried to the very brink of the river by the north-east winds which prevail during the winter and spring seasons, and it is generally only in those places, where the course of the sandy torrent is arrested by the mountain, that the narrow plain admits of cultivation. The eastern shore is in consequence much more populous than the western; but it is not a little singular, that all the chief remains of antiquity are on the latter. The ancient Egyptians, perhaps, worshipped their bounteous deities more particularly in those places, where they had most to dread from the inimical deity, Typhon, or the personified desert, who stands continually opposed to the beneficient Osiris, or waters of the Nile.'

The well-known fact of the advance of sandy desolation from the west during a succession of centuries, and the certainty that many regions on that side of the Nile have from that cause become unproductive, which formerly were fertile, will furnish a more satisfactory solution of this question than that which was adopted by Mr. B. We may fairly conclude that, in earlier ages, both banks were equally adapted to support a numerous population; and the causes of the superiority of the one over the other in splendid remains could, probably, be deduced only from a knowlege of political annals which are lost to us. In this route, Mr. B. had passed through two general divisions of population, and it was remarkable that the language of neither had any Arabic sounds in it. 'It is a fact worthy of notice,' he adds, 'that two foreign tongues should have subsisted so long, to the almost entire exclusion of the Arabic, in a country bordered on one side by Dongola, and on the other by Egypt, in both of which Arabic is exclusively spoken.'

Derr is the principal place in Nubia, and has a curious temple on the declivity of a rocky hill, which is entirely hewn out of the sand-stone, with pronaos, cella, and adytum; presenting an appearance of antiquity more remote than the temples of Karnac and Gorne, which are said to be the most antient in Egypt. The subjects of the carvings may be traced in many places: but, with the exception of a battle-piece, they seem to have represented, with no very remarkable variations, the same figures which are to be found in similar situations in Egypt. As the particular remarks on the route do not present much which would be interesting in abridgment, we pass on to those which apply more generally to the country visited.

Nubia is divided into two parts, Wady el Kenous, and Wady el Nouba; and the inhabitants use distinct languages, though in manners they are nearly similar to each other. The present inhabitants derive their origin, according to their own traditions, from Arab Bedouins, who invaded their country in the first age of Mohammedanism. Christianity is now ex-

tinct,

tinct, but the author traced the remains of Christian churches as far as Sukoy, viz. about one-half of the country. These Arabs occupied Nubia for several centuries in a state of constant warfare with each other, the result of which appears to have been that both became tributary to the King of Dongola: but at length, in the reign of the Sultan Selim, an application having been made to that monarch for assistance by one of the tribes at that time much straitened, he sent some Bosnian soldiers to their assistance, by whom the Dongolans were driven from the country. The Bosnians repaired three antient castles at Assouan, Ibrim, and Say; and those who garrisoned them obtained certain privileges and exemptions for themselves, as well as such of their descendants as should occupy them. Hassan Coossy, who commanded the original Bosnian force, governed Nubia during his life, paying an annual tax to the Pasha of Egypt, but being otherwise independent of him. Some revolutions have taken place in succeeding times: but now the political state of the country is nearly the same as in Hassan's days, and the present governors, three in number, are his descendants. The posterity, too, of the garrisons still enjoy their immunities, although they have long since lost their native language. The three brothers pay 120l. annually to the Pasha of Egypt; and Derr is their residence, though they are very locomotive, for the purpose of enforcing their exactions. Mr. B. computes their income at about 3000l. a-year each. The general revenue of the country is estimated by the number of water-wheels employed by the natives for irrigation: but the whole system is very arbitrary and irregular.

Murder may here be redeemed by fine, and proportionate mulcts are appointed for wounds and injuries: but the option of retaliation nevertheless remains, and in some districts is often claimed. Tyranny is exercised more on property than persons; yet, if a Nubian flies from exactions, his wife and children are imprisoned till he returns: a severity unknown in Egypt.

'The following is a curious method which the governors of Nubia have devised of extorting money from their subjects. When any wealthy individual has a daughter of a suitable age, they demand her in marriage; the father seldom dares to refuse, and is sometimes flattered by the honour: but he is soon ruined by his powerful son-in-law, who extorts from him every article of his property under the name of presents to his own daughter.'

Mr. B. found the men generally well made, strong, and muscular; more or less so, however, in proportion to the fertility of the soil which they occupied. The women were not usually handsome, but had often very sweet countenances and pleasing manners, and some were even beauties. Mr. B. deems them the most virtuous of all the women of the East; and still the price of a wife, which ought to be "above rubies," does not on an average rise above thirty-six piastres. The men seldom go without weapons: but fire-arms are not very common among them, and ammunition is particularly scarce. In general, their disposition was kind: pilfering was by no means a common crime; and in some parts there was a spirit of hospitality. The people, as a body, are little inclined to commerce, and less to travelling. Mr. B. met two old men, who lived within five hours' distance of Derr, but had never visited it: some few make the pilgrimage to Mecca, but the custom is not much honoured in observance. Finally, the population is estimated in this singular country, which is five hundred miles long by an average breadth of not more than half a mile, at one hundred thousand persons.

These are only a comparatively few heads out of the general remarks which we had collected; the products of the country, which are not very various, and the mode of agriculture, which does not differ much from that of Egypt, have been altogether omitted by us.

Of the second journey, performed in 1814, the general course was south from Derr, where the Nile takes a westerly direction, across the desert of Nubia to Berber, where the river returns to nearly the same point of longitude as at Assouan. From Berber, Mr. Burckhardt pursued first an easterly and then a north-easterly course, to Souakin on the Red Sea, whence he crossed to Djidda in Arabia. His equipments on this expedition were even more contracted than on the former occasion: he dispensed with the use of a servant; had no beast of burden but the ass on which he rode; and assumed the character of a small and poor trader. The few and trifling articles of merchandise which he carried, together with some of his articles of personal necessity, were deposited on one of the camels of the small caravan, he paying for his share of the animal's load. As usual, insult and contumely beset him; for, although he was not suspected of being a Frank, yet there was something so equivocal in the character of so poor a trader, with a cargo which could not possibly indemnify him for his time and expences, that many surmises were formed respecting him. Contempt seems to have secured him from any very serious ill treatment on his route to Berber, which occupied about three weeks: but this same feeling rendered the lowest slave either ashamed or disinclined to afford him the smallest service; and it required a persevering spirit, as well as an active frame, to enable him, after the severe fatigues of travelling, to perform unassisted all those offices for himself which others lightened by participation. This portion of the Nubian desert did not offer any objects very different from those which the reader will suggest to himself; and the detail of the journey through it is mostly occupied with the advances from one watering-place to another, and with geological remarks on the surface of the country, which alone could be subject to observation. Such peculiar characteristics as do belong to it will be found in the annexed brief quotation: (p. 191.)

> 'In general I found the dreaded Nubian deserts, as far as Shigre at least, of a much less dreary appearance than the great Syrian desert, and still less so than the desert of Suez and Tyh. We seldom passed a day without meeting with trees and water, as far at least as Shigre. They are much more frequent than on the caravan route from Aleppo to Bagdad, or from Damascus to Medina. The flatness of the Syrian desert may appear less horrid than the barren shaggy rocks of the Nubian desert; but the latter has at least the advantage of variety.'

The distance from Shigre to the Nile at Berber was about four days, and some painful scenes occurred during it from the want of water: but, as the peril was escaped, and little dissimilarity occurs in accounts of such distresses, where they do not end fatally, we omit farther reference to them here. Mr. Burckhardt is inclined to think that Bruce's sufferings in this respect must have been somewhat over-stated, as they can only be explained by a want of proper precaution. We cannot, however, see the grounds for such an opinion. We observe no want of such care in the caravan which Mr. Burckhardt accompanied; and yet, from an accidental concurrence of some untoward circumstances, his whole party ran no slight risk of perishing by thirst, and were relieved only by a bold measure from the danger; viz. that of sending some men to the Nile through a hostile tribe by a forced and rapid expedition, on whose return, unobserved by their enemies, the fate of the caravan seems chiefly to have depended. In other respects, the modern traveller does full justice to his distinguished predecessor. (P. 203.)

> 'I must declare,' says he, 'that acquainted as I am with the character of the Nubians, I cannot but sincerely admire the wonderful knowledge of men, firmness of character, and promptitude of mind, which furnished Bruce with the means of making his way through these savage inhospitable nations as an European. To travel as a native has its inconveniences and difficulties, but I take those, which Bruce encountered, to be of a nature much more in-

tricate and serious, and such as a mind at once courageous, patient, and fertile in expedients could alone have surmounted.'

The appearance of the *Mirage* was singularly striking in the Nubian desert. Its colour was of the purest azure, and so clear that the shadows of the mountains in the horizon were reflected on it with great precision, which necessarily rendered this delusive imitation of water more perfect. In Egypt and Syria Mr. B. had usually observed this phænomenon of the deserts to be of a whitish colour, more resembling a mist, and seldom still. In Nubia, the appearance of water continued when he approached as near as two hundred yards, while in the other deserts he never perceived it within half a mile. The stories current relative to the Simoum, or Simoom, are regarded by Mr. Burckhardt as much exaggerated; for he could meet with no authenticated story of their having proved fatal to man or beast. We have a strong impression, nevertheless, that we have met with accounts which appeared to rest on very respectable testimony, of fatal effects occurring from this cause in the deserts of western Africa. It is apt to dry up the water that is kept in skins, unless they are of a thick hide; and this is an immediate cause of distress, as well as a possible cause of death.

This first branch of the second journey closes with an account of the district of Berber, given with some degree of detail in comparison with the opportunities that arose for the collection of information. We will advert to two or three of the most prominent features of it.

The people are Arabs of the tribe of Meyrefab, their district not extending above eight hours' journey along the river; and they profess to be able to produce a thousand fighting men, though Mr. B. conceives that this number about doubles the real amount. The chief is stiled Mek, an abbreviation for Melek, or king. He seems to be a potentate of very little authority, not venturing to place imposts on his own subjects, but deriving most of his revenue from exactions on merchants; and, as his country lies in the direct route (indeed the only one) from Egypt to Shendy and Sennaar, his opportunities are not rare. The government is not hereditary, the sovereign being appointed by the King of Sennaar, or rather purchasing his kingly office from that monarch. Four villages contain most of the population, in which the houses are nearly on a par with those of Upper Egypt; and the furniture is very scanty and mean. In general, the people are handsome, of a dark reddish-brown colour: but this varies: if the mother be from Abyssinia, the hue is lighter; if a Negress, proportionably more deep. The face is oval, the cheek-bones are not prominent, and the nose is not unfrequently altogether Grecian. The upper lip, however, comes nearer to that of the Negro, but is much less discordant with our ideas of beauty in the Meyrefab.

As to the character of these people, it is drawn in very dark colours indeed; yet we remark something so temperate in every description by Mr. Burckhardt, that he is altogether the last writer whom we can suspect of exaggeration. Bad as his opinion is of all the oriental nations whom he saw, he considers the inhabitants of the Berber as those who have the fewest good qualities to place in the opposite balance; unless, perhaps, the inhabitants of Souakin may be compared with them. Their good seems to be entirely summed up in a certain degree of merriness and jocularity, with the negative virtue of not being proud; for their politeness, and even the warmth of their friendly professions, are only a cover for the blackest treachery and ingratitude. Habitual drunkenness, and lascivious intercourse with the females, are the most striking vices: but from these proceed such a progeny of secondary crimes, that we can only consider them morally as among the lowest of savages. In food, indeed, they are abstemious: but their country offers little temptation to excess; Dhourra bread, with butter occasionally poured over it, being the main article of subsistence. Their employment consists in agriculture and pastoral occupations. On the latter we will make no remarks. Their country is an *entrepôt* for inland-commerce, of which slaves form a large proportion; and consequently the duties levied compose the most important feature of their commercial state. Their tillage is very bad, and usually effected by the spade, though a plough had made its appearance among them. Corn they have not, and they only sow the dhourra once in the year; for, the bank of the Nile being high, much of their land can rarely be benefitted by natural irrigation; and their water-mills are so few that artificial irrigation is very far from general. Remains of old canals exist, but they have apparently long been unserviceable.

The cattle are pastured during the winter and spring on the Bishareen mountains: in the hot weather, they are chiefly fed on the dry dhourra stalk; and in the autumn on the green herbs which spring up where the latter crop has grown. The sheep is of the hairy and not the woolly class, which renders it less valuable. The cow has the lump on the back; a breed now unknown in Egypt, though frequently represented on the ruined edifices of that empire. The camels and dromedaries are a remarkably fine race: their pedigrees are an object of care; and the breed is in much request in those countries with which they have commercial intercourse.

With the exception of some mercantile statistics, we think we have now detailed the chief characteristics of the people of Berber. Of their miscellaneous customs we have little notice in the volume before us, no opportunities having occurred of observing them with sufficient accuracy for description.

Mr. Burckhardt remained about a fortnight in Berber, and then proceeded with the same caravan, much diminished in numbers, to Shendy, a journey occupying ten days. Rapacity from those in authority, and ill treatment from his companions, as usual attended him on his way. The route presented a rather frequent succession of villages, and petty sovereignties dependant on Sennaar; in one of which, Damer, was established a species of hierarchical government under the rule of one supreme fakir; with several of a subordinate class, who dealt as much in magic as divinity. There was evidently some moral superiority in this people over their neighbours; and our traveller, possibly from his learning in the Mohammedan law, experienced a degree of hospitable treatment to which he had long been a stranger. The account of Shendy, with other matter interwoven with it, to which spot we have now attended our guide, occupies a very considerable portion of this publication; and, as we propose to part company with him when he leaves that place to pursue another direction to the east, and the coast of the Red Sea, we will devote the little remaining space which we can spare to some portions of the remarks offered at this point of his travels.

Mr. B. passed nearly a month at Shendy; and, as he constantly attended the market, which was held on a considerable scale once in the week, and in a smaller degree on other days, in his character as a petty trader, he had a tolerably fair insight into the commercial habits of the people, their articles of merchandise, and profits: but these are not matters of very general interest, and any reference which we may make to them will be only incidental. Shendy is, next to Sennaar and Gonde in Darfour, the largest place in eastern Soudan; containing nearly a thousand houses, mostly having courts within, and scattered widely over a considerable surface of ground. In some respects besides extent, the place was superior to Berber. The Mek was a person of more power, and far less rapacious towards merchants: his government was indeed too mild for the people whom he ruled; the punishments seldom exceeding fines and imprisonments, though the character of his subjects was little if any better than that of the people of Berber. The wealth of Shendy was evidentl evidently more extensive, and the agriculture somewhat better, but still languishing under indolence, obstinacy, and vile management: the cattle were very fine; and indeed there is reason to suppose that the breed improves as we ascend the Nile. With respect to other animals, the giraffe was found at no great distance, ostriches were very common, and the crocodiles in the river were extremely numerous. It appears from this traveller's observations that crocodiles become attached to particular parts of rivers, so that the same stream will abound with them locally, and in other parts scarcely be ever visited by any of the tribe. The variety of points, at which Mr. B. met the Nile between Shendy and the Mediterranean, have enabled him to confirm this remark very satisfactorily. The flesh of these animals, when prepared as food, resembles very indifferent veal, with something of a fishy taste: of their usual size in these parts he does not speak, mentioning only the length of one which he saw taken, viz. about twelve feet.

The natives of this district are far from being good horsemen, though not very badly mounted. Of fire-arms they have but few; and persons who have never been in Arabia or Egypt are extremely alarmed at the sight of a gun, though the great are very fond of becoming possessed of such an instrument.

> 'Not having prevailed on me to remain, (says Mr. B.) the Mek wished to have my gun. He sent for it, and kept it for several days; and upon my earnest entreaties to have it returned, he sent me four Spanish dollars, ordering his slaves at the same time to carry me several dishes of bread and meat from his own kitchen. Upon complaining to some of the inhabitants of this treatment, they replied that having now eaten of the Mek's food I had become his friend, and that it would therefore be a disgrace to me to make any difficulty in parting with my gun. I was very sorry to lose it, especially when I considered in what countries I still intended to travel: but in my present circumstances four dollars were not to be despised. Seeing no chance, therefore, of either getting back my gun or obtaining a higher price for it, I accepted the Mek's four dollars with many professions of thanks.' (P. 286.)

So great is the timidity of these people when threatened with fire-arms, that Mr. B. is inclined to think that a military expedition of discovery, provided with muskets, and proceeding with prudence and a regard to matters relating to health, might be almost sure to reach the higher parts of the western Nile. There would be no difficulty in procuring camels to carry abundance of provisions: much of the desert might be avoided by keeping near the Nile; and the desert itself is of a very different character from those in western Africa or

Syria, as we have before seen: presenting many places, known to all good guides, where some vegetation and frequently water are to be found. From the data here before us, it certainly does appear that three hundred Europeans might perform such an expedition from Daraou in Upper Egypt to Sennaar with considerable prospects of success, as far as the native people are concerned: but the jealousy of the governing powers in Egypt would in all likelihood prevent the possibility of commencing the journey.

Although the inhabitants of Shendy are so much engaged in commerce, their ignorance respecting money is perfectly ridiculous. The Spanish dollar, that nearly universal medium of exchange, is the only current coin among them: this is not remarkable: but the mode of appreciating the value of it is singularly absurd, for a dollar bearing the superscription of Charles IIII. is more valuable than one of Charles III., simply as having one more numeral added to the name. This mode of estimation leads to a practice of forgery, not unlike that which has prevailed in this country within the last two years, among the ingenious in such arts, of changing *one* to *ten* by the alteration of letters. Mr. B. found a blacksmith effecting this transmutation on a dollar in his possession. It appears that, on a fair calculation, two thousand of these dollars find their way into east Soudan every year; and Mr. B. assures us that they never go back again, which must necessarily occasion a constant drain on European silver: but we cannot think that he had knowlege enough of their trade to ascertain with precision a fact for which it would be difficult to account; as the dollar, if never re-exported, though by some circuitous channel, must probably otherwise diminish in its value. The trade of Shendy is with Egypt and Darfour; the merchants of the former speculating on small capitals, rarely exceeding fifteen hundred dollars, and usually very far below. Their gains are surprizing, in spite of the numerous drawbacks on their trade from exactions and losses on the way, the average profit being one hundred and fifty per cent.: but a vast proportion of it is wasted in debauchery at the places which they visit, where the inhabitants recover from the vices of the trader the money which they lost by his extortionate dealings.

The Darfour merchants are a richer body, and employ larger capitals. To pass over the usual articles of merchandise, which are not by any means scanty, we will mention only the inland slave-trade. Not fewer than five thousand of these unfortunate creatures, of both sexes, are sold in this country annually, of whom about fifteen hundred go to Egypt: their age is usually under fifteen; and the price varies singularly, not only according to the personal qualifications of the slave, but on account of presumed character, derived from the place whence he came, as the traders conceive that very strong national distinctions exist in temper, docility, and general capacity, in the tribes from which the slaves are brought. Their treatment with the trader, especially when they are young, does not seem to be usually rigorous: but, when they are subsequently sold, their lot depends on the caprice of the master, and the particular country to which they are taken. The author's general views on this subject will be best collected from a passage which we shall quote, and which must also form the conclusion of this article. The outline of the remainder of the expedition, in which we here leave him engaged, has been previously given to the reader; and for the particulars of it we must refer him to the interesting volume before us.

> 'The laudable efforts made in Europe, and particularly by England, to abolish the slave-trade, will, no doubt, in time, extend a beneficial influence over the Negro countries of western and south-western Africa, from whence slaves have hitherto been drawn for the supply of the European traders; but there does not appear to be the smallest hope of the abolition of slavery in Africa itself. Were all the outlets of Soudan closed to the slave-trade, and the caravans which now carry on the traffic with Barbary, Egypt, and Arabia, prevented from procuring further supplies, still slavery would universally prevail in Soudan itself; for as long as those countries are possessed by Mussulmans, whose religion induces them to make war upon the idolatrous Negroes, whose domestic wants require a constant supply of servants and shepherds, and who, considering slaves as a medium of exchange in lieu of money, are as eager to obtain them as other nations might be to explore the African mines, slavery must continue to exist in the heart of Africa; nor can it cease until the Negroes shall become possessed of the means of repelling the attacks and resisting the oppressions of their Mussulman neighbours. It is not from foreign nations that the Blacks can hope for deliverance. The European governments who have settlements on the coasts of Africa may contribute to it by commerce, and by the introduction among the Negroes of arts and industry, which must ultimately lead them to a superiority over the Mussulmans in war. Europe, therefore, will have done but little for the Blacks, if the abolition of the Atlantic slave-trade, which is trifling when compared with the slavery of the interior, is not followed up by some wise and grand plan, tending to the civilization of the continent. None presents a fairer prospect than the education of the sons of Africa in their own country, and by their own countrymen, previously educated by Europeans.' (P. 344.)

This passage contains much that is worthy of attention from those men of enlarged and benevolent views, who have already deeply concerned themselves in subjects of this description; and we have quoted it with the faint hope that we may be accessory to a wider promulgation of Mr. Burckhardt's ideas on this interesting matter, and by accident strike a chord which has been silent only in some minds from the absence of an external impulse to arouse it.

ART. II. *Sappho ;* a Tragedy, in Five Acts. Translated from the German of F. Grillparzer. 8vo. 4s. 6d. sewed. Black. 1820.

WE hail the appearance of this tragedy as an augury of improving taste in the country that produced it. Much injury, in our opinion, has been done to the cause of sound literature, especially among the Germans, by the fanciful erection of a new standard of merit under the name of the *Composite* or *Gothic* order of poetry. Into this class have been assorted a whole host of anomalous productions; and it would seem to have been deemed sufficient to excuse every extravagance of design, sentiment, or language, to say that the work was *not* of the classical school, but was constructed on a more irregular model; — that it "parted from vulgar rules with a brave disorder,"

"And snatched a grace beyond the reach of art."

The name of *Gothic*, in a word, instead of continuing to imply, as it once properly did, every species of rudeness and imperfection, has been gradually changed into an excuse for those very faults, and at length has challenged applause instead of dreading reprobation. We are well aware of the storm of opposing criticism which these remarks are calculated to arouse; and we can hear the denunciations against insensibility to profound and new dissections of the passions, and to fresh and vigorous figures of speech. We plead *Not guilty* to any such charges, and have no fear of our acquittal on a fair trial by our peers.

Waiving the discussion for the present, however, we may be allowed, with our avowed classical predilections, to congratulate the German drama on such an addition to its dazzling but not always valuable treasures as the tragedy of 'Sappho;' and be it observed that this tragedy is classical not only in story but in spirit and conduct. It is marked by one well-sustained interest throughout; and, although the main character stands prominent as it should do, yet is it happily relieved by two, at least, subordinate personages. The language, also, as far as we can judge from a translation, is simple and correct; and we recognize a clearness, an intelligibility, an unaffected force, and a touching natural pathos, in the play, which we have welcomed with true delight. That the audience at Vienna so welcomed it, for nearly a hundred successive nights, is sufficient proof that, if wholesome food be laid before the public, well dressed, and attractively set out, they have still as hearty an appetite for it as for the unhealthy *kickshaws* on which they may have fed for many seasons. The fact before us should encourage authors, on the one hand, to return to the pure and only legitimate models of composition; and, on the other, should deter them from sacrificing future fame to an unnecessary solicitude for present support, by acting as panders to a degraded taste which they have it in their power to improve.

Phaon's description of his first sight of Sappho is very animated:

'*Pha.* When my father sent me to the games
Of famed Olympia, how some inward voice,
In whispers, told me Sappho should bear off
Th' immortal wreath of music and of song!
How my heart burned within me with desire
To see her lovely form! My courser sank
Exhausted ere Olympia rose before me.
I came: — but not the rapid coursing cars,
The wrestler's art, nor the disk's joyous game
Could entrance find into my prisoned soul.
I cared not who might bear away the prize:
I was to gain the loveliest and the best
In seeing her who was the crown of women.
And when the great and awful day arrived
Destined to view the rivalry of song,
Alcæus and Anacreon stood forth,
But sung in vain; they could not loose the spell
That bound my senses up. But, hark! the voice
Of mingled murmur rises from the throng,
Who fall respectful back on either hand.
She comes, she comes! and in her hand a lyre
Of polished gold; above the multitude,
Mute with astonishment, she stood; her robe
Of white, that flowed down to her delicate feet,
Show'd like a streamlet o'er a bed of lilies.
Green palm and laurel interwoven, formed
The border of her robe and imaged glory.
Happy device! that thus at once expressed
The poet's object and his recompense.
And, like the crimson-coloured clouds of morn
That veil the bright pavilion of the sun,

A purple mantle flowed adown her shoulders;
While thro' the raven tresses of her forehead
Shone her white brow, whose arch of majesty
Proclaimed superiority and triumph.
Something within me whispered it was she; —
It was thyself! — How the rejoicing throng
Confirmed my fond imaginings, and raised
The name of Sappho to the clouds of heaven!
Then came thy song, and with it victory: —
And, in the moment of ecstatic rapture,
When from thy hand the lyre dropped down, I rushed
Through the close multitude and caught thine eye: —
Then shrunk abashed, and covered with confusion.'

Certainly, some of the speeches are too long; and a want of adroit artifice is betrayed in the scene before us, where Sappho and Phaon interchange too many personal *narratives*. Lovers, it should seem, might find some *present* subject for their tongues, quite as natural as recording at so much length all that they did and said on a former occasion. On this point, however, different opinions may be entertained.

When Phaon has transferred his fickle love to Melitta, the interest in the fate of poor Sappho becomes very strong: — but we must advance to the well known catastrophe, which, we think, is here very nobly executed. Our readers shall judge.

' ACT V. SCENE VI. — SAPPHO *richly attired, with a purple mantle on her shoulders, the laurel on her head, and a golden lyre in her hands, appears on the steps of the colonnade, surrounded by her female attendants, and advances with a solemn and mysterious air. A long pause.*

' *Melitta.* Oh Sappho! oh my mistress!
' *Sap.* (*with composure.*) What wouldst thou?
' *Mel.* The veil has fallen from my deluded eyes;
O let me once again become thy slave:
O take what is thine own, and pardon me!
' *Sap.* (*as before.*) Dost thou think Sappho has a mind so mean
As to accept an offering at thy hands?
What is her own, she doth possess already!
' *Phaon.* Oh, do but hear me, Sappho! —
' *Sap.* Touch me not!
The gods have consecrated me as theirs!
' *Pha.* O deign to cast but one kind look upon me —
' *Sap.* Thou speak'st of feelings that are now no more.
I sought for thee, and I have found myself.
Thou canst make no impression on my heart!
My hopes henceforth must have a firmer stay.
' *Pha.* What dost thou hate me, then?
' *Sap.* To love, to hate; —
And dost thou think there is no middle space?
I love thee; yes, thou still art dear to me,

And ever wilt; but as a fellow-traveller
With whom the chance of fortune may unite us
For a short journey in the self-same vessel;
But that completed, each departs his way;
And yet we sometimes recollect with fondness
The pleasing, kind associate of our way —
(*Her voice falters.*)
' *Pha.* (*with emotion.*) Sappho!
' *Sap.* Be tranquil! let us part in peace;
(*Turning to the others.*)
And you the witnesses of Sappho's tears,
O pardon me; I will restrain this weakness;
The bow can only show its force when bent!
(*She points to the altar in the back-ground.*)
Light on the altar of immortal Venus
The sacred fire, that it may brighten up
And glow in union with the flames of morn.
(*The altar is lighted.*)
And now retire, and leave me for a time;
Here with my maidens I'd consult awhile.
' *Rhamnes.* You hear her pleasure; come, let us obey her!
[*They retire.*
' *Sap.* (*advancing.*)
Ye high and holy denizens of Heaven!
Who have endowed me with such numerous blessings,
The gift of song, and all its inspiration,
A heart to feel, a mind to think, and power
To mould these thoughts in no unworthy verse.
Ye have endowed me with these noble gifts;
And for these blessings I return thee thanks.
Ye have enwreathed my brow with victory;
And sown my poetry in distant realms,
To bud and blossom to eternity.
My golden songs are on the lips of strangers;
And but with earth shall Sappho's name decay.
Ye have my thanks! 'Tis given your poetess
To sip, but drink not of life's flower-crown'd cup.
Lo, here I stand obedient to your mandates,
And dash the flower-wreathed goblet from my lips!
I have e'er done as ye commanded me;
Deny me not life's final recompense.
Those who are marked as yours know not disease,
Know not the weaknesses of mortal sickness;
In the full prime and blossom of existence,
Ye summon them to your celestial mansions: —
Grant that my destiny be like to theirs!
O suffer not your votary to become
The scorn and outcast of her enemies;
Of fools, who in their own conceit are wise.
Ye have destroyed the flower — break now the stem.
O, let me finish life as I began it!

Preserve me from the terrors of this conflict;
I feel myself too weak to wrestle longer;
Give me the crown, acquit me in the field.
(*With an air of inspiration.*)
The flame of yonder altar burns more bright;
Aurora bursts from the unfolding east.
Yes, yes, my prayer is heard! Ye gods, I thank ye!
Phaon — Melitta — here, approach! A friend
[*Kissing Phaon on the brow.*
From a far country kisses thee; thy mother
[*Embracing Melitta.*
From the tomb sends this kiss to thee. And here —
Here at the altar of immortal Venus
Let the dark fate of love be now fulfilled.
[*Hurries to the altar.*
' *Rha.* What is she doing? Her whole air and manner
Breathe inspiration; and such light as beams
From the Immortals plays around her brow.
[*Sappho retires to an elevation on the shore, stretches her hands over the pair, and blesses them.*
' *Sap.* Love be for man; be reverence for the gods!
Enjoy your bliss — but oh, forget not Sappho!
Thus do I pay the final debt of life.
Bless them, ye gods! and take me to yourselves.
[*She precipitates herself from the rock into the deep below.*'

We shall add only one remark, or rather question, arising out of this impressive scene. Might not this play, with some curtailments and alterations, be judiciously brought forwards as a musical operatic exhibition? If so, more lyrical pieces should appropriately be introduced from their best source, the Greek: but the song of Sappho herself, at page 16., 'Immortal Venus,' &c. must be newly composed; for it entirely wants the terseness and energy of the original. The version of Ambrose Phillips is much better: but that, also, might be greatly improved.

Art. III. *An Introduction to Mineralogy:* comprising the Natural History and Characters of Minerals; and a Description of Rocks, both simple and aggregated; with a new Tabular Arrangement of earthy Minerals, on a Plan designed to facilitate the Knowledge of that Class of Substances. To which is prefixed, a Series of Conversations explaining the Principles of the Science, and the Elements of Crystallography. By Robert Bakewell, Author of "An Introduction to Geology." With Plates. 8vo. pp. 688. 1l. 1s. Boards. Longman and Co.

They who have most profoundly studied the history of the mineral kingdom, and its present state, are most aware of the difficulties which must beset every attempt to reduce it to gener general and methodical principles, for the instruction of others. Mr. Bakewell appears, from his former and his present publication, to have devoted much of his time and attention to this subject; and, having been obviously impressed with the force of the same sentiment, he has exerted himself with success to render the elements of the science more readily accessible. With this view, he has thrown most of the first book of the treatise now before us into the form of dialogue; thus avoiding the irksome monotony of a continuous series of definitions, and unfolding some of the fundamental principles of mineralogy, particularly the doctrines of crystallization, in a popular and familiar style, and in a manner which admits of occasional explanations without violating unity of design. His account of specific gravity contains all that needs be said in the way of introductory explanation; and the following rule, which is not generally known, will be found useful in ascertaining the proportions of two known metals in the state of alloy.

'The specific gravity of the alloy or mass, deducted from the known specific gravity of the heavier metal, will give the proportion of the lighter metal; and the specific gravity of the lighter metal, deducted from that of the heavier, will give the proportion of the heavier metal. Suppose I have a mass of alloy weighing 100 grains, the specific gravity of which is 8½, and it consists of silver and copper:—

'Then 8½ deducted from the specific gravity of silver, say for example 10½, leaves two parts of copper.

'Specific gravity of copper, say for example 7½, deducted from 10½, leaves three parts of silver; or 60 grains silver, 40 copper in the mass; or let the heavier metal be $= a$, the lighter $= b$, and the alloy $= c$.

then $a-b$. the proportion of the heavier metal,
$a-c$. the proportion of the lighter.'

The author's statement of the different range of application of the crystalline forms of minerals, adopted by the Wernerian, and by the Abbé Haüy and his disciples, is distinct and satisfactory: but we are rather surprized to find him bestowing his approbation on the Haüyan symbolical notation, which is extremely cumbersome, and nearly useless in practice. He seems to admit, however, that the nomenclature of the same celebrated mineralogist is at least exceptionable; and it has certainly contributed to load the science not only with many terms which require to be explained, but with others which are inappropriate.—We willingly extract the ensuing passages, as they may convey new information to some of our readers.

'The crystallization of a salt may take place in a solution which has a strong gelatinous consistence. The crystals do not envelope any portion of the jelly, and do not undergo any variation of form, but are almost always isolated, and have a remarkable regularity and symmetry of the parts. This fact, stated by M. S. Beudant, in the Annales des Mines, 1818, appears to throw considerable light on the crystallization of minerals. The change of the crystalline form by the presence of other crystals in the solution is also deserving of more attention than it has yet received, as it appears to illustrate the cause of that variety of crystalline forms which the same species of mineral sometimes presents.' —

'The case of crystallization taking place in a solution which has a gelatinous consistence, proves that the action of crystalline polarity has considerable force, so as to overcome the tenacity of the solution; and as this tenacity is sufficiently strong to prevent the crystals from touching each other, they assume a more distinct and perfect form. This is analogous to what we may frequently observe in lavas, and a variety of porphyritic rocks allied to lava, in which different crystals are most distinctly formed. Now we cannot doubt that these lavas have been for a long time in a semifluid tenacious state, which permitted the molecules of the different minerals to arrange themselves with great regularity, for we no where observe crystals formed more symmetrically than in the midst of volcanic rocks. The idea that the crystals were ready formed, and were afterwards licked up by the lava, is so extremely unphilosophical and absurd, it may well excite our astonishment that it could ever have been seriously maintained.' *

The doctrine of mineral *assimilation*, to which Mr. Bakewell seems half willing to subscribe, is less novel, as it was formally propounded, several years ago, by M. Patrin: but it is at variance with all our notions of inorganic matter.

For the practical convenience of the student, who, in his efforts to recognize an earthy mineral which occurs to his observation for the first time, finds himself bewildered in the labyrinth of Wernerian characters, Mr. B. proposes to have recourse only to the two important tests of specific gravity and hardness. By dividing the former into three orders, each con-

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'* Many of the minerals that occur perfectly crystallized in lava, and which were long supposed to be foreign substances, must now be regarded as essential parts of lava, for the observations of Cordier prove that the lava itself is entirely composed of the same minerals confusedly crystallized and aggregated. From a large mass of bituminous shale which had become ignited and fused at the coal-pits near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, I have seen a specimen in which small crystals, apparently of felspar, were formed. The formation of white opaque crystals in the midst of a mass of green glass is not very uncommon, where the glass has remained a long time in the furnace, and cooled slowly.'

sisting of two sections, instituting five degrees of the latter, and employing certain substances, (quartz, felspar, fluor spar, calcareous spar, and window-glass,) as standards of comparative hardness, the name and station of a mineral may often be ascertained without much trouble; and then all the known particulars concerning it may be learned from the more extensive and scientific systems. This method of prosecuting the study may, at least, be rendered available in a great many cases, so as to spare much vain and perplexing inquiry; and Mr. Bakewell has, we believe, the merit of suggesting this simple and ingenious combination of artificial and natural distributions: of which he explains the practical details with his usual perspicuity. He likewise places in its proper light the importance of hardness as a test of gems and precious stones. He then proceeds to give a summary view of the elementary constituent parts of minerals; which, according to our present state of knowlege, are not fewer than fifty, but twelve only have hitherto been found in a native or uncombined state. As in the earthy minerals a degree of uncertainty often prevails respecting the question which of the earths or alkalis are essential ingredients, and which are accidental admixtures, the most obvious rule for our guidance is that, 'when we find any species composed principally of one or two of the earths, we may certainly regard these earths in such cases as essential.' — The first book closes with a general and cursory review of the structure of the globe, and of the principal mineral repositories; with occasional references to the author's preceding work on Geology. (See Rev. vol. lxxxii. p. 164.)

Book II. contains, first, a tabular arrangement of *earthy* minerals, according to their specific gravity and hardness; secondly, a table of their chemical arrangement, according to the earths which predominate in each species; and, thirdly, a short exposition of each species, in the order of its chemical relations: to which is subjoined an Appendix, including a brief account of the earthy compounds and aggregated rocks.

As the degrees of hardness stated in the first table differ, in many instances, from those that have been assigned by preceding writers, the author apprizes his readers that he has given the results of repeated trials; in which he was obligingly assisted by Mr. Lowry, of Titchfield Street, the eminent engraver, whose collection of minerals furnished ample means for such experiments. We should observe, however, that the precise degree of induration of the same species may often be affected by accidental admixture; and that in the same specimen it may be very different when freshly taken from its repository, and when kept for years in a cabinet.

Of the propriety of adopting the prevailing ingredients of minerals as the basis of a philosophical arrangement, some doubts may be entertained, because the reports of the most respectable analysts are not unfrequently so much at variance, as to induce a degree of scepticism with respect to the accuracy of the results, or a suspicion of the varying influence of portions of extraneous matter; besides that the terms *predominant* and *characteristic* are not always synonymous. If, however, we concede to Mr. Bakewell the justness of the general principle of his arrangement, we shall readily admit that he has developed the details in a manner well calculated for the purposes of elementary instruction. While he notices most of the recently discovered substances, he simplifies the history of the others by including as modifications of some leading species many varieties which formerly were regarded as distinct. His descriptions, too, generally comprize the most essential particulars, couched in language that is uncontaminated with the verbose and repulsive jargon of the German *oryctognosy:* while the series of this descriptive catalogue is so adjusted that, in many cases, it derives the advantage of palpable illustration from the specimens arranged in the cabinet of the British Museum, which is now open to public inspection. This department of the author's labours should not be considered as a mere compilation; for he has occasionally introduced original reflections, or adverts to facts not generally known. Thus he insinuates a suspicion that rock-crystals are still forming in the geodes, or hollow nodules near Bristol; and, in confirmation of this conjecture, he refers to the ensuing note. 'Mr. Johnson, of Bristol, who has formed a magnificent collection of the organic remains and minerals in Somersetshire and Dorsetshire, informed me, that he had, at different times, broken several hundreds of these geodes, and had occasionally found some of the quartz-crystals within them covered with a kind of paste; these were always more brilliant than the rest, and he distinguished them by the appropriate name of living crystals. The formation of quartz-crystals from a kind of siliceous paste has been sometimes observed on the walls of mines.' In another place, he thus states and endeavours to solve a problem somewhat connected with his subject:

> 'Considering the imperishable nature of the precious gems, the high estimation in which they are held, and the avidity with which they have been sought, ever since the commencement of civilization in Asia and Europe, we might naturally suppose that their quantity was constantly increasing.—But where are all the most rare gems particularly described by ancient writers? and what ha

has become of the vast number of precious stones brought during several thousand years from their native repositories? The answer must be sought in the folly and ignorance of mankind, and in the wickedness and rapacity of their oppressors. Doubtless the most valuable gems were often concealed, to preserve them from public and private plunderers, and were ultimately lost when their possessors perished. The splendid diamonds worn in the breast-plate of Tippoo Saib on the day when he was slain have not been seen since: it is supposed that they were secreted by a private soldier, to prevent their becoming a part of the general plunder belonging to the *Christian army*.'

Mr. B. might have added that not a few of the specimens of emeralds, and other precious stones, which were formerly quoted on account of their extraordinary dimensions, have been found on examination to be only coloured glass, or paste.

By adopting fusibility before the common blowpipe as a test of distinction between horn-stone and compact felspar, which frequently so much resemble one another that they have been often confounded together, the author obviates much doubt and difficulty; for he classes with horn-stone all flinty substances of an earthy aspect which are infusible, and all such as resemble them, but are fusible, with felspar. On the same principle, however, he should have separated porcellanite from jasper.

Prehnite was not known as an English mineral until Mr. Bakewell discovered it, in 1816, 'in a low basaltic rock, which was quarried for the roads at Woodford Bridge, near Berkley, in Gloucestershire. The rock is a brown amygdaloidal wacke, in which the prehnite occurs imbedded in globular concretions of considerable magnitude, mixed with green earth and calcareous spar. Some of the concretions were six inches in diameter, and composed of smaller globular concretions of prehnite, internally radiated; the colour is sea-green, and translucent; it scratches felspar feebly, and melts with ease into a white enamel. Prehnite has since been discovered in the basalt of Staffordshire.'

Under *Emerald*, mention is made of a specimen in Mr. Lowry's collection, which leads us to infer that chrome is no essential constituent of this mineral; for one part of the stone is a pure emerald green, and the other is perfectly colourless; the green terminating almost abruptly, and sending off short branches into the colourless portions. In confirmation of the same opinion, Mr. Bakewell adverts to the colourless emeralds noticed by the Spaniards who first visited Peru. The Jesuit *Acosta* says, expressly, that he saw some which were half green and half white, and others which were entirely white. By *white*, he probably meant *limpid*. Patrin has adduced similar examples: but, strangely enough, he embraces the crude notion of the South American Indians, that the colourless samples are *unripe*, and require to be rendered *green* by the solar rays.

It is here well remarked that the prevailing opinion that magnesian lime is injurious, as a manure, is quite erroneous, and that it only requires to be used with a sparing hand; which is a considerable advantage, especially when it must be fetched from a distance. The ensuing notice, also, may prove useful to the agriculturist:

> ' In the United States of America, gypsum has been employed with the greatest advantage in agriculture, as a top-dressing. In England it has never been found very beneficial, though trials have been repeatedly made in various situations. I am informed by a gentleman long resident in North America, that the use of gypsum as a manure is limited to those parts of the United States that are situated at a distance of not less than about seventy miles from the coast. In the vicinity of the sea, its beneficial effects are not perceptible. Some sapient persons may feel disposed to doubt a fact for which no satisfactory explanation can at present be offered; but it may be sufficient to reply, that we are most profoundly ignorant respecting the operation of gypsum as a manure. The above fact may, perhaps, elucidate the cause of the failure of gypsum as a beneficial manure in England.'

The occasional presence of pseudomorphous crystals of quartz, and calcareous spar, has not escaped the writer's observation; and we are aware that it has been stated on the authority of some of the most eminent mineralogists, who likewise advert to mock crystals of felspar in the same predicament. We admit that our inability to explain the fact is no reason for rejecting it: but the fact itself would require to be carefully investigated and reported. The spurious crystals of felspar at Flackenstein, in Silesia, for example, have been proved, by Klaproth's analysis, not to occur in steatite, but in a porphyritic rock of felspar, which has been deprived of its potass and altered in its nature. Perhaps a similar observation may be applicable to the alleged steatite of Bareuth; which contains, impacted in its mass, groupes of small crystals of the same form with those of quartz and calcareous spar.

The short section on volcanic rocks contains the substance of Cordier's recent and able observations, which have greatly contributed to simplify the history of these mineral ejections, and, at the same time, to countenance the supposed identity of our basalts and pitch stones with real lava; the prevailing ingredients being felspar, augite, and titanic iron, in various proportions and modifications; and hornblend being less common than formerly reported, when augite was so readily mistaken for it. The Count de Bournon could never detect hornblend in the basalts of Scotland; and Dr. Macculloch, in consequence of his own personal researches, is inclined to believe that many of them would be more properly denominated *augite-rock.*

Book III. includes the *Metals:* some of which, in their native state, so graduate into the class of earthy substances, that the limits between the two cannot be very accurately assigned: yet motives of expediency and convenience indicate the propriety of arranging them by themselves, although the extreme boundaries of the division may be doubtful, or obscure. Mr. Bakewell has exhibited a neat and succinct view of some of their leading properties: but we could have pardoned him if he had dilated a little farther on several of them, and especially on one or two of the more recently discovered; as, for example, *Selenium* and *Wodanium,* which he misnames *Wodanum.* Future investigation will, no doubt, make us better acquainted with both these substances: but, in the mean time, in addition to the scanty information which he has communicated concerning them, he might have stated, with respect to the former, that it is not a conductor either of electricity or of heat, and that it differs in appearance from simple non-metallic substances only by a lustre analogous to that of metals. In consequence of precipitating the selenic acid by the sulphurous acid gas, this new substance is obtained in the form of a thin pellicle, which has quite the appearance of gold-leaf. The specific gravity of selenicum is intermediate between that of sulphur and that of tellurium. For other particulars relative to its constitution and properties, we must refer to the *Annales de Chimie,* for 1818.

Wodanium, of which Mr. Bakewell merely says that *little is at present known,* was discovered by Lampadius, in a supposed ore of cobalt, at Topschau in Hungary. This ore contains 20 per cent. of the new metal, united with sulphur, arsenic, iron, and nickel. It is of a grey tin white, or dark brown colour, and has a shining or splendent metallic lustre: is found in masses that are full of cavities, is easily frangible, and has an uneven granular fracture; is harder than fluate of lime, but less hard than the phosphate of that substance, and has a specific gravity of 5192. The metal, when obtained from this pyritical ore, has a bronze-yellow hue, like that of grey cobalt, and a specific gravity of 11,470. It is *malleable,* with a hackled fracture, has the hardness of fluate of lime, is powerfully attracted by the magnet, and remains untarnished by the air at an ordinary temperature, but, under a more elevated one, is converted into a black oxyd. Its solution in the acids is nearly colourless, or faintly tinged with wine-yellow. The phosphates, alkaline arseniates, and the infusion of galls, produce no precipitate in a solution of wodanium in the muriatic acid: but the prussiate of potass throws down a substance of a pearl-grey colour. The nitric acid readily dissolves both the metal and its oxyd; and the salt which results from this solution crystallizes in needles, and easily dissolves in water.

Book IV., which treats of *Combustibles*, is necessarily very short; these substances, according to the present arrangement, being limited to sulphur, carbon, and carbon combined with hydrogen. The author 'was informed by an intelligent military gentleman of high rank, who visited some of the diamond-mines in India, that the diamonds are found in a bed of pebbles or gravel at a small distance below the surface. The workmen dig and throw away carelessly all the materials until the water begins to appear, they then examine every stone one by one, holding it between the eye and the light.'

A brief sketch of such saline minerals as are soluble in water, and sapid, is given in the fifth book, under the five genera of *Muriates*, *Nitrates*, *Sulphates*, *Carbonates*, and *Borates*.

No. I. of the *Addenda* consists of a mere enumeration of a few substances which have been recently indicated as species, but of which the history is yet very imperfectly known. *Pseudosommite*, first noticed by Fleurian de Bellevue, has, we believe, been found to be identical with *Néphéline* from Vesuvius; which, also, gelatinizes with the nitric acid. *Mellilite* appears to be a variety of *Vesuvian:* but the primitive form of its crystals cannot be ascertained, on account of their extreme minuteness. *Spinellane* has taken its station as a distinct mineral, in Haüy's *Tableau Comparatif;* and it was analyzed by Klaproth, who detected, among its other ingredients, 19 of soda. *Spinthère*, (not *spinthese*) is a modification of the siliceo-calcareous titanium, or *sphene*. M. Brard regards both *Chusite* and *Limbilite* as varieties of decomposed *Olivine*. Leman conjectures that *Sideroclepte* may be decomposed *Augite;* and *Succinite* is a variety of *Garnet*, of an amber hue, discovered by Dr. Bonvoisin, in the valley of Lans, (not Laus,) in Piedmont.

No. II. exemplifies, by some simple cases, the application of geometry to crystallography; and No. III. contains a short explanation of double magnetism. Five plates are annexed, illustrative of the various crystalline forms of minerals.

The whole work may be regarded as an acceptable elementary epitome of the present state of mineral knowlege: but the language and the press, or perhaps the latter for the former, might advantageously receive a little more attention.

Art. IV. *Summary of the Mahratta and Pindarree Campaign*, during 1817, 1818, and 1819, under the Direction of the Marquis of Hastings: chiefly embracing the Operations of the Army of the Deckan, under the Command of his Excellency Lieutenant-General Sir T. Hislop, Bart. G.C.B. With some Particulars and Remarks. 8vo. pp. 360. 10s. 6d. Boards. Williams. 1820.

Although this work is modestly published anonymously, and is moreover so far without authority, it is an excellent book. It gives in a small compass a sufficient history of the campaigns against the Pindarries, which occupied the British armies of Hindostan during the years 1817, 1818, and 1819; it especially narrates the operations in the Dekkan, of which the author was an eye-witness; it displays local knowlege, military science, and judicious statesmanship; and it is, above all, written with a courageous firmness and an honest impartiality seldom observable in productions which originate at Calcutta. In general, the publications provided in that quarter bear marks of a controuled press, of a vaunting vanity, and of an interested servility to the higher powers: but *this* is worthy to be printed in Great Britain.

The narrative wears the form of a letter, dated from Aurungabad in April, 1819. A general idea is given of the state of affairs when Lord Moira, in 1813, first assumed charge of the supreme government. The magnificent policy of Marquis Wellesley is preferred to the timid precaution of the Marquis Cornwallis and Sir George Barlow; and the Marquis of Hastings is eulogized as worthy to succeed to the diadem (may we say?) of the oriental empire. Too much seems to be left to the personal discretion of the Governor-general of the moment; and in consequence a change of system often ensues from the arrival of a fresh Chief. Surely this evil could be diminished by vesting the government in a directory of three persons, and causing one of the three to go out every third year; in which case, the majority of the persons constituting the supreme power would always remain to complete any undertaken project.

Having stated the circumstances and motives which prepared the war, the author narrates the dispositions for conducting it. A map is given of the district to be quieted, and the marches of the troops are traced on it by dotted lines. The various forts assailed and skirmishes incurred are noticed with proportionate extent, and without that indiscriminate and pompous boasting which disgraces so many of the Indian bulletins. Curious anecdotes occur; one of which, as it throws light on the origin of the bull-worship that is common to the Ægyptians and Hindoos, we shall extract.

'The detachment had now crossed the Godavery. There are excellent boats at Nandere, and the natives of that place possess extraordinary skill and ease in swimming that broad and rapid river. They will pass over at the same time three or four horses: having a piece of light wood, or a dried pumpkin-shell, fastened loosely under their arm-pits, and holding the single cords by which the horses are held (from the under jaw) in one hand, or by the teeth, these fellows kick out, and beating the stream with the other arm, they lead the horses, with the greatest safety, across the river. They will singly manage the most stubborn or restive horse, closing upon him whilst he plunges and paws at the swimmer, and, if necessary, mounting on his back, or holding him by the neck, and sometimes by the tail, flogging him at the same time with a rope's end. The bullocks swim over of their own accord, provided one leads the way; but should this leader, which frequently happens, suddenly turn about in the water, the whole, as if by word of command, right-about also, and thus present an amusing scene, where they may be two or three hundred in his retinue at a time, the bullock-drivers abusing the leader in the strangest terms for this detention; but the moment the leader turns again, so do the whole body, imitating exactly his motions. The docility of these animals, and their discipline amongst themselves, may be observed with a great deal of entertainment at the Company's bullock-farm near Seringapatam, where there are frequently from ten to fifteen thousand bullocks kept for public purposes. Amidst this vast herd the keepers select a bullock of particular cast or breed from amongst their own droves, each drove having from three to six hundred belonging to it. This favourite bullock is immediately decorated with a tawdry covering of party-coloured stuff, hung all over with small bells and beads of cowries, or of ivory, with old buttons, and not unfrequently with small bits of looking-glass stuck in damur or wax. His horns in like manner are surrounded with neatly worked brass rings, and frequently tipped with the same. Thus ornamented by the keeper, its authority soon becomes acknowledged by the whole herd; and the keeper now, through his new deputy alone, directs all the movements and government of his charge. The whole of the bullocks at the farm are turned out promiscuously to feed along the extensive grounds, where they graze without any interruption for weeks together. But when it becomes necessary to select bullocks of a certain breed, either for gun-carriage or grain (the same bullock not answering for both), the keepers are directed to furnish so many: on this they have only to summon their leaders, who instantly obey the call, when every bullock of that particular herd turns out, and follows his master without failure. The required number is then taken away, and the chief and remainder return to their pasture.'

A plan of the battle of Mahudpore is given. That action constitutes one of the most important incidents in the narration; the attack on the sacred fort of Asserghur is another, and is also illustrated by an engraving. Some good observations occur at p. 129—131., on the number of useless followers tolerated in the train of the army, and on the neglect to indemnify friendly provinces for the contributions and forage which it is sometimes necessary to levy. The conduct of the British to the Arab garrison at Talnair merits, we fear, yet harsher blame than is here given. — Much inconvenience was suffered among the troops from *cholera morbus*, which the author deems contagious.

Important military observations are frequently offered. It is little worth while to dwell on the mere criticism of the past: but those counsels which have a prospective character, such as the advice to recruit the Seapoys rather from the oriental islands than from the continental natives, who are of a less hardy race, well deserve the reflection of the local authorities. Some intimations are given of an intention to write at large on oriental tactics, for which every needful qualification is here displayed. It is observed that the mass of the people are benefited by British conquest: but that in many of the higher classes, who have lost consequence by the new arrangements, a bitter spirit of hostility rankles; and that, if an European army were to present itself on the Indus, a vast confederacy could yet be realized against the sway of the Company.

The author's remarks on the missionary-system deserve perusal; and, as many well-intentioned persons in this country are eager from mistaken zeal to push that sort of intrusion to a dangerous length, we shall copy a paragraph or two:

'It has been one of the wisest steps of the British government, that they would never allow any interference, or compulsory propagation of the Christian religion, amongst the natives of India:— that measure alone, if adopted, would have been fraught with nothing short of total ruin to our interests. It would have leagued the whole population of India against us at one and the same time. We have done better; we have not only protected them in the exercise of their religion and rites, but even encouraged all the superstitions and follies of their several faiths, by entering at once into their wishes on that head, and even maintaining under our own superintendance and cost their most antient temples and ceremonies. The consequence is, we have taken the very surest way to bring them about, by leaving them their absurdities, and prohibiting the intermeddling of enthusiasts among them. The natives are now beginning to smile involuntarily at many of their own rites and ideas; the temples and pagodas are, of the people's own accord, become neglected and unfrequented; and the natives confine their devotion more to their own homes and families than at any former period. We wisely never gave them on this head any real cause of alarm. The progress of Christianity in any country will be but proportioned to the moral energy of the people; and where a deficiency of that strength of mind exists, it can only come about or be effected by education in the first instance, its moral consequence in the second, and next by the aid of Providence and the common contingency of events. But the zeal of the Missionaries will not be restrained by natural impossibilities. They endeavour to pour into the minds of the natives, still unversed in our language, the doctrines of our religion. They present to them translations in their own language of the Acts of the Apostles; they address them in the fields, and they give them to understand at once, that they are all going astray, and are sure to perish. The villager who now possibly for the first time enjoys his little field under the benign influence of our government, and whose family is fed and happy, wonders at this new-comer and his address; he does not even comprehend what he alludes to, whether some wordly calamity or other, and his ignorant soul is thus rendered unhappy and miserable. But these gentlemen, fired with pious zeal, which surpasses in its nature all other, seem to think that the dispersion of the Gospel in the Chinese, Sanscrit, Hindoostanee, or Malay, amongst the people, is sufficient for the proposed object; and as they deal out these to the Residents and magistrates of the different places, they consequently set down their converts and their work in proportion to the number dispersed. We have ourselves observed at more Residencies to the eastward than one, where scarce a vessel arrived without bringing a box or package of the above books in the Chinese language to the Resident, who was requested to disperse them, and did so as far as was in his power. He sent them to all quarters, by bundles of hundreds at a time. The Chinese looked at them, and said they had finer stories of their own; for there was no person amongst them to describe the intention or purport of these books. They did not know why they were sent, whether for entertainment or moral improvement; and seeing so many copies, they latterly threw them aside altogether, and the above Resident could disperse no more. Nevertheless, the fervid zeal of the Malacca Missionary heaped them on him ship after ship; and they at length acquired such a mass in his office, that he was compelled to remove them to an out-office, and several thousand copies of that description were handed over to the Dutch authorities, in whose hands we are sure they will never bear much fruit. This was the Missionary of whom we read in an English paper a few years ago, as having written home to the Missionary Bible Society for three hundred millions of Bibles, or copies of the Acts. In the above manner he could easily get rid of even that number, by delivering them as ballast, or turning them out of doors without an index or a monitor to explain them.'

The great inconvenience which officers feel from neglecting the study of the eastern languages is here exemplified in various instances; and it is even recommended to institute schools for the purpose of teaching English to native officers. Had Lieutenant-Colonel Fancourt, who commanded at Vellore in 1806, understood the native language, he might have profited by the information of a Seapoy, who came to reveal to him the projected massacre: but, being obliged to employ as an interpreter a Subahdar who was implicated in the conspiracy, the whole was described as the nonsense of a Seapoy known to be mad; and on the subsequent evening was realized the slaughter of the 21st of July.

This narrative will not only amuse the general reader, but will communicate instruction to the statesman.

ART. V. *Sketches descriptive of Italy,* in the Years 1816 and 1817. With a brief Account of Travels in various Parts of France and Switzerland in the same Years. 4 Vols. Crown 8vo. 1l. 12s. Boards. Murray. 1820.

WE often express, and are always glad to repeat, our feelings of pleasure on receiving productions from the pen of a female: being convinced that, with due regulation, the genius of the fair may impart to literature its most graceful and finished ornaments. Let the learning which belongs more especially to our sex form the foundation and give stability to the structure; and let *their* fancies, elevated and subtilized by their more rapid and acute sensibilities, add to national composition all that is captivating in imagery or pathetic in sentiment. The task of describing a picturesque tour through a foreign country, we should conceive, is well adapted to their characteristic powers: their seclusion from the business of life making them more alive to impressions of novelty; and their familiarity with poetry and romance giving them a more immediate perception of what is lovely in nature and striking in society. Men think and feel differently. Accustomed to the precision of the sciences, to the gravity of worldly concerns, and to patient investigation and laborious deduction, they wonder at the promptness and facility with which women seize and combine ideas, and, like bees, make honey from every flower. Without venturing too deeply into the question of *how much learning befits a lady*, and incurring the wrath of many fair aspirants by too narrowly circumscribing their ambition, or exciting their alarm by requiring from them too much scholastic exertion, we will affirm that, at least, a well-educated woman ought to have the power of clothing her ideas correctly and impressively in the language of her country; and that eloquence should take a higher rank among the accomplishments which are considered as almost exclusively the property of the sex. Greatly admiring this fascinating power, — doubly fascinating in those whose business is to please, — we are happy to award this praise to the author of the pages before us, and to welcome her performance as a proof of the talents of our countrywomen.

Although words are inadequate to the representation of multiplied combinations of beauty and splendor, and of the more terrific features of nature that take away the breath of the gazer, the descriptions of this traveller, which are enthusiastic without losing the character of truth, fill our minds with a succession of bright and glowing scenes, and with the wonders of nature and art that are inaccessible to those who "stay at home" without the medium of such friendly assistance. The Muses are slow in enriching their votaries, and will not always furnish us with the means of regaling our senses with those scenes which have charmed our imaginations in classic story. It may therefore be readily believed that we are delighted to forget our garrets, and the dun walls and chimneys, and the sulphureous atmosphere and metropolitan dissonance, in which it is our fate (*too much*) to dwell; and to be beguiled into a dream of the blue and tideless Mediterranean, and mountains with tops of purple and rose, and palaces of marble, and aromatic fragrance, and mouldering temples, with violets peeping from the crevices of scattered shafts and cornices and capitals, and balmy gales and golden lights.

To prevent, however, that madness of despair which makes the mariner plunge into eternity to realize intense visions of happiness, we find that these thickets of myrtle, breathing ambrosial perfume, are sometimes fraught with danger and death, robbers and poignards; that the balmy air, which seems to supply warmth and almost nourishment to the naked and houseless, conveys a secret pestilence into the very citadel of life; that travellers are exposed to every hardship at sordid and destitute inns, with scanty and nauseating fare, and must fight every inch of their way against dishonesty and extortion, and the importunities of those licensed tormentors, custom-house officers; that they must encounter "pityless storms" unexampled in our temperate clime, and contend with the extremes of heat and cold; — now enervated and fainting under intolerable sun-beams; now congealed and transfixed by winds from the icy pinnacles of the mountains. All these, with the degeneracy of national character, the effeminacy and corruption of manners, the impostures of the priesthood, and the superstition of the people, tend to reconcile us to the more sober and substantial, though unostentatious, happiness of the English home. Still we would exhort all those, whose lots are less circumscribed than ours, to go and realize the pleasures as well as endure the pains of travel: for, independently of its harvest of knowlege, its tendency to enlarge the mind and dispel prejudice, an important advantage is to be derived from that part of it which brings us acquainted with difficulty, privation, inconvenience, and discomfort. Among all the acquirements that are sedulously imparted to the children of prosperity, there is one which is often totally neglected, and sometimes unknown; and yet we do not scruple to pronounce that it is the most useful of all; viz. *Patience*. An Italian tour is a course of tonics for the mind; and hunger, cold, and fatigue, with a dinner of oil and garlic, and a pallet which banishes sleep, will teach sympathy for others and inward humility more effectually than all the homilies of the church. It is pleasant to see the philosophic indifference with which the fair author before us braves these trials; and, indeed, from the tone and tenor of her style, we deduce in her an energy and grandeur of spirit worthy of emulation by the sisterhood of adventurers who may follow in her track. We might exhort them, too, but probably in vain, to imitate that industry, and that extensive research into history and tradition, which have enriched her account of Rome with so much antiquarian detail, to the scandal and disgrace of many male loungers, who bring back to their own shore the same intellectual poverty with which they departed from it.

While we bestow this commendation, however, we must also observe that the detail in these volumes is too minute and too lengthened, and better calculated for the instruction of the curious traveller arriving on the spot, than for the amusement of the miscellaneous reader in this country: who, from the title of the work, would expect delineations more general and fugitive. It is impossible to take into the mind, so as to form any distinct picture, the plans and dimensions of so many edifices, the distribution of apartments, and the character and ornaments of the architecture: for, in the pages of a book, one set of ruins are so like another, that even the most attentive perusal furnishes our minds with only a confused mixture of arches and colonnades, domes, pavements, and altars.

Another consideration, also, nearly destroys the interest which we should feel in a large mass of the ruins particularized in this survey; we mean the doubt and obscurity which, notwithstanding the zealous efforts and learned warfare of antiquaries, still hang over their origin and signification. For our own part, however, (and we think that we may answer for the bulk of our readers,) we confess that our interest is alive to Rome generally; to its more prominent features, its living characteristics, and its well authenticated antiquities; and that, therefore, this impartial examination of every individual fragment of mouldering sculpture left us more wearied than instructed or amused. As to the identity of these aged structures, we feel comparatively little anxiety to ascertain, in viewing the ruins of a temple, august and beautiful, and picturesquely hung with lichens and flowers, whether it was sacred to the male or female Fortune, to Honour and Virtue, to Mars, Romulus, or Remus: or whether the stupendous vestiges of baths belonged to those of Caracalla, Nero, Dioclesian, Titus, Constantine, or Livia, or, according to a recent conjecture, to Paulus Æmilius. It is enough to command our awe and admiration, and all the historical association of which our memories are capable, that these are baths of the antient Romans.

We must now take notice of some errors in the following passages, which shew that this lady is more versed in external phænomena than in the philosophy of the human mind: — better skilled in pourtraying forms, than in analyzing feelings or tracing the connection of ideas. The doctrine of association is thus arraigned:

> ‘ If there were no other objection to that theory * which ascribes the pleasure the mind receives in the contemplation of pictures to agreeable associations connected with the objects represented, the delight with which the ferocious groups and wild scenery of Salvatore, exciting ideas only of plunder and assassination, are contemplated, would, to me, form a sufficient refutation of the argument. But this theory is deficient in many points. We are told we like the view of a cottage, because the mind, by an unconscious operation, peoples the interior with health, happiness, and comfort, — and all this is very true. The real sight of a gentleman's seat also is pleasing from the same associations; but does the same action of the mind take place on its pictured representation? On the contrary, the whole world is agreed, that of all uninteresting pictures, that of a country seat is the most uninteresting, except to its owner.
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> ‘ What that is, which constitutes the thing we call picturesque, I am not metaphysician enough to decide; but I have no hesita-

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‘ * Vide Alison “ On Taste.” ’

tion in saying that a taste for picturesque beauty cannot depend on the amiable sensations pointed out in the elegant work I have alluded to. Those whose nerves shrink from the noise of a waterfall, can gaze for hours with delight on the savage scenes delineated by Salvatore's pencil. Whence arises this strange contrariety between the imagination and the faculties of man?'

With regard to the first part of this passage, we must observe that nothing is more universally acknowleged than that ideas of pain and danger may be made as gratifying as those of peace and pleasure, and that terror is the first principle of the sublime; to which class of composition we refer the pencil of Salvator Rosa. As to the difference of impression produced by the view of a cottage and of a gentleman's seat, we will suggest that the latter, though it conveys ideas of plenty, ease, and comfort, is too closely connected with common and familiar life to have any power over the imagination: while the cottage, independently of its attributes, health, content, and innocence, awakens associations that carry us far into the regions of poetry and fable.

‘ Before I visited Italy, I imagined that my fondness for landscape-painting would make me admire Naples above all other places; but I found myself mistaken. A painter is less dependant on natural beauty than is often thought. He, whose attention has been continually occupied in the examination of scenery, lives among beauties of his own creation. To him

——— "imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unseen."

He can, at will, call up the most picturesque combinations,—collect the most striking features,—and throw over all such hues as fancy only can give. On him, therefore, the beauty of even Neapolitan scenery makes a fainter impression than on those who have never, in fancy, revelled amid still lovelier scenes, clad in even a brighter sunshine, and beaming under a yet purer sky.'

We understand the proposition to be, that a person familiar with ideal beauty is less alive to the beauty of nature than one who knows nothing of this imaginary excellence. Now we should say, with submission, (the lady being a painter,) that the pleasure of viewing a natural landscape is heightened rather than impaired by a knowlege of painting, either with or without its *beau idéal*; as a thousand accidents of light and shade, contrasts and harmonies of colouring, graceful disposition of feature, and all the effect of perspective, must be wholly lost to him who is unfortunate enough to be ignorant of these charming mysteries. It may be deemed Tramontane *presumption*, but we cannot bow to this idol of the Dilettanti, this *beau idéal,* without inquiring into the legitimacy of that superiority which it has usurped over the beauty of nature. If we examine it, what is it but art? and what is art but nature? Is not nature the parent, the support, the object, and the end of art? and is it not the triumph and perfection of art to imitate nature? We must not be duped by the cant of criticism; and we admonish the fair author not to deceive herself by supposing that 'fancy can present lovelier scenes, clad in even a brighter sunshine, and beaming under a yet purer sky,' than those which she eulogizes with the eloquence of enthusiastic admiration.

> 'The genius, or, in other words, the sensibility of the Italians, does not appear to me to lead them to poetry. They possess little of those pure principles and refined feelings without which the finer beauties of poetry cannot be relished or even perceived.'

We are sorry to anticipate the work of time, in dispelling an error which we remember to have been among the most favorite of our youthful illusions, — the inseparable connection between poetry and virtue: but life has taught us, with other unsavory truths, that the poet and his admirer may be equally destitute of 'pure principles and refined feelings.' Painting, the author asserts, possesses 'a decided superiority over her sister-art of music, in which the power of the most perfect professor to give delight is bounded not only by the term of his life but the moments of his performance.' We cannot suffer this to pass without contradiction: since it is palpable that the musician, as well as the painter and sculptor, can transmit monuments of his genius to posterity; as our public and private concerts, and our extensive musical libraries, can well attest.

The most decided failure, however, is to be found in this lady's figurative style; some specimens of which it will be our duty to lay before our readers. Speaking of the Column of Trajan, she says,

> 'It is really a comfort to be able to make any assertion which may venture to stand on its own ground, without the assistance of the *on dit*-s so profusely lavished over all that remains of ancient Rome. The inscription on the base of this pillar throws a flood of light all around it, absolutely dazzling to the eyes of those who are habituated to pry about with the aid only of such feeble rays as are emitted by the mental dark-lanthorn of conjecture.'

After an agreeable twilight-prospect from the ruins on the top of Terracina, she concludes thus:

> 'Like the splendours that were faded for ever, the sun had now sunk never to us to rise again upon Anxur; and the deepening

shade and stillness seemed but the reflection of these deserted and desolate scenes, once busy with life and blazing with magnificence.'

Having laid down the proposition that the same character appears to different individuals under different forms, she proceeds to the following illustration:

'If a number of persons were to gather round a prism, each of them would see one or more of its rays, but no one would see them all at once. One person would perceive only blue and red; another only yellow and green. The colours of a prism are not more varied than the different appearances the same character bears. Humanity is so linked together, that every individual forms the centre of a circle. Each is as the prism to his surrounding acquaintance. One or two points of his character, therefore, can alone be visible to any one of that circle. But as there may be an eye so situated as to see at once every ray proceeding from the prism, so it is only that Almighty Power whose equal eye looks down from above upon the creatures he has formed, that can distinguish all the parts of the human character.'

Comparing the Lago Maggiore with the Lakes Como and Lugano, she adds not with more felicity of fancy:

'But the peaceful sweetness and softened charms which surround this lake, contrasted with the more distant grandeur of the neighbouring Alps, make its shores far more attractive to me. The mountains of the material may be compared to the passions of the moral world. If too far off, we forget their storms and hurricanes—if too near, we perceive them to be fraught with danger, and shudder at our vicinity; but in the intermediate distance, we have the delightful consciousness of security pressed upon us. It is like the luxurious sensation which we experience while sitting by a blazing fire in a comfortable drawing-room, and hearing the storm rage without.'

We must farther observe that the author's sportiveness is, for the most part, rather childish and flippant than witty or humorous; and that her jokes are better suited to the tone of familiar conversation than to the dignity of written composition. Together with such phrases as 'in good right down earnest,' 'this set-out,' and 'break-jaw words,' we must also condemn 'solitary loneliness,' and 'visual sight.' We persuade ourselves, however, that these blemishes are the result of negligence rather than of bad taste; and, as they bear only a small proportion to the bulk of the work, we are happy to forget them in the interesting narrative, the curious information, the lively portraiture, and the eloquent description with which it abounds.

Now, therefore, we will present our readers with some specimens of this lady's happier style. Describing the Lake of

Bolsena, she says that the ruins of the old and the melancholy appearance of the present town

> ‘ Accord with the secret desolating scourge which consigns a spot so lovely to utter solitude. And as the traveller winds along the margin of the lake, and catches, through the openings of the stately woods which embosom it, glimpses of a scene of no common interest and loveliness, he feels that even the grandeur and loftiness of these wide oak forests assist in bringing a train of mournful ideas to his mind ; — for the air which conduces so highly to vegetable luxuriance destroys animal life, and where trees flourish in unusual beauty and meadows display a richer verdure, thousands and tens of thousands of human beings have been swept to an untimely grave. Yet few are the scenes which can vie with this in atttraction, — and it is with a pain mixed with pleasure we regard the treacherous beauty of a country which lures only to destruction, and breathe the softness of an air which soothes only to wound.’

The impression of the Vatican is given in the ensuing energetic strain :

> ‘ From the vast loneliness of St. Peter's I ascended to the galleries of the Vatican, peopled only by inanimate statues. Yet such is the force of genius, that as I paced their long and silent range, these figures of clay-cold marble almost seemed to revive as I approached, and to breathe again a softer and a more tranquil life. The chaste magnificence of these galleries, of whose extent description can convey no correct idea, filled my mind with continually increasing admiration. I turned from one object of beauty only because I saw a thousand others its equals ; and even from the statues themselves, unrivalled as they are, my eye was caught by some of the superb decorations of the apartments, which are, without doubt, the finest in the world Yet with all this splendour, there is a simplicity about this grand collection of statuary that at once charms the beholder of pure taste. The shades of the dead seem to line the walls — we feel an indescribable sensation of awe, as if we were in the real presence of those whom time and story have rendered sacred in our eyes, and we gaze on these senseless blocks of marble as on beings of a higher nature.’

Of the Campagna, the author observes that, although it is desolate, it possesses ‘ an interest peculiar to itself — for it is hallowed by the ashes of the great and good !’

> ‘ The traveller's eye traces the Appian Way, pursuing its undeviating course across the plain, distinguished by its raised causeway of deep verdure and long double line of ruined sepulchres, — once cased with sculptured marble and shaded with rows of stately cypress, but now, perhaps, even more impressive — surviving only in shattered and nameless heaps of desolation. And, though at the foot of the hill, he turns aside from this “ street of tombs,” he

does not yet lose sight of Roman greatness. His path is crossed by broken ranges of lofty aqueducts sweeping majestically across the plain, and still attesting a solidity and magnitude which all the ravages of time, of war, of devastation, and decay, have been insufficient totally to destroy. These gigantic fragments prepare his mind for a city of ruins; and when, having entered the venerable walls, he beholds the stately arcades of the ruined Coliseum — the vast masses of the Cæsarian Palace, nodding over the brow of the Palatine Hill — the defaced triumphal arches — the mouldering porticos,— and, more interesting than all of these, the Roman Forum itself — he sees all that is left of Ancient Rome, ruined, indeed, but majestic even in decay — before the houses and streets, the sight of business, and the hum of life press on his attention : — and he feels, with tenfold force, how strong is that attraction which leads the pilgrim from every distant land to wander amidst the prostrate columns and overthrown tombs which, — surrounded as they are with mean habitations, defaced by modern barbarisms, and ruined almost equally by enemies and friends, — shall be regarded with veneration while one stone remains to mark the spot where the genius of Ancient Rome spreads enchantment around the scenes for ever consecrated to her fame.'

Speaking of the Supreme Council of Venice, it is remarked:

'The room in which it sat was hung with black; and, to increase its gloomy and terrific aspect, the powerful pencil of Tintoretto was employed to depict on the ceiling various Virtues, bearing in their hands the different instruments of torture used by this tribunal. This apartment is not large; it has only two doors, both communicating with the dungeons; by one of which the prisoners were brought before the council, and by the other taken away. We descended one of these staircases; it was almost totally dark, and branched off into several passages at the foot. Here our conductor opened a heavy trap-door, fastened by three or four locks, and having furnished himself with a light, desired us to descend the steep narrow staircase which appeared beneath it, and then followed us, letting the trap-door fall behind him. Its ponderous sound rang through the vaults we were just entering, and struck such a deadly chill upon my heart, that I almost fancied I could form some idea of the feelings with which they must have heard the same sound whom fate ordained to be entombed alive within these dreaded abodes. —

'This narrow steep stair conducted us to an iron door, which admitted us into an equally narrow vaulted passage, totally dark, which surrounded three sides of the small square in which the dungeons are constructed — the fourth being occupied by the staircase itself. Another iron door defended the passage at the further end, which opened on a similar staircase, terminating again in a vaulted passage underneath the one we were now in. There are four of these stories; the lower ones, of course, sunk considerably below the water. These are now partly blocked up by the rubbish [which] disuse and neglect have happily suffered to accumulate — may it never again be removed!

'Each story contains three or four dungeons; they open from the vaulted passages I have mentioned, where neither air nor light can penetrate, and are numbered in the stone wall above the door. The cells are small and vaulted, scarcely high enough to admit of a man's standing upright. The walls and roof were lined with iron; an iron shelf, and a broad wooden board serving at once for table, chair, and bed, are all the furniture they contain. Traces of writing were perceptible on some of the walls, but very indistinct. By the light of our lamp we deciphered with difficulty part of one of these, scrawled up and down on the roof with the wandering hand of one writing in the dark.*

'When the French broke open these dungeons, one old man only was found, who had been immured in them upwards of twenty years, and was become hopeless of liberation. He is now, or, at least, was very lately, alive in the island of Zante.'

We now take leave of the fair unknown, with one of our best bows. Could she see us in the act of making it, perhaps she would be able, or would fancy herself able, to determine whether we had been all our lives the creeping residents of the foggy metropolis of England, or whether, like her, we had ever *alighted* on the shores of more *attitudinarian* countries. As it is, we leave the matter to her conjecture.

Art. VI. *A Report on the Agriculture of Eastern and Western Flanders;* drawn up at the Desire of the Farming Society of Ireland. With an Appendix. By the Rev. Thomas Radcliff, Author of the "Agricultural Survey of the Counties of Wicklow and Kerry," &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 330. With Plates and Maps. 13s. Boards. Harding.

All travel has its advantages, says Dr. Johnson; if a man visits a *better* country, he may improve his own; if he visits a *worse*, he is more satisfied with his own. Thus it is with regard to agriculture; an attentive observation of the principles and practice of other nations will assuredly assist us either in improving our own or in making us contented with them; and something will be seen, probably, which will lead us to do both. It seems that the agriculture of Flanders has attracted much of the attention of the Irish Farming

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'* It was the same which has since appeared in the fourth Canto of "Childe Harolde." I have not, therefore, given my copy of it, because it was imperfect, whilst Lord Byron has succeeded in making out that part of the sentence which, to us, was wholly illegible.'

Society, who have offered very liberal premiums for the best detail of Flemish husbandry; and that it is said that, in the eastern and western provinces, the disadvantages of an inferior soil are compensated by the skill of the farmer, who extorts from it a produce which the richer lands of the neighbouring provinces refuse to yield.

An Irishman, perhaps, may be allowed to regard these districts as inferior in fertility to the soil of his own island: but, really, if any of them will bear such a merciless succession of crops as they appear to be sometimes obliged to carry, — viz. four wheat-crops in nine years, besides a crop of oats, of peas or beans, and of clover, without any manure except in the first year, — nature certainly did not bestow on them a niggardly dower. The Polders, as they are called, appear to be the seat of fecundity. These are certain areas of land reclaimed from the sea by embankment; of which the surface, once secured from the influx of the tide, becomes the most productive soil without any sort of manure. If, after having yielded successive and (we may almost term them) spontaneous crops of corn for more than thirty years, they begin to shew any symptoms of exhaustion, they are laid down with artificial grasses, principally white clover. As these disappear, the natural grasses are established in luxuriance; and a rich pasture, which will fatten two sets of cattle in a season, succeeds for about five-and-twenty years; when they are again broken up, and exhibit the same unbounded luxuriance for thirty years more! These Polders owe their origin partly to the increasing collection of sand formed in the small branches of rivers, and partly to the contraction of the river itself; which, by the effect of the tide, is diminished in one place, while an alluvial soil is formed in another by its overflow. Before the embankments are made, they are enriched by the deposition, at every ebb-tide, of rushes, sea-weeds, &c.; by shells, fish, and various putrid and calcareous substances. The soil thus accumulating produces natural plants and grasses; and, when it has acquired a crust or surface of black earth, three or four inches deep, it may be embanked and cultivated.

Flax is a crop on which great attention is bestowed in this part of the Netherlands. When the land has been thoroughly cleaned, it is ploughed and harrowed so as to be left without any furrow, and a liquid manure is spread and harrowed in.

‘ The manure universally used for this crop demands particular notice — it is termed liquid manure, and consists of the urine of cattle, in which rape-cake has been dissolved, and in which the *vidanges* conveyed from the privies of the adjoining towns and villages have also been blended. This manure is gradually collected in subterraneous vaults of brickwork at the verge of the farm next to the main road. Those receptacles are generally forty feet long by fourteen wide, and seven or eight feet deep, and in some cases are contrived with the crown of the arch so much below the surface of the ground, as to admit the plough to work over it. An aperture is left in the side, through which the manure is received from the cart by means of a shoot or trough, and at one end an opening is left to bring it up again, by means of a temporary pump, which delivers it either into carts or tonneaus. *'

Rape-seed is an object of much agricultural moment in Flanders; and it is considered by Mr. Radcliff as so admirably adapted to the generality of the soil in Ireland, that he has entered with laudable minuteness into the detail, expences, and profits of its cultivation.

Our feelings are highly gratified to observe the attention paid by the Flemish to their working horses. We have often persuaded ourselves to believe that two-thirds of all the working horses in this kingdom, well fed, well groomed, and kindly treated, would do all the work that is performed by the entire number now employed. Undoubtedly the dray-horses that we see in the beer-drays and coal-carts of London are in the very highest condition; and, of late years, the *velocipedes* that are harnessed to the flying coaches, which traverse the kingdom in every direction, have been beautiful animals: but, when we turn our eyes to the miserable, jaded, and half-famished things, those dried specimens, that drag the hackney-coaches in London, and some of the post-chaises on our roads; when we look at the lean-ribbed wretches in our hucksters' and pedlars' carts; and at the skeletons that disgrace our little farmers and jobbers in different parts of the country; we then ask whether it would not be economical as well as humane to shoot one-third of them, and keep the remainder better? In Flanders, a farmer will work fifty acres of land with two horses, and, by the regularity of his care and keep, will preserve them in excellent condition: while the great wheat-farmer of Fingal, Mr. R. says, will keep four times the number on the same extent, which are fed with great expence and little judgment, are always over worked, and are always poor. Nay, we are told that some Irish farmers will keep sixteen horses on an hundred acres; and instances have occurred in which three-fourths have died within the year by hardship and consequent disease. Is it not, then, a most beautiful pro-

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' * The tonneau resembles a beer-barrel, and contains 176 litres, about 38 gallons English.'

vision of Providence, that humanity and self-interest invariably go hand in hand? The Flemish horses are very compact, well-built animals, much like the Suffolk Punch. They are fed on cut hay, or rye-straw, with oats; and, after every feed, they have a bucket of water given to them, richly whitened with rye or oatmeal. A vessel containing this composition is kept in every stable, and the horses are not suffered to have any other drink. Each is allowed in winter 15 lbs. of hay, 10 lbs. of sweet straw, and 8 lbs. of oats, every day. In summer, clover is substituted for hay: but the oat or rye meal water is never omitted, and on this nutritious drink the Flemish place their chief reliance.

Rye is cultivated extensively on the lighter soils: but in Flanders frequently, and throughout Brabant generally, the farmer on one or two hundred acres of such soil is also a distiller, purely for the improvement of the land by the manure of the beasts which he can feed on his rye-straw and the grains of his distillery; the Flemish farmer being exempt from those duties which would effectually deter an English agriculturist from the appendage of a distillery to his premises. — Tobacco is occasionally grown; and a plant called the oillette, or the small poppy, yields a very fine oil, in many instances of so good a quality as to be used for sallads. It requires a rich and well manured earth, and is generally taken after rape: but it is not so productive as that seed, though more valuable, the measure of oil extracted from rape being as one to four of the seed, and that which is produced from the oillette as one to five. The rent and value of land must of course vary much in different districts: the former is from 18s. to 25s. an English acre, and the land sells, perhaps, at 25 or 30 years' purchase. The duration of leases is three, six, and nine years: the land-tax is one-fifth of the rent; and the other contributions are at the rate of about nineteen-pence the English acre. Labour is about sixpence a day, with food.

Live stock in Flanders, with the exception of horses, appears to be very ordinary. The cattle, which are short-horned, of a pure unmixed blood, are brought to market at two years old, and of course in a very unfinished state; and no attention is paid to the procuring of good bulls, or to the improvement of the breed in any respect. The sheep are long-wooled and long-legged, straight in the back, but very narrow; and the mutton from these animals, which are butchered when a year old, is almost carrion. A law, it is said, exists against the importation of English Rams! — The swine are as hard and mis-shapen as the sheep. — The implements of agriculture in

Flanders are not worthy of attention: the plough is said to do its work well, but it is exceedingly coarse and clumsy in its appearance. Every thing is executed rudely and cheaply, but with an attention to strength and durability. — The Kylanderie takes its name from a little black insect called the Kylander, which infests the corn when it is long kept in granaries. It seems to be nothing but a common corn-skreen. The Hainault scythe is represented as better formed than the scythes in general use among us: but the only implement in which we observe any thing like novelty, and which is stated to be more useful than *we* can imagine, is called the Mouldebaert, and resembles a large square malt-shovel, strongly prepared with iron on the lower side. It is used for removing soil from one part of a field to another, which it is said to do in the easiest and most expeditious manner; indeed, it is a sort of sledge, without wheels, drawn by two horses. The person who drives, with long reins, by pressing moderately on the handle as the horses go forwards, collects and transports about 5 cwt. of earth to the place where it is to be deposited, and the unloading is at once effected by his letting go the handle; for the front or edge of the machine dips, and catches against the ground, by which means it is inverted and emptied of its contents. Mr. Radcliff says that the saving of time and labour, in filling and emptying, gives this implement a decided superiority over the cart, while the ground is not so much injured by it as by wheels.

The account of the *Menage* of the Flemish farmer and labourer is extremely interesting. There was a period when the *menage* of the English farmer and his labouring husbandmen would have furnished us with a suitable companion to this picture of ease, plenty, and prosperity:

> " But times are altered: trade's unfeeling train
> Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain.
> Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
> Those calm desires, that ask'd but little room;
> Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
> Lived in each look, and brightened all the green:
> These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
> And rural mirth and manners are no more!"

It is melancholy to have an assent extorted from us to the truth of the poet's description: but certainly the condition of our peasantry is much deteriorated *since* Goldsmith's time, when he thus mourned over " The Deserted Village." As to the Flemish farmer, it is a pleasure, says Mr. Radcliff, to observe his laborious industry recruited by intervals of decent and comfortable refreshment, and not less agreeable to perceive the farm-servants treated with kindness and respect:

'They uniformly dine with the farmer and his family, at a clean table-cloth, well supplied with spoons, with four-pronged forks, and every thing necessary for their convenience. In Flanders, the gentlemen are all farmers, but the farmers do not aspire to be gentlemen; and their servants feel the benefit. They partake with them of a plentiful and orderly meal, which varies according to circumstances. One standing dish, however, is universal — a soup, composed of butter-milk, boiled and thickened with flour, or rye-bread, potatoes, salt pork, salt fish, various vegetables, and eggs: fresh meat and fresh fish occur occasionally, though not for daily consumption. — Add to these, a plentiful supply of butter, or rendered lard, which is sometimes substituted: and when it is recollected that those articles of provision are always made palatable by very tolerable cookery, it will be allowed that the farmer's table is comfortably supplied. The potatoes are always peeled, and are generally stewed in milk; a particular kind of kidney-bean, or large French-bean, the *feve haricot*, sliced, and stewed in milk also, is a frequent dish. No farmer is without a well-cultivated garden, full of the best vegetables, which all appear at his own table; and apples are also introduced into their cookery. The great fruit and vegetable markets of the towns are supplied by gardeners, who make that their subsistence; but the gardens of the farmers, unless in case of redundance, are cultivated wholly for their own consumption.

'The farm-servants, as has been mentioned, partake of their master's fare, except in his refreshments of tea, coffee, and beer.

'The day-labourers are not so well provided: they have, however, rye-bread, potatoes, butter-milk, and occasionally some salt pork. The labourer is, in general, very well able to support himself by his work: in a country where so much manual labour is required in weeding, the labourer's family is occupied pretty constantly in summer, and in winter they spin. Each day-labourer has, in most cases, a small quantity of land, from a rood to half an acre, for his own cultivation.

'In common times, a beggar is scarcely to be seen, except in the towns, and but few there. In the country, habits of industry are kept up till health fails; and to meet the infirmities of age, the poor possess a revenue from pious donations, regulated by the government, and vested by them in commissions, of which the mayors of the different communes are presidents, respectively, in right of their office.

'The clothing of the peasantry is warm and comfortable — good shoes, stockings, and frequently gaiters of leather or strong linen, which are sold very cheap: their innate frugality leads them, however, to economize in those articles, substituting, on many occasions, coarse flannel socks and wooden *sabots*, both which are supplied in all the public markets at about eight-pence cost. Their comfortable supply of linen is remarkable; there are few of the labouring classes without many changes. In riding with a landed proprietor through a part of the country in which his property was situated, a neat cottage presented itself: the clipped hedge which surrounded the garden, covered with linen very white, suggested an enquiry, " Whether it did not belong to a washerwoman?" — The answer was, that " it was occupied by a labourer and his family, and that the linen was all their own." It must, however, be observed, that universally in proportion to the supply is the postponement of the washing, which causes the greater display, and particularly at the beginning of May, which is a chosen season for this purpose. Any circumstance connected with the cleanliness, health, and comfort of the lower classes, is interesting; and to this of which we have been speaking a peculiar degree of decency is attached.

' If the labourer is comfortable in point of apparel, the farmer is still more so; nor can that of both in appearance be more accurately represented than in Plate X. In home-work the farmer generally protects his clothes by a smock-frock of blue linen: a great attention to cleanliness prevails throughout.

' With respect to the farm-house, the exterior is for the most part ornamented by creepers, or fruit-trees trained against the walls; and within, the neatness which prevails is quite fascinating. Every article of furniture is polished; the service of pewter displays a peculiar brightness; and the tiled floor is purified by frequent ablutions.

' The cottage of the labourer, though not so well furnished, is, however, as clean; a frequent and periodical use of water, and the broom, pervades every house, great and small, in the country and in towns — originating perhaps in the necessity of cleanliness, and the public enforcement of it, when Flanders was visited by the plague.

' The Flemish farmer seldom amasses riches, but is rarely afflicted by poverty: industry and frugality are his characteristics; he never looks beyond the enjoyment of moderate comforts; abstains from spirituous liquors, however easily to be procured; never exceeds his means; pays his rent punctually; and, in case of emergency, has always somewhat to command, beyond his necessary disbursements.'

In order to acquire a knowlege of the products of Flanders, compared with those of other countries, it was necessary to equalize their respective weights and measures. To render this Report perspicuous, therefore, the author has given, among other valuable matter in the Appendix, a concise statement of the metrical system of France, to which the weights and measures of Flanders are referable; accompanied by a comparative scale of English weights and measures, from which those of Scotland and Ireland may be deduced. — Altogether, this work must have cost the reverend author considerable labour; and he is intitled to great praise for the minuteness with which he has detailed the various systems, and rural operations, which it was his *object to examine.*

ART. VII. *Amarynthus*, the Nympholept: a Pastoral Drama, in Three Acts; with other Poems. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. Boards. Longman and Co. 1821.

PASTORAL poetry has been long on the decline in England. We have indeed in our own times had Bloomfield, and more lately Clare, both of whom are exclusively pastoral poets, but the classical pastoral had almost become extinct among us. We may account for this fact by several reasons. On the revival of learning, it was natural that this kind of composition, of which the antients have left us so many beautiful examples, should meet with imitators; and accordingly we find, in the works of the early Italian poets, many fine productions in their style of writing, such as the piscatory eclogues of Sannazaro and the Aminta of Tasso. Guarini and Bonarelli refined on their predecessors; till at length the pastoral mania was disseminated so widely through Italy, that, as Goldsmith says, in the midst of porticoes, processions, and cavalcades, abbés turned shepherds, and shepherdesses without sheep, indulged their harmless *divertimenti*. We can have little doubt, then, that the contempt, which the sober-minded people of England felt for this learned Arcadian farce, has been a great cause of the disrepute into which pastoral poetry has fallen among them. This, however, was not the case at one of the noblest periods of our national literature, the age of Elizabeth. At that time, perhaps, more than at any other, the influence of the Italian writers operated on our national taste, and their pastoral poets seem to have obtained their full share of admiration. Milton, in his *Comus*, (if, indeed, this poem claim not a superior rank,) and Fletcher, in his *Faithful Shepherdess*, finely upheld the glory of the rural muse: but the pastorals of Pope, being such mere imitations of his Roman original, did little to win the affections of the public to this mode of composition; and those of Gay, written in ridicule, though admired in earnest, added not much strength to the declining cause. Least of all, in our opinion, was Shenstone likely to revive the taste; while Thomson, though his imagery is gathered from rural life, may rather be called a didactic poet. From that period to the present, we have had no attempt to introduce the classical pastoral into our literature; and the poem of Amarynthus, now before us, may therefore be considered as a kind of experiment on the public taste.

An attempt like this is certainly attended with considerable difficulty, under which the powers of several great poets have been considered to have failed. Indeed, the principles on which pastoral poetry rests have never been defined. By some it is regarded as a picture of the innocence and beauty of the golden age, while others imagine its true province to be to delineate the actual manners and habits of rural life. The former opinion, which is maintained by Rapin and Fontenelle, must render this species of composition a mere work of imagination, equally void of truth and interest; while the latter idea, if closely pursued, as in practice it has been by Spenser, and (in an exaggerated form) by Gay, almost necessarily debases the subject beneath the dignity of poetry. Perhaps the intermediate species of composition between these is the poetry of Theocritus and Virgil. "The poet," says Dr. Wharton, speaking of the former, "described what he saw and felt, and had no need to have recourse to those artificial assemblages of pleasing objects which are not to be found in nature:"—but, while he thus avoided the extravagance of too much perfection, he did not degrade his writings by making his interlocutors into boors, and putting a vulgar dialect in their mouths. The difficulty of attaining a true pastoral style appears to have struck Sir Philip Sidney, in his Defence of Poesy; where, alluding to Spenser, he says, "That same framing of his style in an old rustic language I dare not allow, since neither Theocritus in Greek, Virgil in Latin, or Sannazaro in Italian, did affect it."

In transferring the classical pastoral to English ground, many other great difficulties arise. Even Spenser introduced wolves into England, and Pope joins Hybla and Windsor: while the same incongruity of imagery and allusion has been remarked in the Lycidas of Milton. This error must always occur when we attempt to adapt the manners and the sentiment of one age to another: but from such a fault the good taste and judgment of the author of Amarynthus have happily preserved him, by inducing him to adopt a period and scenes suited to the character of his composition. In securing himself, however, from the imputation of bad taste, this writer, who is publicly known to be Mr. Horace Smith, has forfeited his claim to originality; and, while the praise of selection, combination, and rich and splendid expression, may (we think) be frankly given to him, this is nearly all that can be conceded. To Theocritus, indeed, he candidly confesses his obligations; and Fletcher and Milton have also their share of acknowlegement. The fable of the haunted Nympholept has never, we believe, been made the subject of a poetical composition, and here certainly the author may claim the praise of invention. He has explained this superstition in his preface.

'The

'The Νυμφόληπτοι of the Greeks,' he observes, 'and the Lymphati or Lymphatici of the Romans, were men supposed to be possessed by the Nymphs, and driven to phrensy, either from having seen one of those mysterious beings, or from the maddening effect of the oracular caves in which they resided. Plutarch particularly mentions that the Nymphs Sphragitides haunted a cave on Mount Cithæron, in Bœotia, in which there had formerly been an oracle, and where, from the inspiration they diffused, Nympholepsy became an endemic complaint. According to Festus, it was formerly thought that all those who had merely seen the figure of a nymph in a fountain were seized with madness during the remainder of their lives. Ovid himself dreaded this event, as appears by the lines in the fourth book of his Fasti.

> '"*Nec Dryadas, nec nos videamus labra Dianæ,*
> *Nec Faunum medio cùm premit aura die;*"

and Propertius also alludes to the same belief, when, in describing the happiness of the early ages, he exclaims,

> '"*Nec fuerat nudas pœna videre deas.*"

It was the popular opinion throughout the whole of Greece, that the nymphs occasionally appeared to mortals, and that the consequences of beholding them were generally to be deprecated; the result among such a superstitious and imaginative people may easily be conjectured.'

Mr. Smith imagines that this superstition was the result of natural causes; and that the ardent imagination of a Greek easily converted a village-girl, shaded by the gloom of a forest, into a vision of one of these awful beings. The scene of his drama, or rather masque, is therefore laid in the heart of Greece (the Vale of Tempe), and the period is that of the classical age. His *dramatis personæ* are not confined to mortals, but include Urania, a nymph of the air, and Dryope a wood-nymph. The under-plot of the fable consists in the loves of Amarillis a shepherdess, and Phœbidas a herdsman; and in the intrigues of Celadon, a rich Athenian, to disturb their happiness.

We do not know whether the author had been reading Lord Shaftesbury's *Characteristics* when he wrote his poem, or his preface: but, in the first volume of that work, (see *Letter on Enthusiasm*,) his Lordship makes some remarks on Nympholepsy, which on this occasion we are tempted to place before our readers in unison with those of Mr. Smith:

"The *Lymphatici* of the Latins were the *Nympholepti* of the Greeks. They were persons said to have seen some species of divinity, as either some rural deity, or nymph, which threw them into such transports as overcame their reason. The ecstasies expressed themselves outwardly in quakings, tremblings, tossings of the head and limbs, agitations, and (as Livy calls them) fanatical throws or convulsions, extemporary prayer, prophecy, singing, and the like. All nations have their Lymphatics of some kind or another; and all churches, Heathen as well as Christian, have had their complaints against fanaticism.

"One would think the ancients imagined this disease had some relation to that which they called hydrophoby. Whether the antient Lymphatics had any way like that of biting, to communicate the rage of their distemper, I cannot so positively determine. But certain fanatics there have been since the time of the ancients, who have had a most prosperous faculty of communicating the appetite of the teeth. For since first the snappish spirit got up in religion, all sects have been at it, as the saying is, tooth and nail; and are never better pleased, than in worrying one another without mercy.

"So far indeed the innocent kind of fanaticism extends itself, that when the party is struck by the apparition, there follows always an itch of imparting it, and kindling the same fire in other breasts. For thus poets are fanatics too. And thus Horace either is, or feigns himself lymphatic, and shews what an effect the vision of the nymphs and Bacchus had on him.

Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
Vidi docentem, credite posteri,
  Nymphasque discentes ——
Evœ! recenti mens trepidat metu,
Plenoque Bacchi pectore turbidum
  Lymphatur —— as Heinsius reads.

"No poet can do any thing great in his own way, without the imagination or supposition of a Divine presence, which may raise him to some degree of this passion we are speaking of."

In the first scene of the drama before us, we have a sacrifice to Pan, in which the poet treats us with some mythological learning. Then follows a dialogue between Amarillis and the rude but rich Celadon, who wishes to tempt her from her fidelity to the humble Phœbidas; and indeed he does enumerate the luxuries, of which he is master, in a gorgeous style.

'Bethink thee, Amarillis, I am rich,
And can exalt thee from the plain, to grace
Cities and courts. Ennobled shalt thou be
Above thy kindred; music shall bewitch
Thy waking senses, and thy sleep enlist
Elysium. Round thy Tyrian robes a sash
Of gold shall blaze, — each finger be on fire
With ruby rings and clasps of amethyst,
And thine ears' pendant diamonds shall out-flash
All but thine eyes. I have a stately ship
Here at Iolchos, and two more, whose prows,
Sparkling with gold, throw lustre on the waves

Of the Piræus. One I will equip
As a floating palace, that we may carouse
On nectar in its marble baths, while slaves
Sing summer madrigals. Another shall
Transport us to the Olympian games, — the third
To Delos when Apollo's festival
Is solemnised, and thou shalt be preferr'd
At both unto the loftiest station, dress'd
Royally.'

The maiden's reply to these temptations is eloquent and beautiful:

'Yet we, whom rustic life entices,
Have luxuries, pomps, and pleasures that we prize,
Above thy poor magnificence. Confess
That health and virtue, which are happiness,
Are more luxurious than thy sickly vices.
What pomps can courts and capitals supply
So gorgeous as the rising of the sun
Over this vale of Tempe? so sublime
As the sea's deep-mouth'd voice in harmony
With woods and winds — an awful unison!
What matins like the larks, who heavenward climb,
And pour down lighted music from above?
What midnight serenade so rapturous
As the lone nightingale's, whose soul of love
Out-gushes with her song? — Jewels and rings!
Is not each dewy blade, and leaf, and flower,
Hung with a pearl, which, when the sun up-springs,
Is dyed to amethyst and ruby? Shower
Thy golden sashes elsewhere, — here they're lost;
For we, when in the sunny corn we stray,
Are zoned by waving sheets of gold, emboss'd
With Flora's rich embroidery.'

We must restrict ourselves in quoting the merely pastoral parts of this drama, in order that we may leave space to give a fuller idea of the character of Amarynthus, the Nympholept, which is certainly a loftier conception. It will be soon perceived that the basis of this portraiture is formed on an application of a sort of mysticism to poetical purposes. Amarynthus longs to behold and commune with the spirit of nature, and in the visible creation sees the track and vestiges of some invisible Power: the winds speak secrets to him, and the earth is full of marvels; he pines in his earthly form, and passionately seeks a communion with higher spirits. A character like this was certainly well fitted to be influenced by the imaginary nymph-phrenzy; and accordingly, in the progress of the story, we find him driven to distraction by an encounter with a being whom he imagines to be one of these fatal beauties. The following is the soliloquy of Amarynthus in the Vale of Tempe:

'Plutus, thou bloated fiend, God of the foul
And sordid slaves of gold,
Chain me no more — unfold
The talons that have grasp'd my soul
And wither'd up its beauty. — Hence, avaunt!
Thou and thy crew with quenchless hunger gaunt.
Thus with repentant shudders of disgust
Do I shake off all sympathy
With thee and thy idolatry,
And as the camel, parch'd with dust,
Athwart the desert from afar will scent
The fountain's moisture, and above controul
Leap to the blessed waters; so my soul,
Long in the city's peopled desert pent,
O holy Nature, to thy freshness rushes,
To bathe in leafy greenness, and inhale
The rapture that to all my senses gushes.
My spirit seems with new-born flutterings
Against the body's bars to beat its wings.
At Athens, when th' Acropolis I trod,
Thus have I stood, awed by the majesty
Of some celestial marble, till I felt
In every nerve the thrill of symmetry,
Misdeeming it a reverence of the God. —
'Twas but the chord that vibrated to thee,
To whom I should have knelt,
O lovely Nature! of whose perfect graces
Art can but feebly shadow forth the traces.
What art or poet's fancy,
In all it's necromancy,
Could conjure up a sylvan scene like this?
Flowery slopes with temples crown'd;
Fountains, grots, and waving woods,
Sunny spots and solitudes,
Where the deepening meadow mingles
With the green darkness of the dingles.
Breezes that with beaks resound,
Incense throwing
From blossoms blowing,
While through the vale the Peneus flowing,
From rocks and crags at intervals
Calls the tumbling waterfalls,
And, giant-like, in distant view,
Ossa and Olympus throw
Their craggy foreheads, white with snow,
Up into the cloudless blue.
'How sweet are the remember'd smells
Of infancy! — these weeds and flowers wild

Draw the same perfume from the constant earth
With which I was delighted when a child.
O had I stuck to nature, and these dells,
My happy place of birth,
I might have still retain'd like this calm blossom,
The sweetness ever springing from her bosom.'

Our readers will not fail to remark the strangeness of the expression which occurs towards the conclusion of these really fine lines, and which certainly does not increase their beauty. '*O had I stuck to nature*' is not very elegant poetical diction, nor can it be excused in this instance as a *pastoralism*. We shall have occasion to notice a few more verbal blemishes of this kind.

We shall now introduce the more etherial personages. The nymph of the air, Urania, is fated to serve the wood-nymph Dryope, until the latter 'has loved a form of mortal birth:' the degradation of Urania to this servitude having also been the consequence of an earthly passion. She describes her meeting with the lovely youth to Dryope, and the dialogue thus continues:

'*Dryope.* Could'st thou behold so sweet a scene unmoved?
'*Urania.* Ah, me! I did not. Tremblingly,
By that ineffable symmetry alighting,
Silent I stood and gaz'd, nor knew I lov'd,
Till mine I laid upon his lips inviting,
Gently, and from that nectary
Intoxication drew. With sudden glee
Amid the leaves melodious laughter sounded,
And looking up I might espy
Cupid's white teeth, and mark'd his silver bow,
As from his nest he bounded,
And sought on purple wings the sky.
'*Dryope.* Awoke not then the sleeping boy below?
'*Urania.* I saw no more, before my vision dim,
The landscape seemed to swim;
My tingling blood diffused a blush
Of fire thro' every limb,
And in mine ears I heard the gush
Of mighty waters. Wingless before,
Then first from my unconscious shoulders started
These pinions, badges of my degradation.
'*Dryope.* Wingless! then how could'st thou upsoar
Into the spheres?
'*Urania.* At simple will I darted
Above, below. Wherever inclination
Prompted, with ease I clove the sky.
'*Dryope.* Such power have I possess'd in dreams.
'*Urania.* Now levell'd with the birds I cannot fly
Without this cumbrous aid.

' *Dryope.* Graceful it seems
To me, and beautiful; but quick resume
Thy tale, I pant to know thy doom.
' *Urania.* Recovering from my trance,
I found myself alone within a grove,
And then bethought me of Pan's ordonnance
Against forbidden love: —
That she of air who kiss'd a lip of earth,
Should be earth-bound, resign the firmament,
And mansions of her birth,
To serve what nymph of wood, or fount, or grot,
She first might meet in that abandonment.
Thee, gentle mistress! thee, by happy lot,
Did I encounter first: thy tenderness
Hath sweeten'd servitude. May my poor heart
By ever prompt docility express
Its gratitude.
' *Dryope.* Urania mine! thou art
Most dear to me, — not servitor, but friend.
Believe me, now, thy sadly tuneful tale,
Breathing of love and leaves unto its end,
Hath left within my breast a thrilling throb:
But said'st thou not, unless remembrance fail,
That I could set thee free?
' *Urania.* Forgive this sob;
Nor ye, celestial playmates, mark the tear
That does not gush for you, but one more dear,
Tho' an earth ranger. As I lost the skies
For having loved a wood-god, so, should'st thou
Press but thy lips to those of mortal man,
Thine were the penalty, and mine the prize;
For thou to mortal destinies must bow,
And in that instant I should soar sublime.
Such the commandment of all-loving Pan,
To keep each race distinct, yet not chastise
More than one sentient being at a time.'

Amarynthus, beholding Amarillis in the dress of a nymph, is struck with phrenzy at the sight, and seeks protection at the feet of the real nymph Dryope. She leads him to her bower, becomes enamoured of him, and thus restores to Urania her aerial privileges. *

Of course the faithful shepherdess and her herdsman are made happy, and the wicked Celadon is discovered and punished. One other character we must not forget to mention, that of Œnone, ' the wild Delphic girl,' whose songs are dispersed through the pastoral. As they are all in the same singular style, the following will be a sufficient example: it is a celebrated classical story, told with great spirit:

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* At and from p. 153. the speeches of Dryope are erroneously printed as those of Urania, who is finally *dismissed* at p. 144.

‘ A beautiful boy in the Chian woods
Was reeling about, with wine o'ercome,
They took him on board, and swore by the Gods,
To sail for Naxos, and carry him home.
But the traitors bore
For another shore,
When, lo! the vessel stands rooted fast,
Spite of the winds and buffeting blast.

‘ O prodigy rare! see, see, the boards
With quick spreading ivy bud and brighten;
The oars are wreath'd like thy patriot swords,
Harmodius bold and Aristogiton.
It runs up the mast,
Round the ropes is cast,
And the sail that rustles with berries and leaves,
Like a waving wood in the ocean heaves.

‘ Amazement! look, a car in the ship!
Two rampant panthers spring from the floor;
With a bright-eyed snarl each upcurls his lip,
And lifts his paw with a fearful roar;
Bacchus steps down
From the car with a frown,
And shaking the grapes from his locks and neck,
Plants his spear on the ringing deck.’

Although not much original or deep thought occurs in this little poem, it certainly displays a great reach of fancy, with a singularly happy adaptation of classical imagery and sentiment to a pastoral subject; and the versification also is usually excellent. It is very pleasant to have these relics of the antient world, with which we have been so familiar in our childhood, presented to us in this agreeable shape, without any of the dulness which commonly characterizes the imitations of the antients, and with much of the splendor and beauty of the great prototypes. The author, however, has been in some instances considerably indebted to the moderns: — for instance, the verses at p. 37. in praise of chastity are acknowleged to be an imitation of Milton; — a rash attempt, which certainly should have been avoided. Occasionally, also, the poet, in his endeavours to express rustic thoughts in suitable language, is guilty of a provincial vulgarity: as in this sentence,

—— ‘ How blind thou art
To his known falsehood; but no longer *worry*
Thy soul about him;’

and this is a speech of the polite Celadon, who tells us that he was taught ‘ in groves of Academus.’

Of the minor poems, at the end of the volume, some are worthy of specific notice. Lucy Milford is a love-tale said to be founded on fact, and related with great tenderness, as well as no inconsiderable zeal against the bigotry of the missionaries of some of our sects. The Sonnets appear to us by no means equal to the other poems. That which celebrates 'a stupendous Leg of Granite, discovered standing by itself in the Deserts of Egypt,' has also attracted the muse of Mr. Shelley, who has treated it in a much finer way. With this specimen we shall close our extracts.

' In Egypt's sandy silence, all alone,
Stands a gigantic leg, which far off throws
The only shadow that the desert knows.
" I am great Ozymandias," saith the stone,
" The king of kings: this mighty city shows
" The wonders of my hand." The city's gone!
Nought but the leg remaining to disclose
The site of that forgotten Babylon.

' We wonder, and some hunter may express
Wonder like ours, when thro' the wilderness,
Where London *stood*, holding the wolf in chace,
He meets some fragment huge, and stops to guess
What powerful, but unrecorded, race,
Once dwelt in that annihilated place.'

Among these *addenda* we find the lines intitled '*the Contrast*, written under Windsor-terrace the Day after the Funeral of George III.,' which we selected in our Number for August last, p. 447., from a volume of miscellanies on the death of our late Sovereign, without then knowing that these stanzas were the composition of Mr. Smith. We are sorry that he has not altered the play on words in stanza XI., which alludes to '*the wreck of the Royal George*.'

ART. VIII. *Essays on Phrenology*, or an Inquiry into the Principles and Utility of the System of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim, and into the Objections made against it. [By George Combe.] 8vo. 12s. Boards. Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh. Longman and Co., London.

ART. IX. *Illustrations of Phrenology*, with Engravings. By Sir G. S. Mackenzie, Bart. F.R.S. &c. 8vo. 15s. Boards. Constable and Co. Edinburgh. Hurst and Co. London. 1820.

ART. X. *An Inquiry into Dr. Gall's System concerning Innate Dispositions*, &c. By J. P. Tupper, M.D. 8vo. 6s. Boards. Longman and Co.

THE singular doctrine to which these publications relate has encountered much of the ridicule, which is the common lot of speculations that are either entirely novel, or contrary to the prevalent opinions of the philosophical or of the vulgar world: but it seems to be gradually forcing its way into greater notice. Many persons, who had been accustomed to regard its authors as visionary enthusiasts or artful impostors, have been in a manner compelled to make it the object of a more serious examination, by finding it zealously espoused by men of talents and acuteness, who may be in error but are certainly far above contempt. Its disciples also have now formed themselves into something like a sect; and they are beginning to display, in the promulgation of their tenets, no small portion of that zeal which usually distinguishes new converts in supporting a doctrine that is either paradoxical or threatening to overthrow popular systems, especially when its leading features are such that they expose it to ridicule or misrepresentation. If we are to rely on their account of it, we must prepare to see our theories of mental philosophy quite overthrown, and the names of Gall and Spurzheim shortly occupying the places of Locke and Hartley, Reid and Stewart. As we deem this a consummation most devoutly to be deprecated, and as the hypothesis proposed by these writers appears to us inconsistent with a great variety of well ascertained facts in the philosophy of mind, we shall take the opportunity, afforded by the appearance of the publications of which the titles are prefixed to this article, to enter into an examination of the leading points in dispute between the advocates and the opponents of this new hypothesis.

In the course of this inquiry, a great variety of new terms and phrases will offer themselves to our notice; and, in fact, the first subject of discussion is of a verbal nature, suggested by the title given to their doctrine by Messrs. Gall and Spurzheim, and adopted in two of the works now before us. This appears to us to be either singularly ill chosen or singularly presumptuous. When the appropriateness of an entirely new term is in question, etymology is the only criterion which we can apply; and, when tried by this standard, it is evident that the word 'phrenology' is a *generic* term, denoting the science of mind in general, and not any particular doctrine or hypothesis on the subject. Again, the term physiognomy, which is assumed by them to denote the application of their system to enable us to pronounce on the character of an individual by observing *the conformation of the skull*, has already received from the ordinary custom of language a sense altogether distinct; namely, the art of judging of character from *the features and expression of the countenance.* In devising an appropriate name for any new doctrine, it is obvious that we ought to select not those circumstances in which it agrees with many others, already familiar to us, but those characteristic marks or peculiarities which serve to distinguish it from them; and in this point of view we conceive that the terms *Craniology*, or *Cranioscopy*, to which these writers so much object, are in truth perfectly unexceptionable. What is the characteristic difference of this doctrine? That the brain consists of a congeries of distinct organs, which are the appropriate seats of the several affections and passions, and of the intellectual faculties; — and that the developement of these organs influences the form of the skull to such a degree, that the intellectual and moral character of the individual may be determined by the examination of its external surface. The term *Cranioscopy* is therefore much more appropriate, since it is founded on the leading distinctive character of the doctrine which it is employed to designate; and of which it is thus, as every scientific term ought to be, if possible, a species of abridged definition. Mr. Combe, however, finds great fault with Dr. Roget, the author of an article thus intitled in the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica;* as if, by employing this term, it were meant to insinuate that the patrons of this doctrine represented the powers of the mind to reside in the skull.

We have stated it as one distinguishing character of cranioscopy, that the brain consists of a collection of distinct organs, adapted to the separate and exclusive performance of different mental functions. In the relative proportions or developement of these organs, we are told, original differences exist, corresponding to the original diversities which prevail or are supposed to prevail in the intellectual and moral character of various individuals. We are not, however, to suppose that the mind itself partakes of this complexity of structure: for, though exhibiting such a diversity of characters, and liable to such various and opposite affections, we are to regard the mind itself as an unit, or *monad;* and, though there exists such a multiplicity of organs in the brain, adapted to take cognizance of form, colour, time, order, number, &c., or to feel the sentiments of veneration, benevolence, fear, &c., we are to understand that it is always one and the same indivisible intellectual principle which acts by means of these various instruments. We cannot help feeling some surprise at the pertinacity with which the advocates of the new system contend for this simplicity of the mind; since it appears to us that the natural conclusion from their own principles is strongly in favour of the opposite notion; and that the same arguments, which are brought to prove the compound nature of the organs, would also prove the complexity of the mind itself: — but this, it is presumed, would be supposed to savour of materialism:

terialism; so tremendous a doctrine that it must at all events be excluded, even though it should seem to be the legitimate inference from principles which are admitted. For our part, the decision of this question appears a matter of indifference; and we do not perceive that the admission of a complex structure in the mind, which should suppose it to consist of various parts exercising different functions, would necessarily lead to the conclusion that it is composed of a mass of organized matter. Accordingly, we are far from charging the new system with any leaning towards this doctrine, from which we think that it is successfully vindicated by Mr. Combe. Yet in one sense it is in some degree liable to the allegation, by confounding the modes of investigation in the two branches of science, and directing us to study the philosophy of mind through the medium of the physiology of the brain. Whatever may be the real nature of mind, we have always been accustomed to consider intellectual and physical researches as essentially distinct. Extension, figure, and motion, which are the properties of matter, are altogether different from perception, thought, volition, &c., which are the attributes of mind; — although the principles and rules of philosophizing are doubtless the same in both, and in both we have the means of attaining a competent knowledge of those phænomena which it is the business of philosophy to generalize and arrange. These means are, with respect to the properties of matter, our bodily senses, which inform us of the appearances presented by the objects around us; — with respect to the phænomena of mind, the power of consciousness, or, as Mr. Locke appears to have denominated it, *Reflection*, by which the mind is enabled to observe and attend to its own operations. This latter we had always been accustomed to regard as furnishing us with evidence of the operations and affections of mind, at least equally satisfactory with that which we obtain from the senses of the phænomena of external nature. Thus, that, when two ideas have been often presented together, they acquire a tendency mutually to suggest each other, is a fact, as Mr. Stewart justly observes, of which we can no more doubt than of any thing for which we have the testimony of our senses.

We are, however, assured by the present writers, that we have throughout been deceived in our notions on this subject. Consciousness, it is said, can give us no information with respect to the constitution of our minds; because 'consciousness partakes of the unity of the mind, and not of the plurality of the instruments of thought, and because reflection on the subjects of our own consciousness can give us no information with regard to the faculties which other individuals either possess or do not possess.' This is an argument on which the advocates of the new system appear to lay considerable stress; since it is brought forwards very confidently by Dr. Spurzheim himself, and frequently repeated in nearly the same words by his two zealous disciples whose works are now before us. To us, however, it appears altogether inconclusive. By observing the phænomena of our own minds, it is said, we cannot learn any thing of the faculties possessed by others: — but we can observe external indications in others, analogous to those which we know to be the expressions or results of such faculties as we are conscious of possessing in our own minds; and the general principle of philosophy, that like effects are to be ascribed to like causes, affords sufficient evidence of the existence of such faculties in other individuals. The remaining part of the argument evidently involves a *petitio principii*; because it assumes that this plurality of organs really exists, which is the very point in debate. Besides, when it is affirmed that consciousness is single, are we not intitled to demand a more distinct explanation of this vague and not very intelligible phrase? In what sense is consciousness single? By this term, we mean either a particular act of the mind, or that peculiar constitution in consequence of which it is capable of performing such acts, and taking cognizance of its own affections and operations. If the former be intended, it is not easy to perceive how a series of exertions of this power, employed in observing a succession of ideas or states of mind, can be regarded as single: — if the latter, as we know nothing of the inward constitution of the mind, so it is impossible for us to say whether the principle of consciousness be single, or the result of a complicated constitution. The simplicity or the complexity of the principle, however, is a matter of no sort of importance, provided that we can rely on the accuracy of the information which we obtain by means of it.

The questions, then, which we should be disposed to ask on this subject, are: — Have we, or have we not, sufficient reason to believe that certain affections of mind do really take place, of which we are conscious, and to which we give the name of ideas? Have we good reason to believe that these ideas are capable of being variously combined and associated together, so as to form other more complex states of mind? Do these ideas, or mental affections, in consequence of frequent repetition, follow one another in a certain regular order, depending on the manner in which they have been formerly presented? Can we not, by the application of this principle, account for the origin of many if not of all those peculiarities which this new system teaches us to refer to original propensities and innate faculties. If in *any* instance we can do this satisfactorily, is it not unphilosophical to seek for a new cause, in order to account for phænomena which those already-known to exist are sufficient to explain? If we can explain the phænomena on this principle, not in *all* instances but in *many*, is it not more reasonable to conclude from analogy that similar effects are to be referred to similar causes, though from particular circumstances we cannot so distinctly trace the connection, than to assign another cause of a nature entirely different, and purely hypothetical, for the existence of which we have no better evidence than the explanation that it gives or is supposed to give of the appearances? For our own part, we do not hesitate to state it as our opinion, not taken up lightly or hastily, that the propensities, sentiments, and mental processes, ascribed by the new sect to separate innate faculties provided for that express and sole purpose, are in almost every instance susceptible of a satisfactory analysis on this single principle. To enter into a minute examination of the subject in all its bearings would lead us into a most interesting and curious field of speculation, which, we think, has not been so fully explored as we might have expected: but it is much too extensive for our limits. The outlines of the inquiry have already been traced by several eminent and valuable writers; and we cannot quit the subject, for the present, without inviting to it the attention of all those enlightened students of human nature, who are desirous of seeing this most important branch of practical philosophy placed on its right footing, and rescued from the hands of visionary theorists.

Before we proceed to examine the catalogue of mental organs, or faculties, another discussion of a verbal nature must be shortly noticed. When it is said that the mind manifests a plurality of innate *faculties*, and that different parts of the brain are appropriated to the functions of these faculties, we must not understand this term in the sense in which it is generally received. It had long ago been conjectured that one part of the brain might be the seat of judgment, another of memory, another of imagination, &c.: but this is very different from the doctrine of MM. Gall and Spurzheim. Perception, memory, judgment, in the language of the new system, are not themselves distinct faculties, but only different modifications of the faculties. One part of the brain is exclusively conversant with ideas of form; another, with those of number; another, with those of musical sounds, and so on. These mental organs are entirely distinct, as much as the senses of sight and hearing; — so that we are not to suppose that the same intellectual power remembers indiscriminately forms, colours, numbers, &c. but that each organ is separately susceptible of this among other modifications of its action, with respect to those ideas which it is peculiarly fitted to receive. How it happens that complex states of mind are formed by various combinations of those ideas which the system refers to different organs, we are no where distinctly informed, and indeed it is not very easy to conceive.

When we find the faculties, as they are called, of which we are told the mind is originally susceptible, so entirely different in their nature from those affections or operations which have always hitherto passed under that name; and when we are presented with such a numerous list of 'propensities, sentiments, habits, knowing faculties, and reflecting faculties,' drawn up, as we might at first be apt to suppose, almost at random, and arbitrarily selected without any apparent ground of preference, out of the almost infinite variety of highly complex sentiments and feelings of which the principle of association is alone capable of furnishing any thing like a satisfactory analysis; — it is natural to inquire what are the characteristics of a distinct faculty? — what guide or criterion have these authors adopted to direct them in the selection of the thirty-three or thirty-five states of mind which they have dignified by this name? We are informed by Mr. Combe (p. 132.) that

> 'In order to determine what faculties are primitive, Dr. Spurzheim proceeds according to the following rules. He admits such a faculty as primitive, only as he finds, as follows:
>
> '1. To exist in one kind of animals, and not in another:
>
> '2. Which varies in the two sexes of the same species:
>
> '3. Which is not proportionate to the other faculties of the same individual:
>
> '4. Which does not manifest itself simultaneously with the other faculties; that is, which appears or disappears earlier or later in life than other faculties:
>
> '5. Which may act or rest singly:
>
> '6. Which is propagated in a distinct manner from parents to children: And,
>
> '7. Which may singly preserve its proper state of health or disease.'

As the result of the application of these rules, we are presented with a formidable catalogue of distinct original faculties; of which we shall content ourselves with the simple enumeration, without attempting to specify the localities. They are divided into two orders, *Feelings* and *Intellects*. The first order is subdivided into three genera, 1. *Propensities*. 2. *Sentiments* common to brutes and men. 3. *Sentiments* peculiar to men. The second order is also subdivided into 1. *Knowing* Faculties. 2. *Reflecting* Faculties. — Under propensities are enumerated, 1. *Amativeness*, or sensual love. 2. *Philo-progenitiveness*, or parental affection.* 3. *Inhabitiveness*. 4. *Adhesiveness*, or a disposition to attach ourselves to other persons or things. 5. *Combativeness*, or the propensity to fight; otherwise named the organ of courage. 6. *Destructiveness*. 7. *Constructiveness*; or a propensity to build. 8. *Covetiveness*; or the desire of gain. 9. *Secretiveness*, or the desire of concealment: the propensity to manœuvre indicates a great developement of this organ. — The first class of *Sentiments* comprehends, 10. *Self-esteem*, or the organ of Pride. 'Many,' says Mr. Combe, 'attribute pride to want of sense, but though want of sense may permit outward manifestations of pride which sense, if possessed, would suppress, yet the *want* of a reflecting faculty or sense can never confer a positive endowment of a *feeling* such as self-esteem undoubtedly is.' What, then, are we to make of *humility*, the opposite to self-esteem? Is not this 'the positive endowment of a feeling?'; yet 'Phrenology' furnishes us with no organ of humility. 11. *Love of Approbation*. 12. *Cautiousness*. 13. *Benevolence*. — The sentiments peculiar to man are, 14. *Veneration*. This is usually considered as a sort of compound of love and fear. Now, if a dog be allowed to be affected by both these sentiments, we can see no good reason why he should not have at least as much of veneration as he has of benevolence. 15. *Hope*. If a dog be influenced by the fear of chastisement, it is rather hard that he should not have the *hope* by fawning attentions to secure his master's favour. 16. *Ideality*; or the organ of poetry. This, we readily allow, is not a faculty of the brutes. 17. *Conscientiousness*. 18. *Firmness*. — The knowing faculties are, 19. *Individuality*. 20. *Form*. 21. *Size*. 22. *Weight* and *Momenta*. 23. *Colouring*. 24. *Locality*. 25. *Order*. 26. *Time*. 27. *Number*. 28. *Tune*. 29. *Language*. — The reflecting faculties are, 30. *Comparison*. 31. *Causality*. 32. *Wit*. 33. *Imitation*.

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* We may observe, by the way, that no organ is assigned to *filial* affection; for which, we should think, a provision was required fully as much as the other. If it be replied that we may account for the origin and growth of the sentiment by the pleasing association established from the earliest period in the infant mind, between the ideas of the parents and the many pleasures of which they are the authors, — by the sense of weakness and dependence, gratitude for their protection, fear of incurring their displeasure, &c. — we readily admit that we may thus account for it; but we contend that, in the same manner, we may dispense with the innate *faculty* of philo-progenitiveness.

To enter into a detailed examination of this multifarious catalogue, by the tests above enumerated, would be to make a demand on the patience and attention of our readers very disproportionate, we fear, to the interest and importance of the subject: — but we think that it would not be difficult to shew that some of these tests are altogether visionary; that others are not applicable to many propensities and affections which have a place among the innate faculties; and that those, which fact and observation authorize us to ascribe to any mental affections, would require us to enlarge prodigiously even the copious list which we have already transcribed. What ground, for instance, have we for affirming that there is any *sexual* distinction with respect to many of these states of mind? Do not females as well as males occasionally excel in music or painting? Again, those are said to be innate faculties which are found to be not proportioned to the other faculties of the same individual; — to be very strong when others are weak; — to be remarkably deficient when others are much developed. Is not this equally the case with many mental affections and operations, which are not included in this catalogue? One man has a peculiar facility in the *modern* and another in the *antient* languages; — one becomes a skilful performer on the violin, another on the organ; — one is slow in conveying his thoughts on paper, but has a peculiar fluency of extemporaneous expression; — while another composes with great ease and rapidity, but cannot pronounce three sentences of an unpremeditated harangue without the most painful hesitation. It would be easy to enumerate a thousand such instances of diversities, at least as remarkable as any of those that are adduced by Messrs. Gall and Spurzheim; and these varieties are in general such as we find it equally difficult to refer to the influence of any known peculiarity of external circumstances, or education. Two boys may be educated, as far as we can ascertain, in exactly the same manner, and one shall devote himself to the law, while the other has an equally decided turn for medicine; — shall we say, then, that these are innate propensities, or particular organs directing to these professions? In short, it appears to us almost self-evident that, if we insist on including in the catalogue of innate faculties all those which exhibit the characters here pointed out, we shall soon find it necessary to adopt one of much greater extent than that which we have exhibited.

It happens, however, somewhat unfortunately, that the system does not admit of enlargements of this nature: for the ground is fully occupied already; and we can no more find room for new organs in the brain than for new continents on the globe. Nevertheless, the same arguments, which call on us to admit thirty-three faculties, would certainly require us to make room for a thousand more; and, conversely, the same arguments, which would probably be brought forwards by the phrenologist to account for these latter apparently original propensities, are as fairly applicable to those which he considers as innate, of which they will furnish, if we mistake not, an equally satisfactory explanation. A habit which we are capable of acquiring by continual practice, of accurately observing such minute differences in the objects which we have frequent occasion to examine as are likely to escape the attention of others, will account for much more of the diversity that is perceptible in the talents of different individuals than these theorists would have us believe; and the effect of this habit is very remarkable in modifying or improving the powers even of the external senses, where we should perhaps expect *à priori* to find its influence the least considerable. A seaman, on descrying a minute speck in the distant horizon, will have ascertained not only that it is a ship just becoming visible, but will have determined very nearly its distance, its magnitude, its course, or perhaps even the nation to which it belongs, before the landsman who stands by him, and who with eyes equally quick-sighted by nature is examining the same quarter, has observed any thing but sea and sky. This superiority on the part of the seaman no one hesitates to ascribe to its true cause, *experience*. A shepherd, also, is often able to distinguish from each other all the sheep of a numerous flock, as we know our human acquaintance, by peculiarities of feature. To us, one sheep seems like another:—but we ascribe this difference, as before, to the habit which the shepherd has acquired by long continued practice, urged by necessity, of attending to those minute varieties which escape the unpractised observer.

Our readers will have already perceived that the whole of this speculation is closely connected with the old interminable dispute concerning original genius: which is, of course, maintained with great zeal by Drs. Gall and Spurzheim and their disciples, and is branched out into a much greater variety of minute ramifications than its most decided advocates ever before imagined. We have called this an *interminable* dispute, because it is impossible for either party to bring it to a close by adducing an *instantia crucis* which admits of explanation only on one of the contending theories. It is impossible for either party to say what can or what cannot be ascribed to the influence of minute and unheeded circumstances in very early life, which may and doubtless often do produce effects that continue long after their original causes are forgotten. That original differences, however, do exist in the constitution of different minds, we are not prepared absolutely to *deny*, because we do not know how to estimate the full effect even of that education which is the result of direct and positive instruction, and still less of such as arises from the circumstances in which every individual is placed from his birth, and which it is evident can in no two cases be *perfectly* the same: — but, for precisely the same reason, we think that no person is intitled positively and without hesitation to *affirm* it. In short, the whole dispute seems to turn on a mere *argumentum ad ignorantiam* on both sides. At any rate, we think, it appears indisputable that many theorists have ascribed to this cause a much greater proportion of the varieties actually observed to prevail in human characters than is really due to it; and that, when we come to particulars, scarcely an instance will be found with respect to which it can be satisfactorily shewn that it is *certainly* not to be ascribed to the influence of such slight and apparently trivial incidents as often pass unnoticed in childhood and early youth, but which a multitude of facts, incomparably better attested than many of the marvellous stories related with grave and unsuspecting credulity by Drs. Gall and Spurzheim, clearly shew to have a most powerful and permanent influence both on the intellectual and the moral character.

It is now time that we should take notice of some of the *facts* which are adduced in support of this system: — for it should be observed that its advocates indignantly reject the character of theorists, and assure us that every principle which they have laid down is deduced from a most extensive induction of particular instances. In this respect, if we are to credit common report, and the account which they give of themselves, Messrs. Gall and Spurzheim merit at least the praise of the most unwearied assiduity. They seem, indeed, to have devoted their whole lives to this single object; and to have neglected no opportunity of examining the heads of those who had evinced, in their conduct, any remarkable peculiarities of character, or were either eminent or uncommonly deficient in any particular intellectual accomplishment. They have also subjected the brain to the most diligent anatomical investigation; and we believe it is admitted by the most experienced anatomists that they have thrown some light on this very obscure branch of the physiology of the human frame. In particular, they are said to have demonstrated the existence in certain parts of the brain of a *fibrous* structure, which had often been suspected but never satisfactorily proved. These discoveries may be extremely interesting to anatomists, but they appear to have very little connection with 'phrenology;' — for, whether the structure of the brain be fibrous or medullary, its instrumentality to the various functions of the mind equally remains an inexplicable mystery. Consequently, after all the pains which they have taken on this subject, the whole doctrine still rests merely (to use their own phraseology) on the accuracy of their comparison of *manifestations* and *developement*; — that is, on their success in judging of the character of individuals as indicated by their conduct in life, and their observations on the external form of the skull. The prominences observed on the outer surface of the skull are *presumed* to be connected with the peculiar developement of certain parts of the brain beneath, which, again, are asserted to be the organs of some particular faculty; and, lastly, the aptitude of these organs to the performance of their respective functions is inferred without evidence, and even contrary to many analogies, to depend on their *size*.

If we should allow all these gratuitous assumptions, and suppose that the way is thus cleared for the commencement of our inquiries, it is needless to point out the obvious and multiplied difficulties which must attend an experimental investigation like this; difficulties which appear to us absolutely insurmountable. In the first place, with respect to the form of the skull itself; we shall admit that the objection drawn from the existence of the frontal sinus in some subjects is of little force: but, on the other hand, it must be admitted that we can never presume with confidence that the two tables of the skull are perfectly parallel to each other; nay, we are rather intitled to assume the reverse. For evidence of this fact, if it were necessary to offer proof to any one who ever saw a skull, it would be enough to appeal to Sir G. Mackenzie's own drawings. If this be the case, then, it is clear that a prominence on the outside *may* indicate, not a corresponding internal cavity occasioned by an unusual developement of that part of the brain, but merely a greater thickness of the skull. A great cavity may exist within, and only a small external protuberance; or a cavity within and even an apparent depression on the outside. We will not affirm that, from this circumstance alone, the proposed investigation is absolutely impracticable; though we may remark that, by rendering the external indications dubious, it must increase tenfold the difficulties attending our progress: — but, when taken in connection with the obstacles to the other part of the inquiry, into the intellectual and moral character of the individuals subjected to examination, the sources of error must be multiplied to such a degree as to render all the results utterly uncertain. We do not pretend to say that it is *impossible* to form an accurate estimate of a man's character from his conduct: but we do maintain that this purpose requires such an extensive acquaintance with that conduct, and the motives which led to it, as may be obtained by any one person only in a comparatively very small number of cases, and will furnish an induction much too limited to serve as the basis of any general rules; especially when the inquiry is to be made under the complication of disadvantages which we have already pointed out. Nothing, we apprehend, but an intimate and long-continued personal acquaintance, would be adequate to give that thorough knowlege of the mental character, which could alone justify us in inferring any thing with regard to the original propensities or peculiarities by which it may have been distinguished. As for the multitude of facts which Drs. Gall and Spurzheim profess to have examined, and their observations on criminals, on the insane, on persons whose characters they inferred from a single action, (often without any knowlege of the circumstances,) on others of whose propensities we have no evidence but their own account of themselves, we scruple not to say that such a mode of conducting the inquiry is altogether nugatory, and can never lead to any result that can be received with confidence. It is sufficiently obvious that we are to judge of a man's character not by the external action, but by the motive which impelled him to it; and that, even supposing that we have ascertained the real motive of any *one* action of a man's life, — as, for instance, of a crime for which he suffers punishment, — this action may have been a single exception to the prevalent influence of principles entirely opposite to the crime in their nature.

It must be remarked that we are not furnished, in either of the publications before us, or indeed in any work on the subject which has fallen in our way, with a detailed account of these observations: — but, from the imperfect statements which are given, we are led to suspect that Messrs. Gall and Spurzheim have been very precipitate in their estimate of character. We are told that they have examined the skulls of twenty-nine women who had been executed for child-murder, and in twenty-five the organ of philo-progenitiveness appeared to be unusually small: but, when we consider the very peculiar circumstances in which those unfortunate women are placed who are impelled to the commission of this horrid crime, by the overwhelming urgency of the most powerful passions which can agitate the human breast and goad it on to madness,

— by fear, shame, and remorse, — can we reasonably infer any thing with respect to the strength or the weakness of that attachment, in nearly all ordinary cases rising to rapturous fondness, which mothers cherish towards their offspring?—This organ is situated at the back of the head. On comparing the skulls in his collection, Dr. Gall was struck with the remarkable elevation of this part in the skulls of women, and also in those of monkeys; and it was necessary, therefore, to ascertain in what respect a woman was like a monkey. This research occupied him for five years. At last, it was suggested that monkeys had a strong attachment to their progeny; and on this hint the Doctor assigned the prominence in question to the organ of philo-progenitiveness. Dr. Gall was led to the position which he has allotted to the organ of pride or self-esteem, by observing it very prominent in a beggar who told him that his pride was the cause of his present state; since he had considered himself as too important to follow any business. We cannot say that we see any mark of pride in this reply of the beggar: but, if he had turned disdainfully on his heel, and demanded of the Doctor how he dared to insult *him* with a cross-examination about his propensities, there might have been some foundation for the inference. The organ of *wit* is placed in a particular part of the forehead; accordingly, we are told that the portraits of Sterne commonly represent him with his finger placed on that very part; and this is gravely enumerated among the *facts* which favour the system!

In other cases, it is evident that physiognomy, in the ordinary sense of that word, has lent a helping hand to the phrenologist; as examples of which we appeal confidently to the portraits which Sir G. M. has given of Watt, Playfair, and Louvel. In the frontispiece to his book, he has presented us with the effigy of Dr. Spurzheim himself. We will not hazard a judgment as to the peculiar developement of the organs: but we think that most practical physiognomists would immediately pronounce the eye and the upper lip to be those of an empiric or an impostor. For ourselves, we acknowlege with equal readiness and pleasure our belief that he is neither the one nor the other: but we mention the circumstance as a suitable illustration of the futility of all these methods of appreciating the character of the mind from the mere outward appearance.

It is curious to observe the variety of ingenious loop-holes which the system provides, by way of escape from any apparent exception to its rules: though, indeed, Mr. Combe assures us (p. 313.) that 'they (*i. e.* Gall and Spurzheim) have no motive for providing means of escape, for they have nothing to escape from:' they are quite unbiassed observers of nature: they merely state matters of fact as they find them; and they have never so far identified themselves with any particular theory, as to be anxious to reconcile to it any stubborn fact which at first view seems to be inconsistent with it. We are not quite so confiding as this respectable writer; and we are not inclined to consider it as a recommendation of a doctrine, that, by the help of a little management, it may be made to adapt itself to almost any set of phænomena. Thus, if we should find the organ of *covetiveness* very strong in a person who was remarkably generous, and even profusely liberal of his money, we are told that we must not hastily set this down as a fact inconsistent with the system.

' The character of a miser' (says Sir G. S. Mackenzie) 'is more general than is commonly imagined. A man may be a spendthrift in money matters, and yet be a perfect miser in other things. No. 8. does not apply itself to money alone, but to many other things. A man may be benevolent and yet be a miser; he may be strictly virtuous and conscientious, and give every thing with pleasure but some one thing of which he is covetous. What we usually call the hobbies of persons, arise out of a large developement of No. 8., connected with that of some other organ. One is a miser in pictures, another in books, a third in collections of curiosities, a fourth in jewels; a fifth shews his propensity in a desire to have the sole management of affairs; a sixth desires to possess every thing, for no other object but to have it in his power to bestow liberally. It is astonishing how variously the faculty of acquisitiveness, as well as others, operates; and nothing can possibly exhibit the wisdom of the Creator in a more striking manner, than the variety of direction which is given to the faculties. Without this variety, society would be vapid, the progress of knowledge would be retarded, and the whole world would be at a stand.'

At this rate, scarcely any man living may not be expected to have *No.* 8. very strongly developed.

' " The usual test of the system," says a correspondent of Mr. Combe, who appears to be a zealous believer and able defender of its doctrines, " is, in my opinion, very unfair and inconclusive,—that of taking any single organ as a test of its truth. We do not judge of a character by one feature in particular, but by those general features which result from the assemblage of all those talents, and sentiments, and dispositions, and actions, and manners, which form the characteristics of man, and of that class, in particular, in which the individual, the object of our scrutiny, happens to move; so, in the same manner, this system must be proved by trying whether the character agrees in reality with that which you form *à priori* from the combined comparison of the

> whole head. Not but I conceive that when one organ is relatively more prominent than any other, then we may safely peril our belief in the system, by trusting to it as the sure indication of a certain prominent feature in the character. But what I mean is, that we should never infer this, without an examination of the whole head: for, without such an examination, we can neither judge how far this organ is in reality more prominent than the rest, or how far there may not exist a fulness in one or more organs besides, and a fulness indicating both activity and power, and an activity and power of a nature and form which will infallibly prevent the unrestrained operation and exhibition of the one we hastily pronounced upon." '

We readily admit that there is some foundation for these remarks: but we find it difficult to conceive how we can act on them without throwing the whole inquiry into inextricable confusion, and rendering it absolutely impossible to arrive at any definite or certain result. By the help of this principle, and a little dexterous metaphysical analysis, we know not any character whatever which might not be reconciled to the tenement in which it is lodged, conformably to the rules of the system. Thus, if we observe an open expanded forehead, presenting the organs of the intellectual faculties very fully developed, we must not be surprized to find the owner of this enviable apparatus deficient in intellectual improvement, if at the same time the principles of action at the back of the head, such as self-esteem, the love of approbation, &c., are comparatively weak. A man may have the organ of destructiveness very strong: but, if that of benevolence or veneration be also powerful, its influence will be counteracted. A distinguished professor of this new science was lately examining a head in our presence, and discovered a great deficiency in the organ of veneration: but this was compensated, he said, by the organs of benevolence and firmness, which were both very fully developed. Such is the strange reasoning which is to be dignified with the title of *Phrenology*, and in comparison with which all the speculations of the most eminent philosophers of antient and modern times are "emptiness!"

We give some extracts from another letter, which Mr. Combe inserts as a specimen of the mode of making observations to illustrate the system:

> ' "You are right in believing, that truth is most likely to be obtained from one, who was formerly a thorough despiser of Dr. Spurzheim's doctrine; but who, from self-examination, and a patient investigation of facts, was led not only to believe that the Doctor was right, but that all that had been previously taught of the philosophy of the human mind was emptiness. No apology was necessary for the request you have made, to be po[illegible]d of

the history of my conversion, which I shall proceed to detail; and I am glad of the opportunity you have given me, not only to serve the cause of science by describing my own case, but of communicating the result of some observations on the indication of one faculty, that of language and verbal memory, inattention to which has led to some mistakes." —

‘ "Having some peculiarities of character, and some propensities sufficiently remarkable to have roused my exertions to overcome them, long before Dr. Spurzheim had been heard of, I considered my own case as fully sufficient to determine whether the Doctor was a true philosopher or a quack. I had not forgotten some symptoms of destructiveness that had manifested themselves in my conduct, and the recollection of which always made me shudder. On examination, I found the organ of that propensity fully developed; and I think it is a remark of Dr. Spurzheim's, that this organ is most active in childhood, the higher faculties which afterwards controul it not arriving at maturity till later in life. I never could learn to repeat either prose or verse; and at school, I always experienced the greatest difficulty in getting my tasks by heart. In concomitance with this fact, I found the external indication of the organ of verbal memory or the organ of language small. This defect is particularly distressing to me on many occasions; for I cannot speak in public, though my imagination is lively enough; nor can I recollect long what I read, nor write down readily any thing I have designed, I feel this defect, together with a deficiency in the organ of number, in another respect. Having the organ of music pretty well developed, I can, with the greatest facility, compose music, but I lose it almost instantly, from my inability to remember the notes. I have forgotten the name of a friend; but I never forgot a face, nor a picture, nor scenes of nature; and in coincidence with this latter fact, form and locality are well developed. I may mention likewise, that the propensity to construct is strong, and the organ well marked; and I can exhibit on my hands numerous scars, the consequences of my youthful exertions with sharp tools. I am still very fond of designing and constructing. These, and many other peculiarities, I found most distinctly indicated on my head. If, then, any man will appeal to his own conscience, and examine his head in private, according to the rules laid down by Dr. Spurzheim, and after having compared several heads or skulls, he cannot fail to be convinced." —

‘ "You ask me respecting a child whom Dr. Spurzheim selected, at sight, from among several other children who were very fond of music, as having the musical faculty in a superior degree, and of whom the Doctor prophesied that he would not only be remarkably fond of music, but that he would be most partial to the music of Mozart. The boy is not yet arrived at a time of life to shew any thing decided as to his taste; but I can say that some one or more of Mozart's airs is sure to be heard from him every day, and sung with a precision of intonation, of which a child's voice is seldom capable. Dr. Spurzheim mentioned, that as Mozart's music had more philosophical combination than Beethoven's, which is more under the influence of imagination, he considered that the former would be the favourite with the boy, as he saw the indication of those powers which are necessary for that combination, in his head. I have observed, that the boy referred to seems particularly pleased with such airs as have an expression of mildness and benevolence, such as that beginning, 'Batti, Batti, O bel Masetto;' and these dispositions are not only most evident in the configuration of his head, but in his behaviour and manner.

'"I am not yet prepared to state particular cases: but, as far as my observation has gone, I think it very evident, that *the peculiar taste in music* of each individual, will be found to indicate certain peculiarities of his feeling and character, and which will be seen also in the form of the head."'

Mr. Combe is incessant in his exhortations to his readers to lose no opportunity of comparing manifestations and developements for themselves; and he maintains that, since the doctrine professes to be founded on an extensive induction of facts, there is no way of proving the validity of its pretensions but by comparing its principles with observations of our own. We are scarcely disposed to admit that its patrons have made out such a *primâ facie* case, as to warrant them to urge this demand on our time and patience; and we feel the less encouragement to undertake this sort of inquiry, because we are aware of the replies that would immediately be made, if we should have the presumption to draw from such observations any inferences unfavourable to the system. It would probably be alleged that we were not accurately acquainted with the exact locality of the organs, or had not acquired by practice the art of handling the skull so as to detect the minute inequalities in its surface. Or, if the difficulty could not be obviated in this way, it might still be said that the only conclusions which we could deduce from one or two apparent anomalies, in opposition to the thousands and thousands of observations that have been made by Messrs. Gall and Spurzheim, would be that the general rule admitted of some few exceptions, or that we had not sufficiently considered the effects arising from the combination and mutual influence of the faculties; or that the propensity or talent corresponding to the observed developement certainly exists, but the circumstances favourable to its indulgence or cultivation have not yet occurred; or that it originally existed, but accidental circumstances, or subsequent education or philosophy, have counteracted its influence. It is not easy to imagine any set of untoward phænomena which would not admit, in one or another of these ways, of an apparently plausible solution.

We are therefore apprehensive that it would be to little purpose to allege (as we can) that we have occasionally amused ourselves in this way; and that, though we certainly met with several sufficiently remarkable coincidences, the exceptions appeared at least equally numerous. Under these circumstances, dependant as we are for the great mass of evidence on the unsupported testimony of Messrs. Gall and Spurzheim themselves, it seems that we have no resource but to examine how far that testimony is to be received;—whether they were competent to make the observations;—whether the *data* necessary to a judgment of individual character were always or frequently accessible to them;—and whether, in those cases of which they have given us the particulars, they have been sufficiently careful and judicious in examining and comparing these *data*, so as to deduce the correct inference from them. Mr. Combe, however, indignantly protests against any inquiries of this nature, and asks (p. 72.) what we should think if M. Gay Lussac, on hearing of a new discovery in chemistry by Sir H. Davy, instead of repeating the experiment, began to inquire into Sir H. Davy's talents and qualifications as a chemist, and his capacity to make the discovery in question?—The cases are by no means parallel. When we are told of any new chemical fact, such is our confidence in the uniformity of the laws of nature, that a single well authenticated and accurate experiment is sufficient to furnish us with all the evidence that this mode of inquiry is capable of supplying; and if we judge it to be desirable to make a fresh trial, it is not for the purpose of obtaining additional proof by ascertaining the same fact with respect to another specimen of the same substance, but merely to convince ourselves of the accuracy of the first experiment. If we have the means of obtaining this kind of satisfaction, we are certainly not intitled to seek for any other. Let us suppose, however, that a chemist in a distant country publishes an analysis of some newly discovered mineral, of which the only known specimens are in his possession; or professes to have observed certain extraordinary phænomena by the use of a peculiar or expensive apparatus, accessible to no person but himself;—we have, then, no other means of *checking* him but by inquiring into his reputation for abilities and integrity, in order to ascertain his competency to make the pretended observations and the degree of reliance that we may place on his testimony. Now this is exactly the predicament in which we stand with respect to almost the whole of Dr. Gall's and Dr. Spurzheim's observations. It is true that we can apply their rules to the examination of our own heads, or those of our acquaintance: but we should be told that such a scanty collection of facts did not intitle us to contradict the results of the more extensive and varied experience of these craniologists.

Before we conclude this long article, it is necessary that we should say something more immediately referring to the particular merits of the publications which have given rise to it. Of the two treatises in defence of Phrenology, that of Mr. Combe appears to us by much the most valuable. It first appeared, we are informed, in the shape of essays in a periodical journal, which have been collected, enlarged, and arranged in their present form by the author. He is a zealous partizan, and seems to be well acquainted with the doctrines which he has undertaken to defend: but we suspect that the range of his metaphysical reading is very limited;—and his account of the mode of investigation in vogue among modern philosophers, on the subject of mind, certainly betrays either a great want of candour, or a very imperfect knowlege of the present state of the science. He has heard of the association of ideas, because the term now and then occurs in his book: but he has evidently no conception of the extent and variety of its applications in explaining the phænomena of mind, and more especially the origin and history of all those affections and sentiments which he has referred to so many distinct innate faculties.

Sir G. Mackenzie's 'Illustrations' display at least equal zeal, but by no means equal ability or judgment; and we think that they afford abundant proofs that his acquaintance with the works of the most distinguished writers on the philosophy of mind is extremely superficial. Indeed, when we consider our obligations to the illustrious philosophers who have contributed to extend our knowlege on these subjects, and the various ways in which they have applied it to the improvement of ethics, of practical education, and of the art of reasoning, as also to the formation of just and enlarged views of the frame, the duties, and the expectations of man, we cannot express our astonishment at the bold and decisive language which Sir George employs in depreciating the value of their researches.

> 'The legitimate objects of phrenological science,' (says he,) 'after it has unfolded the true philosophy of the human mind, are improvements in criminal legislation, in education, and the treatment of insanity. These are noble objects, and ought not to be pursued with levity; nor ought the studies which are requisite for attaining them to be treated with ridicule. The benefits which phrenology is likely, ere long, to confer on the human race, appear to be incalculably great. We may be considered as too sanguine in our

hopes, and we are willing that this should be our apology for attempting to assist in multiplying the numbers of those who can observe and judge for themselves. Natural philosophy and chemistry have added largely to the comforts of mankind, and, by rousing industry, have rendered nations wealthy. Phrenology will yet procure for man more splendid and more solid benefits: it will teach him to know himself; to reform the criminal; to relieve the unfortunate insane; to live in charity with all mankind; and to direct that great moral engine, Education, so as to make it produce its most beneficial effects. *Of the innumerable systems of the philosophy of mind, which of them has attempted these great objects, or even put us in the way to discover the means of attempting them?*'

It is difficult to say whether the presumption or the ignorance of this passage is most remarkable. The following remarks are added in a note:

'Silence is, on some occasions, dignified; but when philosophers do not defend their systems, when attacked at their very roots; when they do not answer questions that are put to them, and do not attempt to explain what their doctrines do not seem to reach, but which they are bound to explain, — their silence must be held as an acknowledgment of error. Universal admiration of their talents, universal gratitude, and reverence for the great labour they have bestowed in searching for truth, and in correcting errors, will ever be felt for the great characters who have devoted so much of their time, some of them their lives, to the illustration of the philosophy of mind. But deep as the homage is which the world pays, it will not uphold the result of their labours against an assailant so powerful as Truth, when on the side even of humble individuals, whose names give no authority to their writings, and make no previous impression on the minds of youth, too impatient of labour, and too ready, for that reason, to subscribe at once to the dicta of those great men whom they have been taught to venerate. It is thus that error has been perpetuated, and inquiry, the only road to truth, almost completely obstructed.'

Whether philosophers 'are bound' to explain all that Sir G. Mackenzie does not undertand, or to answer all the questions which he pleases to propose, on pain of being convicted of error which they have not the candour to acknowlege, we will not undertake to determine: — but we do agree with him in expressing our surprise at their silence, especially when such pretensions as these are brought forwards; though we certainly do not think they *are bound* to pay any regard to any writer's imperious challenge. For the sake of that science, however, which they have contributed to extend and illustrate, we should be glad to see, from the pen of some of the eminent writers to whom Sir G. M. alludes, a more detailed and systematic examination of a system which assumes to itself the exclusive title of Phrenology. How far the system be intrinsically deserving of their labour is another question: but the discussion would not be without its use; since it would probably serve indirectly to throw new light on an important branch of science.

Dr. Tupper's 'Inquiry' is the only separate work which we have seen on his side of the question; and, though it certainly contains many ingenious remarks, and a forcible statement of some of the most obvious objections to the system, on the whole it has disappointed us. It is hastily and rather carelessly written, and seems to indicate only an imperfect possession of the leading doctrines of mental philosophy. In short, we conceive the field to be still in a great degree unoccupied; and we trust that some writer, competent to the task, will shortly take up the gauntlet so confidently thrown down by the phrenologists, and convince them that the philosophy of mind, properly so called, both has done and can do much more to instruct and benefit mankind than they appear to think and would have us believe.

Art. XI. *Letters from Palestine*, descriptive of a Tour through Galilee and Judea, with some Account of the Dead Sea, and the present State of Jerusalem. Second Edition; to which are added, Letters from Egypt. By T. R. J. 8vo. pp. 380. 12s. Boards. Black. 1820.

Art. XII. *An Historical Map of Palestine*, or the Holy Land. Drawn by J. T. Assheton. Folio Sheet. 1l. 8s. Leigh.

We were not surprized to find that the first edition of Mr. Jolliffe's amusing Letters from Palestine, which we reviewed in our ninety-first vol. p. 337., met with so rapid a sale as soon to create a demand for a second impression; and of this second edition, or rather so much of it as contains matter not included in its precursor, we are now to take notice. The additions form something less than a third of the volume as it now stands, and continue the correspondence, which was before interrupted at Damietta, through a journey into Lower Egypt. The tour, indeed, was short, and the scenes visited consequently not numerous, nor had they been rarely described: a voyage up the Nile to Cairo, — a short residence there, — a visit to the Pyramids of Gizeh and the Sphinx, — and a return to the coast by the Rosetta branch of the Nile to the town which gives it name, with a subsequent journey to Alexandria, — including the whole extent of it. The time occupied does not appear to have exceeded three weeks, if we except an accidental detention at Alexandria; and the facilities for such an expedition, to those at least who are inured to the common inconveniences of travelling out of Europe, seem very considerable. Five days are ample for the passage from Damietta to Cairo, allowing some hours out of the twenty-four for remaining stationary, and Mr. Jolliffe's voyage from Cairo to Rosetta was completed in three days. The expedition from Cairo to the Pyramids may be effected by water in twelve hours; and a land-journey to Alexandria from Rosetta, for the sea-voyage along the coast is dangerous, in about the same space of time as the Pyramid-excursion. The compactness, therefore, of this kind of minor tour in Egypt adds much to its practicability, when the expence of time is an object; and a space of three weeks allows the traveller to pass a few days at each of the more remarkable cities.

The character which we gave of the correspondence relative to Palestine, in our former article, represents our opinion of the Letters from Egypt with equal truth. We observe, perhaps, somewhat less of minuteness in this latter division: but, as the novelty of the scenes is inferior, such detail seems not required. We have also the same long historical digressions as in the former instance, and entertain the same doubts respecting their having ever formed an integral part of the correspondence itself. "*A little wine, and a little history,*" is a familiar reprimand to a friend who indulges in long narrations after his dinner; and, if we supposed that Mr. Jolliffe really dispatched his history of Cairo, &c. per post to his friends, we should be inclined to think that he occasionally required a jog with the elbow, accompanied with the admonitory hint conveyed above. Setting this matter aside, we have, as before, the remarks of an intelligent and liberal-minded traveller on the scenes which he visited, with a considerable degree of freshness of impression conveyed through the author to his reader. The reminiscences, for which either education or a habit of classical reading in maturer years has laid a foundation, tend very considerably to improve the effect, as they also frequently enrich the substance, of the correspondence.

The Nile, at the point of embarkation a little above Damietta, scarcely exceeds the width of the Thames at Brentford, but increases as it recedes from the sea; and at Boulac, after the junction of the Rosetta-branch, as it may be deemed to the voyager upwards, expands to the breadth of half a league. Boulac, the usual place of disembarkation, is within two miles of the capital. Apparently, almost as little variety is presented in the landscape as on the navigable rivers of the Chinese; although at certain places a quicker recurrence of villages, with some accompanying verdure, and large herds, of which the buffalo formed a considerable portion, gave an embellishment to the banks. The fondness of these latter animals for the water, in which they recline with the whole body immersed during the heat of the day, the head alone remaining above the surface, inclines Mr. J. to pronounce that they are the kine which appeared to Pharaoh in his dream, as "they came up out of the river;" an appropriate illustration of that text, and which, as relating to the peculiar habits of this creature exclusively, is new to us. — Some short excursions were occasionally made on the banks. The soil appeared more adhesive than the traveller had pre-conceived, but the system of agriculture most negligent; which is exemplified by a drawing of a plough, so simple in construction as certainly not to be superior to the rudest implement of the kind, and to vary little from the earliest specimens that are preserved in description of such instruments.

> 'The approach to the capital of Egypt is distinguished by many features of unequalled grandeur. The eye of the spectator rests on the expansive waters of the Nile, increased to the breadth of half a league: from the western shore the Pyramids are seen to rise majestically in the distance, clothed with the venerable sanctity of *four thousand years*: the eastern aspect presents an ample plain, covered with the treasures of a most luxuriant vegetation; and the southern view is adorned by the turrets of the city, extended in the graceful figure of a crescent, and varied by all the fantastic forms of architecture observable among oriental nations.'

We have marked the age here assigned to the Pyramids, as inconsistent with the author's own opinions expressed elsewhere, when he discusses the question more coolly than in the present instance. The absence of all mention of these stupendous works in the books of Moses, either directly or by allusion, causes him to assent to the opinion that they are of a date subsequent to the departure of the Israelites; and, if this supposition be well grounded, we cannot allow them to have existed much more than 3000 years, according to the received computation: but 'a venerable sanctity' may still be predicated of such extraordinary monuments of antiquity, although 1000 years be deducted from their age. — On approaching the Pyramids closely, much of their grandeur insensibly disappeared in the traveller's eyes; distance investing them with an awful magnitude, 'which a nearer survey does not immediately confirm.' M. Denon, if we recollect rightly, who speaks with enthusiasm of the first distant view of them, encountered a similar feeling when he advanced near to them, and explains it very naturally. First, the sloping and angular form disguises the real elevation, and lessens it to the eye of the spectator; — again, *great* and *small* are comparative terms; and the situation of the Pyramids is such that no immediate objects are in view with which they can be compared. Now comparison by imagination, says the same author, can only supply a mountain, taken in at one survey, as an object of rivalry, and here the Pyramid would lose by its inferiority. — By the stress which Mr. J. lays on the word *immediately*, we presume him to imply that (as was the case with the French traveller) these stupendous works did, after some time, resume their character of immensity in the eye, and through the eye in the mind. Denon found this to be the case, as soon as he applied the test of some known scale of measurement in his contemplation to the object before him. — We do not observe, in the account of the interior of the great Pyramid, any variation from the remarks which have recently been made by other travellers. — In describing the extraordinary head of the Sphinx, Mr. J. does not affect the enthusiastic admiration of that colossal beauty, the "*mulier formosa superne*," which overcame some of the French *sçavans.* All parties agree that the character of the face is decidedly African: but Mr. J. seems to doubt whether the head be intended to represent a female, 'as the face has no peculiar softness or delicacy; and both the throat and breast are evidently masculine.'

M. Denon thought that "the outline was pure and graceful," — "the expression of the head mild, pure, and tranquil," — and that the lips, although thick, "had a softness and delicacy of execution truly admirable." — Surely, there is no inconsiderable degree of absurdity in the manner in which the French critic here expresses his admiration, even making due allowance for the transfusion of his remarks into our own language. The profile of the face was as much mutilated twenty years ago as when Mr. J. visited it, three years since, if we may judge from the designs of it taken at the different periods; and to describe a *noseless Nubian* face as pure and graceful in its outline is a piece of refinement in connoisseurship, beyond our humble abilities to understand. In every drawing which we have seen of this figure, certainly much nature has appeared to us in the execution of the lips: but we do not speak of beauty abstractedly considered, and confine our praise to the imitative skill of the artist in copying the model which he selected.

The remainder of the scenes visited in this short tour have not the novelty which would justify us in detaining our readers with them, while considering a work which is for the most part a re-publication.* If the government of Mohammed Aly becomes permanently established in Egypt, we may naturally look forwards to many more important works relative to that country than have hitherto reached us, since it affords a security to the traveller which has often been very precarious in the unsettled state of society there. Perhaps we cannot expect any very great additions to our knowlege of its antiquities; at least of those which have so powerfully commanded the attention of travellers in all ages: but we may reasonably hope for much more ample developements of the state of the country itself, and a fairer estimate of the character of its modern inhabitants.

We have now to direct our attention to the *Historical Map of Palestine*, which may be considered as a suitable accompaniment to Mr. Jolliffe's travels, and which, therefore, we have here combined with them. Compared with every former age, it may be considered that the present has been eminently distinguished by the extraordinary progress which human learning has been making throughout the civilized world. The physiological sciences, particularly since the commencement of the current century, are reputed to have been gaining unusual popularity; yet, when it is remembered that the Bible is not now confined to the closet of the divine, but is promiscuously circulating among all ranks, in almost all countries, it may fairly be presumed that theological inquiry has, during the same period, been as actively promoted and as prevalent as civil learning;—and, from the numerous improvements constantly devised and brought forwards to facilitate the acquirement of every sort of useful knowlege, it is reasonable to believe that the public is not only eager for information, but liberal also in its encouragement, when efficient aid is contributed to accelerate and perfect the attainment of any rational pursuit.

If we adopt the computation of time most generally deemed authentic, and suppose the earth to have been a human habitation somewhat more than 5800 years, — if we then consider that, independently of the theological import of the Divine writings, an original history, comprehending, from the beginning of time, more than two-thirds of this whole period, has been handed down to us in those writings,—it will not appear surprising that curiosity should be universally predominant concerning such a choice and sacred collection of early documents.

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* Mr. Jolliffe's Letters, we find, have made their way to the Continent; and we have either seen advertized or heard of a translation of them into the French language: but, as this latter has not fallen in our way, we cannot speak of the execution of it.

A natural consequence of these remarks is the idea that, although the two Divine Testaments, being the rolls and chronicles of one nation only, bring us a detail concerning such a vast portion of time, yet the chief events of which they bear record occurred within a very limited region; and that it is indispensable to become, as far as possible, acquainted with that region, in order to obtain adequate ideas concerning the writings. Indeed, it is but too obvious a truth that scriptural reading, generally speaking, can produce only vague and fleeting ideas, unless every important historical fact and incident be contemplated with respect to local circumstances as well as to time. Tidings regarding a place with which a person is familiarly acquainted are well known to be received, during a period of remote absence, with an interest that touches the heart: in like manner, the events detailed by history communicate an impression much more lively and lasting, when the mind has been made intimate with the region within which such events came to pass; and, when a real knowlege of the country itself cannot be obtained, it is desirable to have recourse to those artificial means of deriving information concerning it, which geographical delineations and descriptions are capable of affording.

The present map of that part of Syria which was formerly denominated *Palestine*, and afterward *The Holy Land*, is, perhaps, better calculated than any other chorographical plan of that country to supply such a reference to localities as those who are engaged in biblical research may desire. The outlines of the twelve districts into which the land was partitioned, and portioned among the tribes who assisted in the conquest of it under Joshua,— the subsequent division of it into tetrarchal provinces, on its becoming tributary to the Roman empire, — the designation of each of the several orders of Jewish cities, according to its rank or importance, — and other subordinate particulars, together with the representation of the natural features, such as lakes, rivers, mountains, &c.; — these, as they belong to geographical delineations in general, must necessarily be expected to be severally expressed in a correct manner in the specimen of chorography under consideration, and require, therefore, no other remark than that each part appears to be effected with considerable care and ingenuity: but the chief peculiarity of this new sketch of the Holy Land consists in the number of historical designs with which it is interspersed. The object of the artist in the introduction of them is emblematically to represent the most memorable occurrences recorded in the Bible, in that part of the country where they are each supposed to have happened; and thus to impress a more forcible idea of the particular subject to which they each relate, than mere description is capable of affording. Annexed to these miniature illustrations, of which the map contains ninety-six, are references to those parts of Scripture which record the subject that each device is intended to represent.

Similar illustrations were, nearly a century ago, introduced into some maps of scriptural geography published in Amsterdam; from which, probably, the idea adopted in this new delineation was derived: but the style of the Map before us is so very superior to that of the Dutch maps as to give it at least the appearance, if not the claim, of novelty. The scale of the projection is five geographical miles to an inch, or twelve inches to a degree; and the dimensions of the map are three feet by two feet, a size capable of including a more copious variety of particulars than works of this kind are generally calculated to admit. A large sheet of letter-press, also, containing, in four folio pages, descriptive particulars of the country to which it refers, is given with the Map. — A brief sketch of the successive periods at which this portion of Syria was transferred from one dynasty to another, traced from the earliest to the present time, forms the subject of the first section: — a cursory account is then given of the several provinces into which it was divided by the Romans, each under its respective head: — some of the most remarkable places are then topographically described; — and, lastly, a calendar, collected from the journals of various travellers, and compiled by Buhle of the Royal College at Göttingen, is added, which professes to furnish an account of the effects of the several seasons, and the chief productions natural to each, in the different parts of the country.

The utility of such works of reference, and indeed the necessity of consulting them, have been before sufficiently declared: a description also, from which the character of the Map may be collected, has now been given, as fully as the nature of the subject seemed to demand; and we have therefore only to add our opinion that those who are in want of occasional reminiscence on the matters to which it relates, as well as all those to whom geographical information connected with sacred history is requisite, will find this Map an acceptable acquisition. Generally speaking, moreover, it will prove an interesting appendage to the Holy Scriptures.

Art. XIII. *A Treatise on the Operations for the Formation of the Artificial Pupil;* in which the Morbid States of the Eye requiring them are considered; and the Mode of performing the Operation, adapted to each peculiar Case, fully explained; with an Account of the Opinions and Practice of the different Foreign and British Authors who have written on the Subject. With Two Copper-plates. By G. J. Guthrie, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 209. Boards. Longman and Co.

It is with much pleasure that we mark the increasing attention which is now paid, in this country, to the practice of ophthalmic surgery; as well as the diligence and eagerness with which the labours of our continental brethren are imported, and made known through the medium of our own press to the less learned of the profession. Of all the subjects included in this department of surgery, perhaps none is more interesting and curious than the formation of the artificial pupil. The circumstances which render it necessary are either a closing of the natural opening in that fine vascular veil, the iris, or an opacity of that part of the cornea which is opposite to the pupil; and the modes in which, in such cases, the rays of light may be admitted to the retina, are three in number: but, as the author of the volume now before us has well remarked, each of these modes is by no means indiscriminately applicable to every case in which the operation is demanded. The first method, dividing the iris with a simple incision, is the operation of Mr. Cheselden, since successfully revived by Sir William Adams, and is named by the German writers *Coretomia*. The second consists in the excision of a portion of the iris, and is named *Corectomia*. The third, which is termed *Coredialysis*, consists in the separation of the iris from its attachment to the ciliary ligament.

Coretomia, or the simple division of the iris, is the operation which has occasioned least discussion, and has awakened least ingenuity either in the construction of instruments or the procedure of operating; and, we may add, it is not only adapted to the smallest proportion of cases, but is attended on the whole with the greatest risk of injurious consequences. The incision of the iris is performed by the introduction of the iris-scalpel through the sclerotica, about a line behind the iris, and half that distance below its transverse diameter: after which the point of the instrument is to be passed through the iris, then moved onwards towards the internal angle of the eye, and at least two-thirds in extent of the iris are to be divided, by withdrawing the scalpel nearly out of the eye. It is of consequence, in this operation, to give to the instrument somewhat of the motion of a saw; and to rest the back of it on the sclerotica, in order to prevent the enlargement of the wound during the repeated cuts which may be necessary to effect a sufficient opening in the iris: for, were the wound thus increased, a considerable portion of the vitreous body would inevitably escape. The case to which the *Coretomia* is most adapted is closed pupil, with absence of the lens; especially when the pupil has been obliterated subsequently to extraction. Where the lens is believed to be transparent, this operation is not to be preferred, as it necessarily involves the destruction of that body. Other cases may occur in which the simple division of the iris may be very usefully adopted.

Corectomia, the second of the modes of operating already stated, or the excision of a portion of the iris, may be effected by puncturing the cornea, and causing an evacuation of the aqueous humour and the protrusion of a part of the iris through the wound; or by the introduction of the iris-scissars through an incision made in the cornea with the knife. In the former practice, which was first brought into notice in this country by Mr. Gibson, it is important that the puncture should be made in a rapid manner, so as to cause a sudden discharge of the aqueous humour: but, if this be not followed by a protrusion of the iris, it may be drawn out by means of a fine hook, and the projecting portion stripped off. It will be readily perceived that, when the pupil is closed, and the fibres of the iris are on the stretch, this mode of operating must give way to the more approprite method of *Coretomia*, or to the excision of a portion of the iris without displacement, by means of scissars having one blade pointed so as readily to penetrate the iris. In the last of these operations, an opening is made into the anterior chamber by means of the cornea-knife; the scissars are introduced under the flap of the cornea; and a triangular portion of the iris is cut out. When excision of a portion of the iris is performed with the required dexterity, the lens and its capsule remain wholly uninjured: and it is therefore an operation well adapted to cases in which these parts are free from disease, and the due transmission of the rays of light to the retina is prevented by a partial opacity of the cornea.

The third mode of forming the artificial pupil, by detaching the iris from the ciliary ligament, (*Coredialysis*,) is that which has received the greatest share of attention from continental writers on this subject; and which we are inclined to consider as, on the whole, applicable to a greater number of cases than either of the other two. When we find central opacity of the cornea, the transparent part being reduced to a mere ring, the *Coredialysis* is peculiarly suitable: whether this state is simple, or combined with partial adhesion of the iris to the cornea, or with simple contact of these membranes, the anterior chamber being obliterated. Many instruments have of late been invented to effect, in the safest and most accurate manner, the separation of the iris from the ciliary ligament; but Mr. Guthrie, with some justice, gives the preference to the coreoncion of Langenbeck. Any attempt on our part to describe this instrument, without the aid of a drawing, would be a vain endeavour: but it may be sufficient to state that it consists of a very fine hook, projecting from a golden tube, into which it is retracted by the expansion of a spiral spring, and in this manner it acts as a very delicate forceps; the object to which it is applied being caught between the hook and the edge of the golden tube. A puncture, two lines in length, having been made through the cornea, in a convenient spot near to and a little below the centre of its transverse diameter, the instrument, with the hook retracted, is introduced close to the exterior margin of the iris; and it is then to be projected two lines, which is the extent of its motion, by the pressure of the thumb on a knob acting on the spring. The iris is to be penetrated by the hook, at or even under the edge of the sclerotica; for, as Mr. G. well remarks, the iris, before it is attached to the ciliary ligament, extends a little farther outwards than it can be seen through the cornea. The spring is now allowed to act, the iris is gradually made to separate from its attachment, and the hook is at length withdrawn from the eye, bringing with it a portion of the iris: the instrument is then disengaged; and, according to circumstances, the projecting portion of the iris is either left and strangulated in the wound, or cut off with the scissars.

We have yet to notice one other proposal for opening a passage for the rays of light to reach the retina: but this can scarcely be named the formation of an artificial pupil, because the iris is in no way connected with its performance. When total opacity of the entire cornea has taken place, an attempt has been made to open (as it were) a *window* in the white of the eye, through which the rays of light may reach the retina. The experiment was first made on dogs by Professor Autenrieth of Tübingen, and he states it to have been successful: but Professor Beer of Vienna and Mr. Guthrie have repeated it on man, and both have equally failed. A treatise on this subject has been written by L. Schmidt. The operation, which has received the name of *Sclerotikectomia*, consists in dis-

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secting off a portion of the sclerotic and choroid coats: but the healing of the wound has, as we might expect, always left, at least in man, a firm and opaque cicatrix, incapable of transmitting the rays of light. We cannot but express our belief that any dissection of this nature would be more likely to prove successful, if performed on the opaque cornea itself, instead of such textures as the sclerotic and choroid coats. We fear, however, that the attempt to restore even the perception of light in such deplorable cases of blindness, although highly laudable, is altogether hopeless.

Having thus briefly stated the substance of those general remarks which occur to us in perusing a work on the formation of the artificial pupil, we proceed to present our readers with an estimate of the labours of Mr. Guthrie on this subject. The volume shews throughout much industry and research, and evinces a clear knowlege of the nature of those cases in which the attempt to form an artificial pupil is likely to prove successful; as well as of the particular circumstances to which each mode of operating is especially suited. The remarks with which he has presented us on the prognosis, in such cases, are also well worthy of attention from practitioners; while the instructions which he has delivered on the influence of constitutional diseases in ophthalmic affections, and on the importance both of the previous and the subsequent treatment in the formation of an artificial pupil, demonstrate the enlightened and judicious views by which he is guided. A very wise precaution, recommended by Mr. Guthrie after the operation of artificial pupil, is to anticipate the occurrence of inflammation by such depletion as the patient can bear, without waiting for the appearance of symptoms which it might be difficult or impossible to subdue. Instances have occurred in which inflammation, succeeding this operation, has run on to suppuration, without causing such pain as to attract attention; and for this reason the author advises daily inspection of the eye, when the constitution of the patient forbids precautionary depletion. We should be inclined to add, that such inspection would be proper even in those cases in which depletion had been practised, that we might know how far a repetition of it was required. The employment of nauseants is recommended by Mr. Guthrie as an useful auxiliary in iritis; and he very properly suggests that advantage should be taken of the powers of the belladonna, after the operation of artificial pupil, to keep the aperture of the iris enlarged, while adhesion of its margin was likely to take place. *Mercury*, likewise, has been mentioned by Mr. G. as forming *a powerful* remedy, to assist in subduin[illegible]ation of the iris which so often causes the expedient of forming an artificial pupil to terminate in failure. The efficacy of this remedy is now acknowleged by our best surgeons to extend to all cases of iritis, whether arising from syphilitic taint or from different sources: but the French writers, on the other hand, strictly limit its use to syphilitic iritis. We do not know that any author before Mr. Guthrie has suggested the employment of mercury, to subdue the inflammation so often consequent on the operation of artificial pupil.

With regard to the secretion of the aqueous humour, the author is inclined to believe that it is chiefly secreted in the posterior chamber; and in this manner he explains the protuberance of the iris when the pupil is wholly closed. In such cases, by opening the communication between the two chambers, the equilibrium is restored, and the iris returns to its natural situation. The tremulous floating motion of the pupillar edge of that membrane is very judiciously ascribed to a disorganized state of the vitreous body; and this motion is still more likely to be observed when the lens has been detached, and has fallen down behind the iris. It has been stated by Sir William Adams that, in these cases of disorganization of the vitreous body, the pressure of the detached lens on the retina proves very injurious: but Mr. Guthrie has narrated an interesting case in which the detached lens now floats in a disorganized vitreous humour, and the patient enjoys sufficiently the power of vision.

'I have lately seen a young lady, who became blind from closed pupil, the result of inflammation of the iris, when a girl, and who, after the disease had existed seven years, had the operation performed on both eyes, for artificial pupil, by Sir W. Adams. In each, the lens separated with its capsule, and sunk to the bottom of the eye: the eye which appeared the best, and of which most hope was entertained, was found perfectly amaurotic. With the other, the patient sees very well; and, after a lapse of five years, the lens, enveloped by its capsule, but shrunk, irregular, and more spherical than usual, is seen moving towards the cornea from the bottom of the eye, on every sudden motion of the head. The eye is very soft, the vitreous humour perfectly transparent, the iris a mere ring around the inner edge of the ciliary ligament. The lady is subject to head-aches, frequently severe; and she always feels, on a sudden motion of the head, the sensation of something moving in the eye. This case I consider as a very valuable one, for it shews, that after simple inflammation of the iris, ending in cataract and closed pupil, the retina may be healthy or unhealthy, the eye which was considered to offer the best prospect of a favorable result being in this case the worst. That softness of the eye to the touch implies merely *disorganization* of the vitreous humour; which, as it is a general accompaniment of disease of the retina, renders the healthy state of that membrane doubtful; it also shews that in performing an operation on such cases, it is not possible to extract the lens in the manner recommended by Sir W. Adams, unless it accidentally slips into the anterior chamber, as it sinks to the bottom of the eye, from whence it must be fished up with a hook; and, that the lens remaining in this state, in a disorganized vitreous humour, does not cause all the mischief generally attributed to it. In proof of which, many other instances might be adduced, even more than to shew the contrary.'

The number of cases introduced into Mr. Guthrie's work is very small, but they are detailed in a succinct and clear manner, and are highly illustrative of the subject. Some interesting remarks are introduced with respect to the obstacle presented by the ciliary processes to the transmission of light to the retina, when an artificial pupil has been formed opposite to these processes. After having quoted the critical observations of Scarpa on the statement of Demours, Mr. G. proceeds to observe:

'This anatomical statement is not disputed by any person that I am acquainted with, and is acknowledged in its fullest extent by many. Yet the opinion deduced from it is not sufficiently confirmed; for the ciliary processes do not oppose such an obstacle as Scarpa is disposed to believe. Of the structure and function of the corpus ciliare, much is yet to be learned, both as to a state of health and of disease; and many things occur in practice in relation to it, which are difficult of explanation. In the instance in question, the ciliary processes do not oppose the entrance of light in the manner attributed to them by Scarpa, and in many cases in which vision has been good, they have not been removed with the excised portion of the iris. In others, I admit they may have been cut out; but I do not believe it to be a common occurrence. From a careful consideration of these circumstances, I am induced to conclude, that the ciliary processes, although sometimes removed, do in general retract, or withdraw themselves from their attachment to the zona ciliaris, towards the ligamentum ciliare; in consequence either of the injury the iris has received at its junction with the ciliary ligament, or, from their being incapable of bearing the stimulus of light, or, from some cause with which I am unacquainted. It must not, however, be overlooked, that in cases where a partial separation of the iris takes place from a blow, or from the attempt at dividing the centre of the iris with a knife, the restoration of vision, through the artificial pupil thus accidentally made, does not generally follow.'

In a subsequent part of the volume, when alluding to the proposal of Mr. Cheselden to make an opening in the iris a *little above* or below the transverse diameter of that m brane, in order to avoid an opaque lens, Mr. G. states that he knows a living instance of the accuracy of Cheselden's opinion, in a young woman who was restored to a valuable degree of vision by an operation performed on the eye by Mr. Alexander.

> 'The central part of the cornea is opaque, the rest not transparent, but clouded, the disk and surface of the lens is seen attached to the iris, which is adhering to the opaque part of the cornea; the greater circle of the iris is nearly natural, and immediately above the upper edge of the lens, precisely at the spot Mr. Cheselden has mentioned, a small but good artificial pupil has been made, through which she sees sufficiently well to guide herself about.'

In the preliminary part of Mr. G.'s treatise, considerable research is exhibited in tracing the history of the operation of artificial pupil, and detailing the numerous proposals and improvements which have taken place in it since the time of Mr. Cheselden: but we are inclined to complain of the prolixity of the details, and of the unabridged extracts which he has introduced from preceding authors; while the very full manner in which the several modes of operating are here explained has led to considerable repetition in the subsequent part of the volume. On the whole, indeed, we think, this work is rather deficient in lucid arrangement; and a difficulty is occasionally experienced in collecting the dispersed passages which refer to the same subject: not to add that this imperfection in the order of the treatise is, in some few instances, heightened by a want of precision in language and punctuation. Nothing, however, can be more laudable than the uniform and undeviating impartiality, with which Mr. Guthrie considers the claims of the numerous writers noticed in the history of the operation, or the liberal tone in which their respective merits are discussed. Altogether, therefore, we cannot refrain from recommending the volume in strong terms to our readers, as in itself of much intrinsic value, and as filling up a distinct chasm in the surgical literature of our country.

Two plates accompany the work, one of which represents in outline various artificial pupils, and the other exhibits the more approved instruments for performing the operation.

ART. XIV. *A Description of the changeable Magnetic Properties possessed by all Iron Bodies*, and the different Effects produced by the same on Ships' Compasses, from the Position of the Ship's Head being altered. By P. Lecount, Midshipman in the Royal Navy. 8vo. pp. 55. Longman and Co. 1820.

IN our Number for May last, we took notice of a publication by Mr. Barlow, of the Royal Military Academy, intitled an "Essay on Magnetic Attractions," which contained many new and interesting facts relative to this hitherto mysterious subject: but of which the fundamental point was that, in every mass of plain unmagnetized iron, a plane of no attraction exists; that is to say, a plane in which the compass being placed, the iron will have no tendency to disturb its direction, the needle then pointing north and south as it would do if no iron were in its vicinity. This plane, according to Mr. Barlow's experiments, inclines from the magnetic north point; forming, in these latitudes, with the horizon an angle of 19° 30′; and this angle being exactly the complement of the dip in London, Mr. B. was led to infer that a similar law would be found to obtain in all parts of the world; namely, that, in every place, the plane of no attraction would be found to be at right angles to the natural direction of the dipping needle. However probable such a conjecture might be, it required, before it could be classed among the established facts of philosophy, to be verified by actual observation; and it might have remained for many years a matter of some doubt, had not the author of the little work before us, by a singular coincidence, commenced a course of experiments at Saint Helena, nearly (we should imagine) at the same time that Mr. B. began his trials at Woolwich. At all events, the two experimentalists appear to have worked wholly independent on each other, although their conclusions are precisely the same; and each may be said to have made the same discovery, at the same instant, in the opposite hemispheres of the globe: the one inferring the general fact from an individual instance, aided by the powerful assistance of mathematical investigation, and the habit of generalizing which is peculiar perhaps to mathematicians: the other, from a long series of observations, conducted with great practical skill and ingenuity, through an arc of nearly 90° of latitude on the terrestrial sphere.

From these observations the author draws his conclusion in the following terms:

‘ I now lay down the law which governs these changes.

‘ A plane or circle, held east and west (magnetic) and at right angles with the direction of the dipping-needle, will, in any part of the world, divide the north from the south magnetic effluvia, each lying on that side to which the dipping-needle points; and, by referring the position of all iron bodies to this plane, the line of intersection shall divide the iron into north and south polarity, provided it is of uniform thickness.

‘ If it is not of uniform thickness, the intersection must be drawn, not through the centre of its length, but through its centre of gravity.

'This plane will therefore be vertical on the magnetic equator, and horizontal when the dip is either 90° N. or 90° S., and will be inclined proportionally to the dip between these situations.'

This is precisely the inference of Mr. Barlow; the only difference being in the words, 'plane dividing the north and south polarity,' used by the present author, instead of "the plane of no attraction."

Mr. Lecount's experiments were made on pieces of iron of every form that he could possibly obtain, viz. bars, rings, mast-hoops, guns, hand-spikes, &c., and with each he always found the same result. This important fact may now, therefore, be placed among the best established laws of magnetism; and such establishment may be said to constitute the entire object of this little volume: for its author has not attempted to push his inquiries beyond this point, or even to draw the slightest inference with regard to the general action of the iron masses contained in the vessel. As we have stated, he found that the law was constant for iron bodies of every form; yet he does not appear to have contemplated that all the fixed iron in the vessel may be considered as one large irregular mass, and that it must necessarily be subject to the same laws with those which belong to individual masses 'of every possible form.'

We have understood that it has been said that this discovery affords nothing either new or important, but that it follows as a necessary consequence from the present established doctrine of magnetism. We shall not, in this place, stay to contest the latter point: but we will ask, has such a consequence ever been drawn? — and, if that question be answered in the affirmative, we would inquire by whom and in what work such fact is stated?

Perhaps no man in this country enjoys a greater share of reputation as a mathematician and philosopher than Dr. Young, the present Secretary to the Board of Longitude. He has written at considerable length, in his Lectures on Natural Philosophy, on the subject of Magnetism; he is, we believe, the author of the article *Coulomb* in the Supplement to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*; and, lastly, he has published, under the sanction of the Board of Longitude, Tables for correcting the Effects of local Attraction on Shipboard. If, therefore, any person had been aware of such a fact as that which is established by Mr. Lecount, no one would have been more likely to be so informed than Dr. Young; whose acknowleged talents and official situation gave him a decided advantage. Yet that he had no idea of such a fact is evident from all the writings above quoted, and particularly from the last; in which he assumes, as every person had done before him, that the points of greatest attraction were at the east and west, not only in our own latitudes but in all parts of the world: whereas it is now obvious that, on the magnetic equator, the attraction entirely vanishes at those points; because there, the plane of no attraction being perpendicular to the horizon, the general mass of iron will be found in that plane when the vessel is running east or west. This agrees very exactly with the observations of Captain Flinders: but he attributed the circumstance to a false principle; for, perceiving no attraction at those points at which he had been accustomed to find it greatest, he erroneously concluded that the iron ceased to produce any effect on the compasses in that part of the world. Dr. Young, unwilling to admit a doctrine so obviously defective, fell into a different and even a more remarkable error: for, though he admitted the change of effect in crossing the magnetic equator, he did not allow of its passage through the zero, and thus violated that law of continuity which is so strenuously maintained by all modern philosophers; and the correction at these points is in consequence left in total uncertainty. Where no error exists, a correction is pointed out, which generally will amount to about 3°: but it may be made either to the east or the west, *according to the tables*, and the worst consequences may follow. — In another part of his essay, Dr. Young mentions the fact that, in some instances, there have been found four points of no attraction, which he attributes to irregularities in the polarization of some of the iron; whereas it is obviously produced by the plane of no attraction taking such a direction that the vessel, in swinging completely round, intersects it in two places, where the attraction must necessarily vanish: as it does also in crossing the magnetic meridian. These facts are sufficient to shew that neither Dr. Young nor any of the members of the Board of Longitude were aware of the existence of such a plane as that which was first pointed out by Mr. Barlow, and has been since verified by the experiments of Mr. Lecount; who has therefore established a fact of the highest importance in navigation.

We know nothing of this gentleman but by report: from which we learn that his service during the war was extensive and laborious, and that he bears many honorable scars. The present work shews him to be equally active in another way in promoting the general cause of his profession; and we sincerely hope that the Admiralty will not allow his merits to remain unrewarded. Besides the establishment of the fact above mentioned, two other objects are attempted in the small tract before us. The first is to ascertain the effect which the compasses in the two binnacles produce on each other, and the second is the invention of an instrument to answer the purpose of a dipping needle. The former, however, is not accompanied by any specific numbers for the deviations; and the latter, we are afraid, is more ingenious than practicable, on account of the partial magnetic action which appertains to all bars of iron, however soft and malleable. We suspect that, if this idea should be found to succeed under any form, it will be by filling a barometer-tube with the purest iron dust or filings, which possess less of the partial action in question than any solid mass whatever.

It may be proper to apprize Mr. Lecount that he mistakes in supposing that, before his experiments, the lower end of the bar was imagined to attract the south end of the needle in all latitudes. The contrary has been known to be the case in the southern hemisphere, ever since 1685; as we may see by the Phil. Transactions for that year, in which are reported a series of experiments very similar to those of Mr. L. that were made by the master of a vessel from the Lizard to lat. 20° south, and thence back again to Plymouth. The same important conclusion, however, was not drawn from them; although the fact to which we have alluded is distinctly stated, as it is also in nearly every treatise that has been since written on the subject of magnetism.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE,

FOR APRIL, 1821.

POETRY.

Art. 15. *What is Life?* and other Poems. By Thomas Bailey. 12mo. 3s. 6d. Boards. Baldwin and Co. 1820.

The author of this singularly intitled poem thus states in his preface the occasion which gave rise to it:

'Proceeding across the beautiful meadow, which lies at the foot of Nottingham, I directed my steps towards the Trent; intending to pass its stream and proceed along its course to Clifton Grove. Just as I had reached the banks of that noble river, which was now much swollen by the autumnal rains, and was rolling its dark waves along in rapid confusion, laden with the spoils of the groves and fields by which it had passed, two men landed from the ferry-boat, apparently engaged in very serious conversation: their aspects bespoke mutual anxiety and mutual sympathy. When at the moment they were passing my elbow, one of them exclaimed in reply to some observation from the other, "What is life, indeed!" Ah, what is life, indeed! my tongue responded with a tone of impassioned feeling, that proved the congeniality of the sentiment contained in this exclamation with the state of my own mind. The ideas suggested by this reiterated exclamation struck deep into my heart; and I proceeded forward, ruminating upon the sentiment, until by insensible degrees the expression took the form of an interrogation rather than an exclamation, and in connection with the scene around me gave rise in rapid succession to the following train of reflections.'

On such ample information we shall merely observe,

"What great effects from little causes spring."

We are told that we owe the Reformation to the fickle love of Harry VIII.: Burton wrote his "Anatomy of Melancholy" for want of a proper secretion of his bile; and Mr. Bailey informs us 'What is Life' from the incident of two ferrymen being engaged in a sentimental conversation: but which, from the mysterious manner in which it is announced, leads us to expect something more awful than a perplexing question. Just when we begin to indulge the Turkish notion of a sack, a dead body, and a deed of death, from the mysterious appearance of these boatmen, we are rather disappointed by their turning civilly round on us, and asking 'What is life?' — a question that reminds us of the interrogatory of a wit who, in a mixed party, stepped up to a silent vacant-looking man, saying, "Pray, Sir, what do you think of things in general?"

Excepting the humorous style of the introduction, however, we are inclined to admit that the poem of Mr. B. discovers some talent, with pleasing powers of a narrative and descriptive cast. His language is simple and appropriate; the sentiments, which are of a serious and pensive tone throughout, are accompanied by an expression of kind and moral feeling; and we occasionally meet with judicious and even satirical remarks, not wholly to be expected in effusions from the pen of a person entirely absorbed in trade in Nottingham.

The mind of the writer, however, is apparently but little accustomed to vent itself in the language of the Muses.—The following, which will form a fair specimen of the whole, is a picture of *fashionable* life:

'An idol thing deck'd out by fashion's hand,
Its feet of lead, its throne a heap of sand,
With heartless breast, (where lurks the viper care,)
And head of vapour, light as empty air;
Such to the fool is just what life is found,
And with such views he runs his heedless round.
But, is it life, in mirth's fantastic bowers,
To loiter out our soft voluptuous hours;
To wake the festive dance and trill the song?
Or revelling amidst a thoughtless throng,
To laugh at death, and pledge the goblet round,
Till sense is lost, and reason's voice is drown'd?

Is life at midnight orgies to resort,
Where lawless pleasure holds her phrenzied court,
And riot wakes the flame of passion's fire,
And impulse flings the rein to fierce desire?
Where Ariadne leads her wanton train,
To shun the rites where lust and lewdness reign.'

Art. 16. *The Legend of St. Loy;* with other Poems. By John Abraham Heraud. 8vo. pp. 223. 10s. 6d. Boards. Baldwin and Co. 1820.

These poems are inscribed to the memory of Henry Kirke White, and in our opinion bear no little resemblance in thought and feeling to the remains of that interesting young man; and, singular as this coincidence may be supposed, we can easily adduce instances from the work in support of the remark. Though the chief poem bears marks of juvenile haste, and some inaccuracies of versification as well as of composition, it still possesses so much merit, and farther promise, that it is fairly intitled to consideration. We may safely promise the reader that he will be repaid for the trouble of turning over a few of the pages; in which he will discover strength and dignity of thought, united to a delicacy and sweetness of poetic feeling. We may mention, as examples, the pieces intitled *The Lament of the Bard, on attaining the Age of Twenty-one*, *The Grave of the Bard*, and many passages in the poem of St. Loy.

The following quotation is from the Lament of the Bard:

' 'Tis mockery all!—Who could endure the sneer
That scowls upon my blank captivity?
Albeit no chains, nor prison dank and drear,
Confine my limbs, and bar me from the air,
And stop the circuit of my roving eye —
Such corporal sufferance I might better bear,
Perchance, than this which doth restrain the soul,
Which would beyond the narrow limit fly,
That holds the mass of men in low control.
In commerce with this earth's most gross concerns,
The sons of dulness, reckless of the roll
Of rapture, that inspireth him who burns
With thrilling song:—gain is their care alone;
And poring on the ground,— although above
The heavens in magnificence are spread,
And all around is beauty, grace, and love —
They toil and toil, and ne'er exalt the head
To mark the vast profusion, nature's own,
That fills the heart with transport, and the mind
With fancy,— gives imagination birth —
And makes the wondering gazer, undesigned,
A prompted poet — wings him from the earth
To regions whence he looks, with high disdain,
Down on the glittering pomp as false and vain,
That worldlings prize — the yellow slaves of gain!

‘ What mockery? *Whereof* do I complain?
Of this — that I, who would full-willing roam,
With eagle spirit, land and rolling main,
In quest of nature and of knowledge high,
And wisdom and observance, and each scene
Which fancy loves, where meditation dwells,
And to the bard give wings wherewith to fly,
Rocks, mountains, forests, solitary cells,
Can scarcely steal one hour from toil and home,
To mark creation's wonders, and to glean
Of that a little, which the sons of mind,
In rich abundance, have possessed, and poured
Into their songs, that nought on earth confined;
Whereof, with much regard, I have explored
Many of soul-deep sweetness; — though to more
A stranger, which I trust have sweets in store
For me, — what time I from my labour strayed,
With some loved book to feed my hungry thought,
Albeit oft chid by those who never read
For wandering from the service of my trade,
Though but a moment — I could snatch no more —
For I've not known the silence of one hour,
To meditation and the muse devote!
(Yet I am mute; — none hath a murmur heard; —
Whate'er my thought, 'tis voiceless and interred —
None, save my harp — that answers me again,
And soothes me with a sympathetic strain.)
Nor can long time my fond ideas dwell
On scenes they mourn to leave, and love so well;
For with the sons of bustle I am pressed,
Bereft of what my soul affects the best —
Perpetual thought, that in a heavenly mood
Seeks silence, and the pensive solitude,
Whence it can rise as high as angels can,
And prove how near allied to them is man.’

These lines are more than equalled, perhaps, by the subsequent:

‘ I've ever felt this passion in my breast,
Fluttering for thought; — nor can my memory find,
Since it could harbour such exalted guest,
When it hath been without this thoughtful mind:
While others, fellows of mine infant-age,
Looked to nought higher than their elfin play,
Nor were expected, — I explored the page, —
And then religion burst with heavenly day!
And though she was too glorious and too bright
For the weak, eaglet gaze of my young sight; —
And though I could not pierce the mysteries,
Which are the darkness of excessive light,
And mantled her, scarce pierced e'en by the wise; —
Yet were her charms congenial to my mind: —

M—

My thrilling heart their awful beauty won
To cogitation pleasing; then I framed
Glorious conceptions — and I hold them still —
How to exist on earth as if in heaven.'

Art. 17. *America; an* Epistle in Verse: with other Poems. 12mo. 3s. Boards. Longman and Co.

We are glad to perceive that this pleasing and poetical description of America has been deemed worthy of republication by its author, with considerable additions and improvements. We noticed it in vol. xci. p. 436., as the alleged production of Charles Leftly the younger, who is now become anonymous:

—— " *Ut ignotum dari nobis*
Verba putas?"

To turn his own weapons against himself, we think that the author, in allowing such a short span of life to the said Charles Leftly, was bound in fairness to have given him some substitute, and not absolutely have sacrificed his poor friend to a shadow. Lest, however, we should be sacrificing some good professional or mercantile reputation by revenging ourselves with his real name, we shall merely discharge our critical duty, and assure him that we have been much gratified with several of the additional poems in this little volume.

MEDICAL, &c.

Art. 18. *Cases of Hydrophobia.* By George Pinckard, M.D., &c. 8vo. pp. 38. Callow, &c.

Dr. Pinckard has here presented us with four cases of hydrophobia; all of which have occurred to his own knowlege, but three of which had been already published in a medical journal. They are all well detailed, and nothing of importance is omitted, while nothing of tediousness or prolixity is perceptible. In none of them does delirium appear to have existed; though some other writers have noted it in hydrophobia. In a case which has come under our own observation, scarcely any delirium supervened: but the patient was often violently convulsed, and occasionally, for a short time, agitated by imaginary terrors. The prevailing state of mind in all instances of hydrophobia may be said to be dejection, fearfulness, and a keen sensibility to the tender affections; and hence the details of such maladies are in general extremely touching. Were we required to say to what disease hydrophobia is most nearly allied, we should name *Hysteria:* to which the distension of stomach, the *globus*, the sense of suffocation, and the fearfulness, so strongly exhibited in this dreadful visitation, all serve to testify its affinity. Perhaps this association has led some practitioners to prescribe the fetid gums: but these and all other remedies have proved equally fruitless; and it is a singular fact that, in searching the records of medicine, no well authenticated case of hydrophobia from the bite of a rabid animal is to be found, in which recovery took place. In the publication before us, we have

evidenc

evidence of the inefficiency of blood-letting and mercury; and in Dr. Marshall's cases (see "Morbid Anatomy of the Brain") we see clearly that the sedative effects of tobacco prove of as little benefit. The *prevention* of the disease, however, is as certain when proper means are adopted as its cure is hopeless; for excision of the part, when sufficiently early and effectually performed, has been found always to arrest its progress. Should any circumstances induce the practitioner to use caustic rather than the knife, the mineral acids, as Dr. P. well suggests, certainly deserve the preference.

Are we, then, to abandon the cure of hydrophobia as altogether hopeless? or is it not rather our duty to be stimulated to greater exertions by the difficulties which have hitherto surrounded us? The cases detailed by Dr. Pinckard afford no support to the opinion of Dr. Marshall, that the disease depends on turgescence of the vessels of the head, for nothing of this kind was detected in any of the instances before us: but we have no doubt that, in Dr. Marshall's patients, the vessels of the brain were in a turgid state, and exhibited marks of inflammation; for they were affected with delirium, and one of them to a very furious degree. Dr. P., however, appears to have remarked an unnatural dryness of the muscles, and of the substance of the brain, in the bodies of those who died of hydrophobia: while Dr. Marshall, on the other hand, found a watery effusion within the cranium. All writers seem to agree in believing that dissection discovers marks of inflammation about the root of the tongue, and in the pharynx; and this, indeed, is to be expected from the violent spasmodic contractions to which these parts have been subjected during the progress of the disease. Blisters applied to the external throat have proved in no way beneficial. In our present state of ignorance respecting the cure of this disease, we should be glad that some trials were made with the Prussic acid, apparently the most powerful of all sedatives; and that vigorous counter-irritation were excited on the head and along the spinal column. The introduction of fluids into the stomach through the nostril, by means of a gum elastic tube, might be tried, to obviate the dreadful agony which is produced by calling into action the muscles of deglutition.

Hydrophobia seems to consist essentially in a very highly elevated sensibility of the organ of touch, both in the mouth and over the whole cuticular surface: while the other senses appear to be more obtuse than usual. As an exception to the latter part of the remark, it may be stated that, in Dr. Pinckard's second case, we have an instance of violent effects produced on the patient by strong odours. In a disease of a character so purely spasmodic, it is natural to suppose that much depends on the patient's mind, and the terrible anticipations which a suspicion of the real nature of the disease must necessarily awaken: but we have many instances of very young children destroyed by hydrophobia, with exactly the same symptoms that occur in adults. Dr. P.'s third case is that of a child two and a half years old. The average time from the communication of the rabid poison till the appearance of hydrophobic symptoms seems to be about six weeks. In one of the statements before us, the disease appeared 36 days after infection, and in another it was delayed as long as 74 days.

Dr. P. has very luminously pointed out the stages which the disease sometimes exhibits:

'Observing the progress of the symptoms, as they occurred in this case, the disease might be divided, with tolerable accuracy, into several distinct periods or stages, viz.

'1. A sensation of cold and numbness about the wound, and throughout the hand and arm, during two or three days.

'2. A severe pain of the shoulder, with undefined general indisposition, about ten hours.

'3. Horror of liquids, with violent convulsions and distortions, fourteen or fifteen hours.

'4. Comparative tranquillity, with a desire for water, and a dread of currents of air, nearly twelve hours.

'5. An insatiable craving for air and water, between two and three hours.'

Again, in remarks on the fourth case;

'The patient was sensible to the last; and, calmly sinking, as it were, into a tranquil sleep, he expired at a quarter before twelve o'clock on Thursday night.

'The duration of the disease was about fifty-eight hours from the time when the pain of the leg was first perceived. In its course it exhibited several periods or stages, which were marked with tolerable accuracy, and may be briefly stated under the following heads:

'1. Acute pain, extending from the bitten part, about fourteen hours.

'2. A dread of liquids, with extreme nervous sensibility, about thirty-two hours.

'3. Comparative tranquillity, with a diminution of the hydrophobia and excessive susceptibility, twelve hours.'

In the case to which we alluded as falling under our own observation, the same remarkable remission of symptoms occurred nearly twelve hours before death. The fearfulness and agitation, which had previously harassed the patient, were exchanged for a state of great bodily weakness and mental imbecility; and generally, in this disease, death seems to take place from exhaustion. May it therefore be presumed that recovery might be obtained, could we so moderate the previous symptoms as to prevent the exhaustion from rising to an extreme and fatal degree?

We beg to recommend these cases as interesting and accurate histories of a frightful and hitherto incurable malady.

Art. 19. *Remarks on the Treatment of some of the most prevalent varieties of Inflammation of the Eye*, with Cases. By Thomas Whately. 8vo. pp. 132. 3s. Callow.

The intention of the author in this small work is to inculcate the necessity of copious depletion, in inflammatory disease of the membranes of the eye; and to point out the grievous errors, as he considers them, of the eminent oculists of the metropolis, in treating such affections by powerful topical applications. We acknowlege that no class of patients, with the exception of one, has been so much the prey of quacks as persons afflicted with diseases of the eye; and we are sorry to observe that there seems to be something in the very nature of this branch of surgery which, on some occasions, seduces even regularly educated members of the profession into the practice of concealment and deception. Much, however, has of late been accomplished in rescuing this department from such unworthy hands; yet much, we know, still remains to be effected. Would it be believed that an oculist of high reputation is in the habit of disguising the ointment of sub-nitrate of mercury with Prussian blue, in order, we presume, to conceal from common observers the extensive use which he makes of this long known and justly esteemed preparation?

Nothing can be more judicious than the general principles laid down by Mr. Whately for the treatment of acute inflammation of the eye: — viz. general and topical depletion, — purgatives, — spare diet, — and emollient applications to the inflamed part: but in all this we see nothing new. Let him inquire of any military surgeons who served in any of the corps affected with purulent ophthalmia, as far back as 1806 and 1807, and he will learn from them the very great extent to which general blood-letting was then carried, under the able and judicious direction of Mr. Knight, at that time Inspector-General of army-hospitals. It was not necessary for Mr. Whately to publish 87 cases of various inflammations of the eye, to prove a fact already so generally admitted; nor, had he obtained as much experience of the disease as the military surgeons of that day, would he have spoken in such sanguine terms of the certainty of cure by the antiphlogistic and depleting system of treatment. (P. 105.) We agree with him in reprobating the too free use of very strong astringent washes, in purulent ophthalmia; and we could state one case, in which an immediate sloughing of the cornea was produced by an application of this nature: yet it would be unjust to deny that very great benefit rarely, if ever, fails to result from the use of the diluted Bate's wash in this form of the disease. We could not but consider as rather disgusting, and too much akin to quackery, the mode in which Mr. W. himself has described and criticized the practice of certain *eminent* oculists of the metropolis, whom he does not name. As Mr. W. did not see the cases at the moment of treatment, and as he received the account of it only from the disappointed patients, he has in truth no right to speak thus freely of the conduct of his professional brethren; and if he hopes, by such means, to supplant them in the public favor, we cannot flatter him with any prospect of success; for we do not perceive in the work before us any marks of a discriminating knowlege of these diseases. He appears to consider the depleting system as adapted to all species and all stages of ocular inflammation; and to be unmindful, if not unapprized, of the fact that a different mode of treatment is sometimes *required*. In his rules of practice, it seems to be admitted as a principle that whatever gives pain, when applied to the eye, must necessarily prove injurious to that organ: but in ulcer of the cornea, of which he has apparently seen few instances, (and those of the mildest kind,) nothing can be more marked or rapid than the beneficial effects of the solution of nitrate of silver: nor is it in general possible to cure the inflammation attendant on ulcer of the cornea, without topical applications of an active nature. To many of the author's cases we attach no importance: several of them exhibit marks of mere distant recollection: others contain no statement of the result; and some terminate by stating that the patient was nearly well. Those who are familiar with the relapses which occur so frequently in ophthalmic diseases can readily appreciate the value of such cures.

HISTORY.

Art. 20. *History of the Island of Saint Domingo*, from its first Discovery by Columbus to the present Period. 8vo. pp. 446. 12s. Boards. Fenner.

This is a compilation of considerable merit: the style is easy and animated; and such reflections are interspersed as naturally present themselves to a benevolent mind, in contemplating the countless miseries which man inflicts on his fellow-man in the mad pursuit of empire. It may be truly said of St. Domingo that its history is written in blood: for, since the very hour of its discovery, it has been a theatre for the exhibition of a series of the most dreadful dramas, and has scarcely known a cessation from external warfare or intestine convulsion; from invasion, revolt, and massacre. It seems now, however, completely to have freed itself from all danger at subjugation from Europe. The escape of Bonaparte from Elba diverted the French from the last attempt which they were about to make on the accession of Louis XVIII., for recovering the island; and which possibly would not have been contemplated but for the feuds between Christophe and Petion. Since the publication of this volume, a most important alteration in the political features of the island has taken place, and without bloodshed; and, from this change, a very favourable augury may be indulged as to its future security and prosperity.

After the treacherous and diabolical outrage committed on the person and family of Toussaint L'Ouverture by the French General, Le Clerc, the latter assumed the title of General in Chief, and affected to organize a new system of government for the island; while the monster was endeavouring to exterminate the Negroes by unimaginable atrocities, by massacres, drownings, and by blood-hounds employed to hunt them down. The human blood-hound died, however; and from that time French affairs declined. The French troops were blockaded in Cape François by sea and land, were driven through extreme distress to capitulate, and were finally expelled from St. Domingo in 1803. Dessalines was now appointed Governor for life; and his enormous cruelties and perfidy formed a contrast to the forbearance and honour of

Christophe, whose disapprobation of the General's measures was well known, although a regard to his own safety restrained him from any open opposition. We mention this circumstance to shew that Christophe, who had studied in the school of a truly great man, Toussaint, exhibited in the early part of his career a very different character from that which made him the object of universal execration at the close of it. The Imperial title and dignity, which Dessalines assumed, were enjoyed by him for a very short time; for his crimes, and the capricious acts of tyranny in which he indulged, led to a conspiracy against him by his army, when he was arrested at head-quarters, and, in struggling to escape, received a blow which terminated his existence, in October, 1806. Christophe, who had been second in command, immediately assumed the supreme power at Cape François: but he discarded the pompous title of Emperor, and contented himself with the modest designation of Chief of the Government of Hayti. He was born in the island of Granada, and, it is said, was a slave in St. Domingo at the revolution in 1791; was an early friend and faithful adherent of the humane and ill-fated Toussaint; was a man of great bravery and military skill; and his disposition was then considered to be merciful and benevolent. The tranquillity of the country, however, was soon disturbed by the appearance of another candidate for sovereign power, in the person of Petion, a Mulatto General, who had been educated at the Military Academy at Paris, and was known to be a man of letters, mild disposition, and engaging manners: he was the principal engineer among the Blacks, and was deemed very expert in most branches of the military art. He raised his standard at Port-au-Prince with the title of President; and a sanguinary warfare was waged between these chiefs, with various success, for many years. By an act of the Council of State, Christophe received the title of King in 1811, was crowned with great pomp in the *Champ de Mars*, and surrounded with the usual appendages of royalty. Christophe and Petion, whenever a suspension of hostilities occurred, applied themselves to the regular organization of their dominions, and to the education and general improvement of the people; and it is to the honour of both that, when the French evinced designs against their independence, and endeavoured, with a subtleness and insidiousness to which their diplomatic agents are no strangers, to worm themselves into their confidence, these rival chiefs were prompt to lay aside their own warfare, and would certainly have co-operated against the common foe if he had ventured again to pollute their island.

The present history is brought down to the beginning of the year 1818, and closes with a flattering account of the progress of education, and the prospect of its general extension. Schools are established on the Lancaster plan at Cape Henri, Sans Souci, Port Paix, and other places. In those which were instituted by Christophe, the French and English languages are taught; and the King declared his intention to endeavour to bring the English language into general use, in hopes that it might in time supersede the French as the vernacular tongue of the people at large.

After the death of Petion, Boyer was elevated to the presidency at Port-au-Prince, and the character of Christophe appears to have undergone a dreadful deterioration. Like Dessalines, consequently, he fell a victim to the disaffection excited by his own enormities: but he perished by his own hand. Various have been the accounts of the late revolution, scarcely disagreeing in detail, and certainly not in the result. It is not a little remarkable, too, that this bloodless revolution was brought about *by the troops*, precisely like those of recent occurrence in the south of Europe. Fortunately for the independence of the Haytians, they are beyond the reach of the Royal Menagerie, or Holy Alliance, as it is profanely called.

It had long been suspected that Boyer, President of the republican part of St. Domingo, meditated an attack on King Henry; and it appears from a published document that the late Sir Home Popham had endeavoured to effect a reconciliation between the parties. On the 30th of September, 1820, Christophe had put in irons the Colonel of the 8th regiment; whose men, being much attached to him, instantly revolted against Christophe, and took possession of the town of St. Marc. On the 6th of October, about ten o'clock at night, the inhabitants of the Cape were alarmed by the drums beating to arms, and were soon informed that the soldiers had revolted. These troops, and some others at a strong fortress in the vicinity, sent to claim the protection and assistance of Boyer; who is reported to have dispatched immediately a strong detachment of 18,000 men to take possession of these places: but, without waiting for their arrival, the soldiers marched on the following day out of the town, with the Governor of the Cape at their head, joined by a great number of the inhabitants who were provided with arms, and took up a position on the high road to the King's residence. On the Sunday following, they were met by the King's troops, who made little or no resistance, but, after two or three shots, joined the Cape-party. When Christophe found himself abandoned by his troops, he exclaimed, "Then all is finished with me," immediately retired, and shot himself through the heart. The palace of Sans Souci was pillaged of all its plate, money, and jewels: the prisons were thrown open; and it is affirmed that not less than four thousand victims of the tyrant's cruelty were set at liberty, many of them crippled for life by the bastinado. The President, Boyer, published a very temperate and conciliatory manifesto, which has appeared in all the newspapers. He is now the acknowleged chief of the northern as well as the south-western part of the island; and the republican institutions, which were before confined to the latter, are now extended, and in all probability will be established over the whole of Hayti. The only blood shed was that of Christophe by his own hands.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Art. 21. *A Letter to the Farmers and Graziers of Great Britain*, to explain the Advantages of using Salt in the various Branches of Agriculture, and in feeding all Kinds of Farming Stock. By Samuel Parkes, F.L.S. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 88.

Our agriculturists are very much indebted to Mr. Parkes for the information contained in this pamphlet, but we hardly know whether they will be able to avail themselves of it. The profits of farming at the present day will not "purchase salt for a red herring;" how, then, can graziers and farmers buy a quantity sufficient for their live stock, and to spread over a hundred or two hundred acres of their land, when the duty, reduced as it is, yet amounts to the frightful and disheartening sum of five pounds a ton! The use of salt in the Netherlands and in the United Provinces has long been known; in Spain, Portugal, and America, also, its value is much more fully appreciated, indeed, than it is with us. With respect to salt, we are like the sheep and their wool: *sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves.* Thus we are not allowed to use a most valuable article, in which we abound. Even if the farmer had money and courage to speculate in the purchase of a few tons of rock-salt, in order to avoid the higher duties, he must go to an excise officer, the very mention of whose authority is enough to terrify him; — from him he must obtain a certificate that he is an occupier of land, which paper is his authority for the purchase, and that of the seller for the sale, of the commodity; and he is only allowed to share with or transfer it to any neighbouring farmer by a *permit*, furnished to him likewise by this great man in office, the exciseman! The price of salt per ton at the pit's mouth is ten shillings: and the old duty is *thirty pounds!*

The expediency of manuring arable and pasture lands with salt, and of administering it to horses, sheep, oxen, cows, and without exception to all domestic animals as a condiment for their food, and as an efficacious means of preserving them in health and vigour, is the principal object pressed on the consideration of farmers in these pages. It is not for us to enter into detail on the subject. Salt, whether used as a manure or as a condiment, must be applied with judgment: too much will do great mischief; — and it must likewise be well timed in its application. We mention these cautions that farmers may be induced to consult the valuable instructions with which Mr. Parkes has furnished them, at the very moderate expence of two shillings, before they employ an article which, like many others, is a food or a poison according to the quantities in which it is administered. Rock-salt is to be purchased in London and in large towns near the coast at eight guineas a ton; and, when the farmer has had it pulverized, and carted home, it must cost him at least nine pounds. Mr. Parkes says that from 16 to 20 bushels an acre should be sown on *fallow* lands. As a ton contains 40 bushels, this is expending 3l. 12s. to 4l. 10s. *per* acre for manure. Add rent, tythe, labour, poor's rate, &c., and what crop can pay for such an expenditure? Before agriculture can reap its full profit from the use of salt, the entire duty must be taken off: but, if four-fifths only were removed, and it was reduced to one pound a ton, the consumption would probably be ten times what it now is, for many years to come, and the revenue would of course be *benefited* rather than injured by the reduction.

Art. 22. *A Sketch of the Military Life of Richard Augustus Wyvill, late Major of the 3d Veteran Battalion;* with Descriptions of various Parts of the World in which he has been stationed; viz. England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, France, America, the West Indies, and Egypt. 8vo. pp. 590. 14s. Boards. Egerton. 1820.

The following is the author's brief account of the circumstances under which he publishes the present sketch:

'After having been seven years in the command of the third Royal Veteran battalion, stationed in Jersey, and using all the judgment which my long experience in the army had given me, for the benefit of the regiment, charges were preferred against me, by a captain of the battalion; on which I shall make no comment; but briefly state, that after having served as an officer in the army thirty-five years, and spent my health and fortune in the service, I was cashiered for a very venial crime, which the court-martial in their sentence mention that I had intended for the good of the service. The principal charge which was proved against me was, for commuting punishment, in remitting the sentence of regimental courts-martial on soldiers who would subscribe a certain number of days' pay to a fund established in the regiment for a school for the soldiers' children. The sentence of the Court was, that I should be suspended from rank and pay for six months. This sentence did not appear sufficiently severe to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, and the Court was ordered to assemble again and revise their sentence, which ended in my being cashiered.'

We cannot regard it as altogether right to pursue with the strictness of criticism a gentleman who publishes, under such circumstances, a journal which he had kept for his private amusement; who speaks of 'his inexperience in literary publications;' and who adverts to 'the necessity he is reduced to in submitting his private journal to the public for emolument.' We know that discipline is the essence of military strength, and the very soul of an army, and therefore we value it highly as a necessary part of a necessary system: but we cannot refrain from lamenting individual calamity; and we feel our sympathies strongly excited when a soldier, of acknowleged bravery, and the honesty of whose intentions stands unimpeached, falls a sacrifice to indispensable vigour and to principles of general utility. A great variety of circumstances relative to different parts of the world are noted in Major W.'s journal; and though mere *memoranda*, noted in that form for private use, cannot constitute an historical work, or a theme for general acceptation and praise, his volume may amuse the lounger in the barrack-room, the cabin, the country-town, or any other place in which such a person yawns away life, and wishes for some means of killing Time, who is so much more effectually killing him.

Art. 23. *Chefs-d'Œuvre of French Literature;* consisting of interesting Extracts from the Classic French Writers, in Prose and Verse, with Biographical and Critical Remarks on the Authors and their Works. 2 Vols. Vol. I. Prose. Vol. II. Verse. 8vo. 1l. 4s. Boards. Longman and Co. 1820.

This work contains a series of "Elegant Extracts" from the classical writers of the French, adapted for the use of those who are acquiring the language, and who are desirous of finding in a small compass various specimens from the celebrated writers. The first volume gives selections in prose from the writings of D'Aguesseau, D'Alembert, Bailly, Barthélémy, Bayle, Berquin, Bonnet, Bossuet, Boursault, Bruyere, Buffon, Condorcet, Crebillon, Diderot, Duclos, Du Paty, Fenelon, Flechier, Florian, Fontenelle, Frederic, Guibert, Helvetius, La Harpe, Mably, Maintenon, Marmontel, Massillon, Mercier, Montaigne, Montesquieu, Pascal, Patru, Raynal, Rochefoucauld, Rollin, Rousseau, Le Sage, Sevigné, Thomas, Vernet, Vertot, Voltaire. To each series of extract is prefixed a short biographical and critical notice, in English, of the life and writings of the author who furnishes the specimens. The account of M. Berquin may serve as an example:

'Arnaud Berquin was born at Bordeaux, in 1749, of very respectable parents. Having finished his academical studies in his native town, he repaired to Paris, and in 1774 published his "*Idylles*" and "*Pygmalion.*" Two years afterwards his beautiful romances appeared, and established his literary fame. In 1782 and 1783, his "*Ami des Enfans*" was published, and the following year, a continuation of the same work, entitled "*Ami des Adolescens;*" two very interesting works, intended for juvenile readers, consisting of small plays, dialogues, poems, &c. His "*Introduction familière à la Connoissance de la Nature;*" his well-known novel of "*Sandford et Merton,*" and "*Le petit Grandison,*" continued to advance his reputation as an author.

'At the commencement of the French Revolution, Berquin, it is said, came over to England. Upon his return to his native country, he published his "*Bibliothéque des Villages,*" a work chiefly intended for farmers, which also appeared under the following title: "*Feuille villageoise, addressée chaque semaine à tous les villages de la France, pour les instruire des loix, des découvertes, &c. qui intéressent tout citoyen,*" Paris, 1790. His last production was his "*Livre de Famille,*" which appeared in 1791. It is reported, that for some time he was editor of the *Moniteur.* He died in 1791, of a putrid fever, in the 42d year of his age.

'Berquin was of a mild and amiable disposition, and he painted virtue so attractive as to merit unqualified approbation. His works are extremely popular; they are written in a correct and easy style, and are happily adapted for the perusal of youth. Of his poems, mention will be made in our second volume. One of the best editions of his collected works is that entitled "*Œuvres de Berquin, mises en ordre par Louis François Jauffret,*" 22 vols. in 12mo. with numerous plates.'

The second volume is devoted to poetry, and includes extracts from the works of Aubert, Bernard, Bernis, Berquin, Boileau, Boufflers, Campistron, Chamfort, Chapelle, Chaulieu, Colardeau, Corneille, Delille, Deshoulieres, Dorat, Fenelon, Florian, Frederic, Grecourt, Gresset, Imbert, Lafare, Lafontaine, La Harpe, Lainey, Lamotte, Noble, Leonard, Malherbe, Marot, Maynard, Moliere, Moncrif, Nivernois, Panard, Parny, Piron, Quinault, Racan, Racine, Regnier, Richer, Ronsard, Rousseau, Scarron, Sedaine, Segrais, Senecé, Thomas, Valincour, Voltaire, Watelet. The notice of Campistron may afford a sample of the poetic biographies: but it is one of the shortest:

'Louis de Campistron (brother of Jean Galbert Campistron, celebrated for his tragedies,) was born at Toulouse in 1660. He studied divinity, and became one of the order of the Jesuits: but afterwards accompanied the Duke de Vendome in his Italian campaigns. He died in March, 1737, at the College of the Jesuits at Toulouse. By his funeral sermon on the death of Louis XIV., Campistron acquired great reputation as an orator; as a poet he possesses considerable merit. His "*Ode sur le Jugement dernier*" is one of the best lyrical pieces in the French language: his other poems are of less value.'

The extracts themselves are arranged not in alphabetical but chronological order; so that the reader may acquire an idea of the history and progress of the French language, and mark the tendency of certain expressions to decline and disuse. We think that the number of authors included is excessive, as several of them can hardly be said to have left a name, and are not worth following even through a page or two. On the other hand, the quotations given from celebrated writers are not always sufficiently ample to convey a full idea of their characteristic manner. The work, however, displays a tasteful conversancy with French literature, and is well adapted for the library of any young person who is undertaking the acquirement of that fashionable language. One of the writers of merit from whom we observed no selection whatever is Mad. de Staël: but perhaps she was still living when the compiler made his book.

In running from author to author in the order of time, it strikes us that the French language has been greatly enriched and ameliorated in late years. — Some specimens of oratory by the best speakers whom the Revolution has produced, such as Mirabeau, Brissot, Isnard, Lally-Tolendal, and others, would not have been misplaced: in England we never think of compiling a "Speaker," or a set of "Beauties of Literature," without devoting some pages to the display of the forms of parliamentary eloquence.

Art. 24. *The Enjoyments of Youth ;* a Ground-work to the Comforts of Old Age. With Notes and Illustrations. Crown 8vo. pp. 284. 7s. Boards. Whittakers. 1819.

The " *Comforts of Old Age*," by Sir Thomas Bernard, must be considered as the prototype of this book, and we like no work the better for being an imitation of another. Its intention, however, is good, and it lashes with a severe hand the vices and follies of fashionable life: but its style is prosy and dull, and its censure in some instances too rigid to enable us to recommend the perusal of it as one of 'the Enjoyments of Youth.'

CORRESPONDENCE.

O. P. Q. may be assured of our perfect coincidence with him in the views and sentiments which he has expressed, and will accept our acknowlegements for his obliging opinion respecting us. We cannot say more in this place.

We shall furnish *Z.* with an account of the publication of which he speaks, in our next Appendix.

It is indifferent to us whether such a person as *Anti-criticus* be pleased or displeased, laudatory or indignant, at the judgment which we have pronounced on his jejune performance. We hope only that he may live to be wiser.

The APPENDIX to this volume of the Review will be published on the 1st of June, with the Number for *May*.

⁂ We again recommend to the notice of our readers the lately published GENERAL INDEX to the whole of the *New Series* of the Monthly Review, in two large vols. 8vo.; as not only a most convenient but a necessary guide to that (now) extensive portion of our work, and to the *History of Literature* for the period which it includes.

☞ In the last Number, p. 291. l. 22., for 'not,' read *act*.

THE

APPENDIX

TO THE

NINETY-FOURTH VOLUME

OF THE

MONTHLY REVIEW, ENLARGED.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Art. I. *Essai sur la Constitution pratique,* &c.; *i.e.* An Essay on the Practical Constitution and the Parliament of England. By Amadeus R***. 8vo. Paris. 1821. Imported by Treuttel and Würtz. Price 10s. 6d.

It appears that the author of this volume has passed some time as a visitor in England, and has been much offended by several comparisons which have lately been made between the condition of this country and that of France, as well as between the manners and characters of the two nations. We agree with him in thinking that, in some of those comparisons, the theoretical advantages of our constitution have been unfairly contrasted with the actual state of things in France; and that, with an almost entire concealment of our national foibles, the excellences of our national character have been arrayed with much exaggeration against the weak points of the national character of the French. It is very easy to eulogize the Athenians with success at Athens, and therefore the publications containing such partial statements have acquired a considerable degree of popularity among ourselves: but the writer before us, actuated by similar feelings on his own side, wishes to reverse the tables. Though, however, we grant that "fair play is a jewel," and therefore concur with him so far as to disapprove of much that has been written in disparagement of his countrymen, we feel still less disposed *to follow* M. R*** into the other extreme, and to conclude, as he does, that, 'instead of the English being the most prudent, the most religious, the most moral, the least affected, the most happy, and the richest nation in the universe, on the contrary, the Dutch exceed them in prudence, the Germans in religion, in morals, and in frankness, the Spaniards in freedom from affectation, and *the French in real wealth and happiness.*'

In opposition to the speculative conclusions and imposing systems in theory of *Montesquieu* and *De Lolme*, who, it seems, are the authors generally consulted and trusted in France for an account of the English constitution, (in the same manner as they are in England by all persons who trust in words, and would rather study government in their closets than observe the world as it actually passes before their eyes,) M. R*** gives to his countrymen copious extracts, containing assertions of plain matters of fact, from the "Travels of a Foreigner in England," a work generally attributed to Mr. Southey; from the examinations before the House of Commons on Election-Committees; from Mr. Creevy's "Address to the Electors of Great Britain on the Accession of a new Sovereign;" and from other publications in Great Britain which refer to the subject of legislation. To prove that the three estates of the realm are not quite so independent and so unconnected as the theorists imagine, formed of parties each nicely balancing the other, it is urged that the present king, before the decease of his father, was obliged to submit to a compromise with a domineering faction, and to take his crown on terms; — that therefore the crown is not the party whose real strength has been increased by the changes, whatever they may have been, of the last half century; — that, so far from the House of Lords forming an unequivocal check on the other two states, ministers may always ensure a majority there by new creations, and that, in point of fact, during the late reign, the members of that House were more than doubled by such new creations; — that, instead of the House of Commons being quite a separate body, *actually* representing different portions of the commonalty through the realm, 487 out of the 658 members composing that House, whatever they may do *constructively*, do not in fact represent the people, 18 being directly returned to that House by government, 171 by the influence of about 120 individual commoners, and 298 directly or indirectly by the influence of about 150 peers; — and that, of the remaining members, who are considered as freely returned by their constituents, all are not said to have obtained their seats by the *honest* and unbought suffrages of the electors. He then *dwells at* considerable length on the w [illegible] ish legislation

tion is conducted in this kingdom, and begs our countrymen, before they boast of their civil rights and liberties, to recollect the frequent suspensions of the *Habeas Corpus* act; as also particularly to bear in mind the six bills passed in the month of December, 1819, by which certainly the houses of Englishmen were not rendered more impregnable castles than they had previously been, nor was the freedom of the press very explicitly ensured or enlarged.

Such is the statement made out by M. R*** of the present actual state of the British constitution; and he alleges these matters on the authority of different works, some of which have been in considerable circulation: setting forth dates and names, and particularizing transactions as to boroughs which we cannot but deem nefarious, and referring also to proceedings in the House of Commons, in which such transactions have appeared to receive the sanction of that assembly. The works quoted have not, to our knowlege, yet met with any direct contradiction or confutation; nor has the House of Commons, as far as we are aware, by any subsequent proceeding, disclaimed or reprehended the accounts of its former measures. We wish most heartily, however, that facts so alleged were disproved; and we know not any thing that would give us more sincere pleasure as well-wishers to our country, than that the publication before us should be sifted by some competent person, and shewn to be a libel in the particulars which we have enumerated, by a direct and explicit disproval of the several facts there charged and collected together against us.

Our readers may now judge of the nature of the view which M. R*** takes of the actual constitution of this country. He says that he arranged the observations without any intention of publication, but that some late strictures on France have roused him to come forwards as an author; and he prefixes to his book a translation of an article in one of the periodical journals, which he considers as particularly unjust and partial. As from the nature of his design the greatest part of M. R***'s work consists of extracts from English authors, translated into French, we should but little gratify our readers by repeating details on the principal subject, which they may have already perused in those authors themselves; and we prefer to give some extracts from a chapter on the subject of the eloquence of our speakers in parliament. The characters of Lord Holland and of Lord Castlereagh we will quote at length, because, with due allowance for one or two *gallimatias*, or gallicisms of thought, they appear to us remarkably just, and seem to have been written under the direct *impressions* received by the author as a spectator and auditor.

We

We subjoin also a part of his remarks on Mr. Canning; because, though we think that he does not give that right honourable joker due credit for the elegance of his pleasantries, we entirely agree with him as to the insignificance of such talents to constitute true eloquence, and believe that his remarks on the necessity of sincerity and strong feeling to form an impassioned speaker deserve some consideration in the Pittite school of tropes and declamation.

Speaking of Lord Holland, the author observes:

'I must confess that this noble peer attracted my particular attention in some of the sittings of the Upper House, at which I was present. His countenance struck me as being open and full of dignity: but, as to the sincerity and disinterestedness of his principles, independently of the consideration that I am no proper judge, it would be extremely presumptuous to express any suspicion on that head with regard to the only Whig of whom it is alleged the British senate has reason to be proud. I shall confine myself merely to the consideration of his manners in Parliament. Notwithstanding his dignified figure, Lord Holland has a smile expressive of great archness and intelligence: he speaks with much earnestness; and, if I may be allowed the expression, with a kind of contagious ardour and zeal: but he is too quickly roused; and, when once excited, he seems borne down, overwhelmed, and almost suffocated by his feelings. Then his voice, which at other times is strong, solemn, and particularly agreeable, becomes abrupt and broken, his words can scarcely find utterance, and he repeats them with a sort of interrupted stammering. With all these faults, I love to listen to him: but he has one which I cannot pass over. In the midst of the most grave subjects of discussion, and of the most vehement apostrophes, he too often gives way to the strange and unseasonable whim of introducing a joke; and his hearers are sometimes quite surprized to find a mere playful anecdote dragged in among reflections of a serious or even a tender cast. This incongruity may in fact arise from the peculiar rapidity of his mind, and from the excursiveness of genius: but it leads a stranger to imagine that the noble Lord has been taking a lesson from some actor of a melodrame.'

Of Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning, M. R*** thus expresses himself:

'The most eloquent orator on the ministerial bench is Lord Castlereagh; he is in a manner the leader of the band, — shall I term it, or troop, or company? No: lest we be misunderstood, let us say, of a well-disciplined army, which is *excited* and *raised* at the same time by the soft tones of his voice. None of the ministerial partisans can resist his powerful logic: it carries conviction into their minds, and trouble into their souls. I say this, and I say so without laughing.

'Great captains in general pronounce only short harangues: *but this* noble Lord, who would not be an imitator, delights in *making long* discourses: it is true that he interlards them with a very small number of rather familiar ideas: but these words, the symbols or phantoms of his thoughts, acquire a supernatural extent, so that the expression and the thing expressed have the same relative proportion, which may sometimes be observed by moonlight, between a little statue in a garden and its enormous shadow, extending itself to 15 or 20 feet. Lord Castlereagh has no imagination, no energy of thought, no ardour of language; he is merely heavy and prolix in his obscure efforts and repetitions. It may be said that he conceives an idea in ten points of view at a time, and he wishes to make them all known together, or present them in *one front;* he appears to be overwhelmed by them, and to endeavor to disentangle himself as quickly as possible; but, in his unlucky attempts, he hesitates, advances, retires, and again pursues them. At last he seems stuck fast; — no such thing; — he stops short on a sentence, repeats once, twice, or thrice, the last part, or the last word of it; then, his memory having thus taken breath, he laboriously achieves his painful career, but never without occasioning in the minds of his auditors an almost insupportable degree of fatigue. *He has once or twice made me suffer almost as much for his labour as for my own weariness in listening to him.* However, throughout the discourse of this minister, we may distinguish something like good sense, and even a semblance of honesty: it is truly grievous that it is not possible for him better to *unravel* these two qualities, which are as noble as they are rare: but perhaps this would be to expect too much from a diplomatist. I ought, however, to say in his praise, (for I confess that his Lordship has inspired me with some compassion,) that his manners are gentle, modest, conciliating, and full of urbanity; he readily laughs at a joke, but seldom indulges in one himself, having the good sense to feel that this weapon is not necessary to him, and that in his situation it would shew neither wisdom nor generosity to make use of it; when his foes are prostrate, why should he wish to trample on them? Still he once happened, and at a sitting when I was present, to address with intentional warmth the Whigs in general, and Mr. Tierney in particular. The latter was sensibly piqued, and in his reply taxed with "*extraordinary impetuosity*" the language of "the turbulent gentleman" who had just attacked him. These expressions, as applied to Lord Castlereagh, excited great bursts of laughter; and I confess that I thought they were merited. A skilful minister, sure of a majority in Parliament, ought never to exasperate a vanquished opposition, nor make them feel that he can govern without them: he ought to be aware that, if there were no oppositionists, it would be his interest to create and to pay some, rather than to carry measures without the semblance of scrutiny.

'With regard to Mr. Canning, I ought to begin by confessing that, after having heard him several times, I conceived the most violent *aversion* to him; — I do not mean *hatred*. People had boasted to me much of his eloquence; and perhaps they forced on me an exaggerated idea of him, which, when I came to be undeceived, contributed greatly to aggravate my dislike. This dislike is founded on two reasons; the first, which I must call the *political immorality* of Mr. Canning, made an impression on me most particularly in a debate in which, on account of the infamous institution of public lotteries and the fatal consequences which they have on the lower orders, (consequences of which one of the members had just drawn a frightful picture,) this minister was not ashamed to make a jest of them, and audaciously to turn the whole description into ridicule. When an orator and a statesman cannot discover better means of supporting a detestable cause, he appears to me to be unworthy both of his reputation and his place. If it unfortunately happens that a minister thinks that he is obliged to continue a tax prejudicial to the morals of the country, he ought never to speak of it without deploring the sad necessity: if he fails to do this, he wants both proper tact and proper feeling.—The second cause of my aversion for Mr. Canning arises from a fault which is very disagreeable in any man, but more peculiarly in a public speaker: I mean the presumptuous and almost arrogant air by which the inordinate vanity of some men leads them to wish to impose on their auditors. It is a bad expedient:—men in general are not pleased when the gentle, rational, and sensible ways of persuading them of the truth are disdained; and eloquence is perhaps even more the art of affecting than of convincing. It is not sufficient for an orator to have a store of antitheses, or metaphors, or any other figures of speech; they will never render a man eloquent, or enable him to touch the hearts or captivate the understandings of others; he must first have a soul, and be endowed with sensibility himself:—but, when a man who is destitute of feeling and not gifted with any extraordinary understanding expects that people should confide in his mere assurance, he must necessarily find his audience not always so well satisfied as himself; they guard themselves against the arrogance of this proceeding; they become more difficult to convince and to affect: self-love is on the watch, and renders them more alive to suspicion. Before they submit their own judgment to that of the speaker who attacks them with so much presumption and confidence, they wish to be perfectly convinced that he is right; and if, in consequence of this internal struggle, they remain insensible to his attacks, it may be concluded that his assault is unskilful, or that his arguments are weak, unjust, and misplaced. Mr. Canning acts in such a manner that he seems not to solicit conviction, but insolently to require it. His voice is pompous and sonorous, his tone is high, and his manner imperious; appearing to announce that he does not expect to be resisted or contradicted. He carries this fault so far as to unite with it gesture and menace: he cannot complete a sentence without striking the air with his two hands, or with his closed fist; and it has been said to be his wish to knock down the free-will of his hearers. From the moment when he rises until he is seated, he gesticulates to excess, sticks his hands on his sides like a market-woman, turns himself round, and then abruptly swings back again, advances, recedes, and storms. At first we may ask the meaning of all these strange actions; we then become

come astonished, then irritated, and finally amused by them. We fancy that we are listening to a man full of eloquence, but too soon discover that he is merely a dogmatical declaimer, inflated with pride,' &c.

The author then proceeds to tell a diverting story of his having heard Sir Francis Burdett. He had been up two nights before, and was so exhausted that, as soon as he took his seat in the gallery of the House of Commons, he fell into a profound sleep, from which he was awakened by Sir Francis's voice; and, although he was prepared to expect much sweetness and delicacy of tone, and that the words would drop from the Baronet's lips softer and sweeter than honey, the first sounds so disturbed and distracted his sensorium that he could not recover the tranquillity of his nerves, or discover any thing in the tone that could give the slightest pleasure: so that, while he was assured that the most delightful sounds came trickling into his ears, they only grated and jarred in horrible dissonance throughout his sleepless frame. M. R*** was present, too, at the Westminster-election, and doubtless his French readers will be much amused with his account of that scene of disorder and tumult. Once the mob cried out loudly that all hats should be pulled off; and M. R***, after having stated in the text that he waited till all around him had uncovered their heads, and then followed their example to prevent an useless altercation with the boisterous crowd, takes care to subjoin a note by way of apology and explanation to the Parisians and his brother-officers, (for he is a military man,) recapitulating all the circumstances, and arguing that he was justified in so doing on the ground of expediency.

On the whole, this author is a man of shrewdness and sagacity. He has looked about with much observation while he was in this country; and, by means of such observation and of a diligent scrutiny into what has been said by our own writers, he has discovered "the nakedness of the land:" using the privilege of a stranger to pry into all those infirmities in our constitution which Burke advised us as dutiful children to cover with our cloaks, or to refrain from noticing by turning away our eyes to the other side. We have adverted particularly to the topics of his censure, which all of us must wish to see confuted; though some perhaps will sink under the conviction expressed by the poet, and exclaim,

> —— "*pudet hæc opprobria nobis*
> *Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.*"

Every true Englishman, however, must desire that such evils, if they exist, may be removed by some temperate but effectual means. It is but a recent occurrence for the English to be upbraided by any foreigners for their want of liberty, or for the restraints imposed on their press. Hume most unjustly endeavours to prove that, before the time of the Stuarts, this "happy isle" had no higher claims to freedom than any of the subjects of continental tyranny: but we are quite clear that our country can draw out a better authenticated pedigree for a limited monarchy, and a well regulated freedom, than any other in Europe; and we should be sorry, indeed, if, having the most antient title, its privileges should be the first to wane.

It is our duty, before we close this article, to make a remark on two or three serious mistakes committed by the author. In one place, he expresses an opinion that our peers are exempt from the principal taxes. This notion is entirely French; and we need scarcely observe to English readers that our peers have not and never had any such exemption. — In another passage, he asserts that 'the principle of the Revolution in 1688 was nothing else in reality but religious zeal and animosity, and that the greatest number of those who were then roused to action do not seem to have had for their principal object the establishment of well regulated civil liberty.' The worthies who brought about that Revolution were wiser men than M. R*** apprehends; and perhaps, when he studies the character of Lord Somers, he may find occasion to alter the opinion which he now hazards. — In a third place, (p. 80.) he observes that the first instance of the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* act was in the reign of George the Second: but it had in fact been previously suspended six times; twice in the reign of William and Mary, once in that of King William, once by Queen Anne, and twice under George the First.

ART. II. *Constantine and Eugene; or an Evening at Mount Vernon: a Political Dialogue, by Junius Secundus.* 12mo. pp. 252. Printed at Brussels.

A WIDE scope of political discussion is taken in this curious and entertaining little volume. The generality of the author's opinions are of a much more democratic cast than any which we ourselves entertain, or approve: but he shews us that they have not been taken up by him without inquiry or reflection; and we have read his work with much higher interest and pleasure than we expected from the appearance of so petty a volume, sent forth under an assumed title.

The writer's foible is a lurking fondness for singularity; which, though it may be a frequent accompaniment of genius, is never an indication of superior good sense, or of a sound and masculine understanding.

The dialogue is supposed to be held at Mount Vernon, in Virginia, formerly the seat of the great WASHINGTON, between Eugene and Constantine, two friends; of whom the latter, a political schemer, details the plan of a perfect commonwealth, and then its several provisions are discussed between them *seriatim*.

He vests the chief magistracy in an elective consul, whose office is septennial. He would have a permanent and hereditary senate of nobles, and a senate of representatives elected every four years: each senate to chuse its own president; and the consul and the two presidents to have the power jointly of giving new patents of nobility. He would also provide an ecclesiastical establishment, founded on the religious doctrines of the majority of the community, with gradations of rank; its primate to be elected by certain ecclesiastical dignitaries, and to have a seat among the nobles: the expences of this establishment to be paid out of the public exchequer.— These are the most prominent features of the imaginary constitution of Eunesos, founded by Constantine; and many of the obvious objections to it are anticipated and plausibly answered in the dialogue. It is admitted that the limits of the Greek republics were too contracted to form any precedent for the establishment of an elective chief magistrate in an extended empire: but Rome and Venice, which are adduced as proofs that large dominions are not incompatible with such a system, are in fact the strongest instances of the contrary; and their history abundantly shews that a large state, so constituted, will either fall under the predominance of some aspiring faction at home, or be stripped of its dependencies, and reduced to a humble sphere by its languid and ineffectual operations abroad. The United States of America have hitherto had particular circumstances in their favour, but they have not yet stood the test of time. To prevent the aristocracy from gaining an undue ascendancy, Constantine would have a law that no noble or commoner should be intitled to possess lands in the republic of Eunesos, the annual rental of which exceeded the sum of 10,000l.: but he would throw no obstacles in the way of the unlimited increase of funded property, which is generally acquired by labour, and the labourer being worthy of his reward. This regulation might, indeed, check a permanent body from gaining overwhelming influence by means of permanent possessions, but it would rather give facility than interpose an obstacle to the usurpation of an individual: for a Clodius or a Catiline would find property in the funds as useful as lands, and in some respects more available for the purposes of ambition. Considering this regulation as prospective, and applied to a new colony, we merely argue against its impolicy and inefficacy, and treat it as a chimerical speculation: but it assumes a very different aspect in the sequel of the dialogue, when Constantine is suddenly transformed from the founder of a new state into the *reformer* of an old one. We extract the passage at length.

'*Eugene.* How would you dispose of the lands in the possession of individuals above your proposed limitation?

'*Constantine.* Commissioners should be appointed to parcel them out to the veteran soldiers, sailors, and distressed manufacturers, as was provided at Rome by the *Leges Apuleiæ et Semproniæ*, care being taken to bestow them on deserving individuals. I perceive this makes you stare, Eugene; and I know I have Montesquieu against me; I have his words somewhere in my pocket-book; here they are: "*Posons donc pour maxime, que lorsqu'il s'agit du bien public, le bien public n'est jamais que l'on prive un particulier de son bien, ou même que l'on retranche la moindre partie por une loi, ou un réglement politique.*" The general principle of the maxim ought, I grant, to be held sacred; circumstances however may exist, which would demand its infraction: for instance, supposing there existed an island in which, A.D. 1300, the feudal system was predominant, that the population at that period was 4,000,000, and that a baron had by his military prowess subjected a considerable extent of land to his authority, which through a long succession of heirs had been transmitted to his descendant, actually in possession of the same domain in 1810: that at that period the population was nearly four times what it was in 1300, that the genius of the people was wholly different, that owing to the great increase of population, or other causes, inordinate distress was felt, will any body tell me that the descendant of the baron stands in the same situation with respect to his country that his ancestor did in 1300; or that he can be justified in possessing those lands to the same monopolizing amount which his ancestor obtained by his superior dexterity in wielding the sword, or promoting commotions among his countrymen, plunged at that period in a state of barbarism? But Rome holds out a beacon which may serve us as a sure guide. It was the inordinate wealth of Pompey, Cæsar, and Crassus, which caused the downfall of the Republic. Had a law been in force similar to what I propose, there probably would have been no Pharsalia, no Philippi, no Actium; or at least the results of the two first battles would have been on the right side.'

Eugene complaisantly replies, 'The problem is difficult to solve. Equity, however, is on your side.' In this shape of retrospective operation, we cannot conceive a more mischievous or monstrous proposition. What argument can be urged for dismembering estates exceeding the annual value of 10,000l., which will not equally justify us in cutting off the superfluity beyond 5000l., or 500l.? At least, what argument can be satisfactory to those who have not 500l.? What check can there be, when the fences of property are broken down, on the other 'deserving individuals' for whom the commissioners may not have provided; or on those for whom the commissioners may have provided, but whom they may not have satisfied? The comforts of these new cantonments will soon be reported abroad; and where so much good has been done by one distribution, what may not be expected from a partition on a grander scale? The sweets of property dropped on men, they know not how, on account of the merit of their poverty, will create in them and their neighbours a ceaseless craving for a succession of such God-sends. — The primary duty of a legislator is to advance the happiness of a community by promoting their industry; and the greatest encouragement that can be given to industry is the security of property. If in any country, from the constitution of the state or from antient customs, the property is very unequally divided, the only rational way of counteracting this evil is by giving a free course to industry; removing all restrictions and monopolies in trade; and allowing the diligent, the steady, and the enterprizing, to force their way to wealth and power by means of manufactures and commerce. The stirring and economical habits of the mercantile body will soon produce a sufficient counteraction, when placed in the scale against the indolence, the luxury, and the dissipation of the feudal. Industry is the grand secret of nature, the true *vis medicatrix* of the security of the common-weal; and the security of property must be a fundamental law in true policy. Every violation of it, therefore, and all arbitrary confiscations, however plausible the pretexts may be, tend to obstruct that course of things which they aim to produce; — instead of raising the deserving to opulence, they unsettle the common notions of justice and of rights, impair the certainty of possession and succession, paralyze exertion, and hazard those convulsions of state which eventually render honesty and worth a victim to rapine.

Constantine defends the quadrennial election of his senate of representatives, and urges (we apprehend, with justice,) that some time is requisite for giving the members a familiarity with the routine of business; while an annual election would 'obviate in the most effectual manner the acquisition of experience in the lower chamber, so essential for the well-being of a triform state.' We think that annual election, in any large state, would render the authority of the representatives of the people in transactions of state, and their weight in the commonwealth, much less important than elections for a longer duration; and, though in form the constitution might seem more popular, the real influence of the people would be less.

Great difficulties occur in every plan that can be suggested for the support of the clergy: but nothing can exceed the mischiefs of the dissension and litigation produced by tithes. If we make the clergy dependent on their respective congregations, we incur the danger of common fanaticism from some tempers, and of too great versatility and accommodation of doctrines in subserviency to interest from others: but no plan, perhaps, would be attended with more serious inconveniences than that which Constantine adopts, viz. vesting the appointment of the principal clergy in the crown, and making their stipends depend on the funds.

We have said thus much, and need perhaps say no more, for the substantial merits of this work: — as to the manner of it, the writer evinces much peculiarity and much ostentation. In page 48., line 6., a mere diagram is termed a theorem, and, two pages afterward, an epicycloidal theorem: though Constantine justly observes that it has not been geometrically proved. In page 152., line 8., the words *twelve persons* would have served the reader for a jury, instead of twelve letters of the alphabet, one after the other. At page 135. we are told that in the Gospel we may sometimes find bishops mentioned, but nowhere archbishops. By the same argument, we may find from *some* English Bibles that Adam and Eve wore breeches, and from *all* that the high road belonged to the king in the time of Moses. Nothing, however, has molested us so much in the reading as the author's puns. He recommends mourning on the death of the consul during his consulate, as tending not only to cement hearts but to bring the dyers into activity; observing that 'one dying promotes another dying;' — and in a supposed address to an invading pope, page 145., we find this passage: 'In spite of the sanctity of your temples, we will inflict on your temples temporal cuts with temporal weapons properly tempered for the occasion.' The following is a specimen of the luxuriance of the author's imagination when left to itself:

> 'Behold both chambers completely handcuffed, and with chains nine times round them, twisted by the hand of the constitution herself. The hovering vulture of the approaching consulate may indeed be busy at their livers; but like Prometheus on

the Caucasean rocks, they are unable to stir hand or foot. — See the bait suspended over the new river. — Fry of all descriptions surround it. — Look at that slippery eel, fit for nothing but the frying-pan, what longing eyes he turns towards it. — That big-bellied *helluo* of a salmon springs at it in vain; he must bring down his fat to recover his elasticity, before he can make a successful leap. — Observe that dare with blackish spots, how repeatedly he jumps at it in vain. — What, nibbling minnow! wilt thou out-dare the dare? — Comes an antiquated barbel, hardly able to work his weedy way, but yet the old dotard darts at the bait — you are not the fish I want. — Here is a perch proud of his red coat; no, no, I'll have no fry of such glaring colour. — Look at that carp with small head, but *spatium admirabile* behind, how he flounders about the bait. — Here is a voracious pike, the tyrant of the stream — Dart at it again — Now you have it — Not yet — As often as you make a spring, so often will the line be twitched from you. — But what have we in that clear water? This is a very rare *genus;* it was formerly known in Europe, but is now so uncommon, that it may be said to be extinct; it is called a *Windum,* and is of excellent flavour. I must not treat this fish like the others, by balking him with the bait, for if I do, he will spurn it with indignation, but that is the very reason why I want to catch him — All I have to do is, to lay the bait quietly among those weeds, and then perhaps he may engorge it, as if it were a may-fly — He makes a gentle spring, and I have hooked the fish I want.'

This passage, which we take to be a compliment to the memory of Mr. Windham, is a proof at once of the author's turn for punning and of his turn for paradox: — but even these puns are better than his description of boxing, and 'young sweating devils' dispossessed 'by the fist,' in p. 165.; or the levity and grossness which occur in p. 146. about David. — We have been the more particular in noticing these puerilities and improprieties, because the work in other respects has its attractions, and deserves considerable commendation. It seems to be the production of a man who, though no mathematician, has stored his mind with some learning; and who, though he has neither judgment nor taste, has more than an ordinary stock of vivacity and genius. He is an enthusiast in honour of liberty and of literature; and we think that he is equally whimsical in his mode of promoting both the one and the other: for in p. 102. we find that the literati and artists in Eunesos are to have cards of invitation every week or ten days to the consul's table, and in p. 157. they are to be made Knights of the White Cross. On the whole, we may recommend this Dialogue to the leisure moments of any readers who have a political turn, as affording a large fund either of instruction or diversion in a very small compass.

Art. III. *Nouvelles Lettres de Mademoiselle De l'Espinasse, &c.;* i.e. New Letters of Mademoiselle De l'Espinasse; with a Character of M. *de Mora*, and other unpublished Pieces of the same Author. 8vo. Paris. 1820. Imported by Treuttel and Würtz. Price 8s.

From the title of this volume, as well as from the reputation of its author during a part of the dynasty of elegance which distinguished the profligacy of France from that of other countries, some amusement, some secret refinements in the art of passing time agreeably, and some anecdotes and insight into a strange state of society now passed, might reasonably be expected. Women of gallantry are to be found every where; and their adventures, if they could be told without a blush by the heroines themselves, would occasionally excite a smile, and in all cases claim from us our pity. The divine Aretino, as he is rather grotesquely styled, closed a libertine life in a fit of laughter occasioned by the recital of the gallantries of his sisters, related by themselves. Yet they had not the advantage of graduating in the school of the veteran Madame *du Deffant*, or of attending to the lectures of *D'Alembert*, or, in a word, of living in that hot-bed of abomination which has suddenly obtained such favor even with English loyalty, the old French *régime*: — a state of things which supposed every woman of rank, from the consort of the monarch to the wife of the "*fermier général*," to be a prostitute. This is no unjust severity; either prostitution among the great of Paris was universal, or all the memoirs of the past day are false. The lower orders, it is true, were less tainted by the vices of their rulers, and generally exercised in their stead only those which are the certain results of indigence and bondage; they were cringing; and of course, when the occasion presented itself, they were fierce. The vices of lubricity without restraint were added by their superiors to cruelty and meanness; and a more worthless order of men or state of things was perhaps never yet seen, than that of the old French noblesse and the old French *régime*, for whose interests and restoration so much has been risked, and so many countries have been sacrificed.

Still, bad as the state of morals was in Paris before the Revolution, the memoirs of the day possess a playfulness and a grace in their obliquity which amuse and detain the reader; and, as all Paris rang with the name of Mlle. De l'Espinasse, and accorded to her *salon*, influenced by the graces and genius of its fair president, the preference over all other resorts of elegant licentiousness, we were intitled to look in *this volume* for a more than usual share of entertainment: —

we had a right to expect the fruits of so many edifying conversations with the chosen of wits, philosophers, and poets,— men of the state, of the gown, and of the sword. Conversation, considered as a science, existed but in France; and, however select may be the individuals who are united in society elsewhere, the power of conversing with ease, fluency, and that happy interest which pursues a subject only as far as it is agreeable, and never pushes an advantage beyond the point of pleasure to the opponent;—in a word, that never-failing gaiety and kindness of manner, and possibly of heart, which distinguished the table-talkers of Paris, remains perfectly unrivalled. Moreover, Mlle. DE L'ELPINASSE is described by *Grimm* and others as a complete adept in this occult and difficult science.

"All the world agrees," said the Baron, "that if the name of M. *D'Alembert*, with whom Mlle. DE L'ESPINASSE lived for many years, attracted this society at first, SHE alone had the art to fix it.— All that envy and malignity have suggested against this lady has failed to destroy the character which she has left of her wit. No person ever was more qualified for society; she possessed, in the most eminent degree, the difficult and precious art of setting off the talent of others, and of interesting and putting it into play without the slightest appearance of effort or constraint; she had the gift of uniting the most different departments of wit, without appearing to give herself the least trouble; and from a word adroitly insinuated, she kept up the conversation, and varied it at will. Every thing appeared within her reach, every thing seemed pleasing to herself, and she had the art of recommending every thing to others. Politics, religion, philosophy, tales, novels, nothing was excluded from her conversations; and, thanks to her talents, the most trifling anecdote found in them all the attention which it deserved. In her *salon*, every novelty of the day was picked up in its freshness: general conversation never languished; and, without exacting too much, her visitors could converse apart whenever so disposed: but the genius of Mlle. DE L'ESPINASSE pervaded every thing; and it might be said that the charm of some invisible power brought back incessantly every individual to one common centre."

This account is borne out by *Marmontel*, by *La Harpe*, and by the noble and ignoble literati of the day; and it is happy for her fame that the dullness of her writings is counterbalanced by such testimonies to her merits from the members of a learned and refined society. What enemy, however, to the name which has been graced by so many eulogies, has been rancorous enough to publish this volume? We have in London but too many women who resemble Mlle. DE L'ESPINASSE in ethics, though they are without her advantages in society, and are decidedly her inferiors in talents "*vivá voce:*" yet out of that number we will venture to assert that hundreds might be found who, though long ago dead to shame from any other cause, would blush to be esteemed the authors of so much unmeaning rayless nonsense as may be found in this one volume. — So astonishing is the subdivision of talent, that even those two arts which should seem one and the same, viz. writing and speaking well, appear from more than one instance to be by no means natural sequences to each other; and when Mr. Fox, who exceeded all his illustrious competitors in unaffected eloquence, complained that the pen cramped and incommoded him, we perfectly comprehend the feeling that dictated the remark. This lady, however, — the miracle of the saloon, — the *μεγα ϑαυμα* of easy and licentious societies, — she who held the reins of conversation within her hands so expertly as to permit or to curb pleasantry with a taste from which there was no appeal, — this astonishing individual, this sayer of spiritualities, this prompter of them in others, — appears to be so palsied by the pen that she cannot string three tolerable sentences together.

The history of this unfortunate lady is short and shocking. She was the natural daughter of Madame *D'Albon*: but, having been disowned by her mother, she felt all the indignity of this treatment; and, from some of those fortuitous chances which were usual under the profligate old system, when few of the great could feel any confidence on the subject of their real parentage, she obtained the name that was destined for a few years to be celebrated for the misfortunes of the bearer. The lessons of *D'Alembert*, who was born under a similar cloud, failed, however, to reconcile her to this blot: her nerves were sensible in the highest degree; and, while her heart was as inflammable as that of Sappho, the irritability of her temperament inflicted on her all the pain which can result from improper indulgence in passions that are for ever persuading and leading to error. Mad. *du Deffant*, the old admirer and correspondent of Horace Walpole, was afflicted with blindness; and in this helpless state she took under her care, as companion and assistant in attracting and marshalling her chosen society, the heroine of these letters: but her bad temper, increased by growing infirmities, and exasperated by the attentions which she perceived to be transferred from herself to her more amiable *shade*, — and more especially the assiduities of *D'Alembert*, — induced Mlle. De l'Espinasse to break her chains, and become the *friend* or the *mistress* of that philosopher. In leaving her *protectress*, she triumphantly bore off with her the ornaments of the *salon* over which she presided. Her new protector was well known to be too poor to support the expences of entering into company, small as were the means requisite for such an arrangement; and it was found after her death that her income, which was very slender, depended on the life of a lady who had taken an interest in her fortunes.

The heroine and idol of her society, and adored by her friend and lover *D'Alembert*, she seems to have passed an easy voluptuous life for three years after her departure from the house of Madame *Du Deffant*; when, unfortunately for her and for some other Parisian sensibilities like her own, the appearance of a young Spaniard named *Mora* disconcerted all her projects, and plunged her into a new war of the passions. After eight years, during which this amour is erroneously said to have lasted, it brought her eventually, yet young and brilliant in wit, though faded in personal charms, to her miserable end. Of this Spaniard, who is described as perfectly irresistible, honourable mention is made in *Grimm*'s correspondence. Scarcely had their mutual sentiments been explained, when it was found that they were intended for each other from the beginning of things: — but, as it usually happens, the weaker sex, in these cases, was in this instance also the loser. The lover, who had once been married, and who at London, Petersburgh, and Paris, not to mention Madrid, had played the part of an accomplished libertine by profession, was compelled to join his regiment; and we are not surprized to find that, in so doing, he met with other ladies equally disposed to kindness. A correspondence, however, was kept up between them; and we remember to have read in *Grimm* that the person selected to bring M. *Mora*'s letters from the post was no other than the discarded *D'Alembert*. After a considerable absence, M. *Mora* set out on his return to Paris, in ill health, on purpose to avow his infidelity to Mlle. DE L'ESPINASSE; and his death, which happened at Bordeaux, occurred in time to prevent the lady from confessing an infidelity on her side. Her passion for M. *De Guibert*, another of the "*aimables roués*" of the debauched old court, became the torment of her remaining hours. She frequently conversed with him, says the *simple* and *artless* publisher of these letters, *on the subject of M. de Mora*; from whom she received frequent accounts, and whom she reproached herself with having sacrificed to a rival but little sensible to the value of her preference. The President *Hénault*, it is said, was desirous of marrying her, at the galant age of seventy. In April, 1776, this unhappy woman finished a life of suffering, and left an additional example to her sex of the danger of listening with credulity to the declarations of lovers, or of trusting their happiness to any other keeping than that of self-respect.

We lay before our readers one extract from this volume, the best that we can find.

'M. *De Mora* is naturally but little susceptible of any passions, and therefore we must not be surprized if he is an utter stranger to the tenderest and liveliest of them all. So far is he from being a slave to this weakness himself, that he cannot even believe its existence in others. He is a judge only of what pertains to the senses, and all beyond them he considers as so many fictions. He sets no value on sensibility, esteeming it only as an effect of self-love; and, under this point of view, he feels more offended than flattered by having inspired it. He has never been in love, but has enjoyed an infinite number of ephemeral predilections, which have imparted their momentary pleasures without reaching his heart. In one word, he is a stranger to the sweets and the bitters of that passion, but is dangerously gifted with all the arts and graces which induce it in others. His conduct might inflict on a female the utmost uneasiness, but she would be wrong to complain of it: for he is the last man in the world who would designedly make another unhappy. He is possessed neither of sensibility nor tenderness, but this indifference proceeds not from choice, it is the niggardliness of nature. He never conceals the truth, however severe it may be to her who loves him; and, should she cease to please him, he is desirous to let her know and feel it. To be the object of love, as long as his senses make it desirable, is his humour: but, when they are once satisfied, fondness annoys him, and he must reduce the sentiments which he has inspired to the temperature of his altered and satiated feelings. In a word, he is determined to be his own master, and will not condescend to reflect whether the happiness or honour of the female whom he has seduced is compromised by his coldness. The levity, I may say the harshness, with which M. *De Mora* treats women, results from the little value which he sets on them; and he cannot easily disguise this contempt from the eyes of the unfortunate whose affections he is labouring to engage.

'Let me add,' continues Mlle. DE L'ESPINASSE, 'one trait which will complete our acquaintance with M. *De Mora*. He has read the above portrait of himself without emotion. He pardons my ill opinion of his heart in favour of the high opinion which I entertain for his talent; he is consoled for the want of sensibility by the consciousness that he is beloved; and he has goodness and indulgence enough not to be offended with me, for having penetra ed a secret which his confidence and the interest created by my friendship have revealed to my eye and my heart.'

Art. IV. *Dictionnaire Historique et Biographique*, &c.; *i. e.* An Historical and Biographical Dictionary of French Generals, from the Eleventh Century to the Year 1820. By the Chevalier de Courcelles, Editor of a new Edition of the "Art of Verifying Dates," &c. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 488. Paris. 1820. Imported by Treuttel and Würtz. Price 10s. 6d.

The memory of heroes, says the author in his preface, has always formed among mankind the object of an universal worship, which time has not impaired. Under the shade of their immortal laurels, the laws are seated; agriculture, commerce, and the arts flourish; and those institutions are reared, which perpetuate the glory and the happiness of nations. Well may the lyre resound, the canvass glow, or the marble and the bronze soften, to eternalize the remembrance of their noble toils. Among the antients, triumphal spectacles and crowns of laurel consecrated great actions; among ourselves, orders of knighthood, and grades of rank personal or hereditary, are become the rewards of valour. Such recompenses, whether real or moral, are well adapted to keep alive that personal and national honour, that fire of spirit and of patriotism, which has created so many prodigies, and the extinction of which is a sure forerunner of the decay of nations.

The writer then proceeds to complain that, with the tribute of admiration which we are disposed to bestow on those who make exertions and sacrifices in the public cause, is frequently mingled the regret of perceiving that celebrity is not proportioned to individual merit; that history must allot a space to her notices, measured rather by the importance of an event, or a victory, than by the exertions of the agents concerned; and that exalted virtues are often lost to fame, for want of being employed about the imposing features of the scene. Against this injustice, personal biography offers the most satisfactory remedy; and characters, not so grouped as to be conveniently displayed in the annals of nations, may thus be painted in all their individual perfection, and preserved for perpetual models. History, like a bonfire, celebrates some splendid incident, and convenes a crowd to gaze, but mostly burns in vain: while biography, like a street-lamp, lights each successive passenger through the paths of human life. Military merit is peculiarly liable to be overlooked when displayed in subordinate enterprizes, and is in this respect less fortunate than literary merit.

M. de Courcelles has therefore determined to consecrate a separate biographical dictionary to the military excellence of the French. Something of this kind was begun by M. Pinard;

Pinard; who, in a series of eight quarto volumes, which appeared between 1770 and 1778, under the title *Chronologie Militaire*, gave a succinct chronological view of the various marshals, constables, commandants, generals, brigadiers, and chevaliers, of whom he could collect notices. His records commenced with the year 1534, in which a new organization was given to the French army, and new titles of rank were introduced; and it would have been continued to the peace of 1783, if the author had lived to complete his plan. As he was a clerk in the office of the Minister at War, he had access to all the registers and archives of the government: but his work displays antiquarian industry more than military criticism, and a certain value for titular rank rather than for professional excellence. It being also calculated on a comprehensive plan, the portion assigned to each individual life is narrow, and is filled up with dry outlines, unaccompanied by those details which enliven narration and characterize a personage. The Chevalier DE COURCELLES, on the contrary, proposes to use afresh the valuable compilations of *Pinard*, but to enlarge them with additional anecdotes; and he extends his researches back to the year 1000, so that all the military merit which has illustrated the French monarchy comes within his scope. The cotemporary lives, which it has been necessary to collect, have mostly been obtained from brother-officers, assisted by information derived from the widows, children, and relations of the deceased; and, in some instances, notices are preserved of living individuals, which they have been willing to assist in furnishing. Several literary men, who are conversant with history, and especially with the documents which concern our own times, have been called in as co-operators: but the direction of the whole undertaking, — the choice of names for admission or rejection, — in short, the compilement of the articles, — is submitted to the judgment of the Chevalier, who is the responsible editor, though not the only labourer. His liberality is apparently superior to party-prejudice, and his military criticism adequate to the appreciation of difficult manœuvres.

This first volume, which is honourable to his superintendence, contains the letter A. entire, and nearly half of the letter B.: so that about fifteen volumes may be expected before the work is complete. This extent may be welcome in France, where every family will be pleased to seek the names of its military heroes: but it is clearly excessive for foreign use. Here, we are anxious to read only the lives of those who have attained European celebrity, or have been mingled in conflicts of our own; for, in associating the memory of an enemy with the scenes and persons which we knew, interest gives to it a value analogous to that of affection.

We will extract, as a specimen, the life of an officer who fought much in this country:

' *Robert de Baviere*, Prince-palatine of the Rhine, and Colonel-general of the English in the service of France, was born 17th December, 1619, attended the Prince of Orange in 1632 to the siege of Rhinberg, and obtained in 1637 a regiment of German cavalry. Employed in 1638 under his brother Charles Louis, who had joined the Swedes, he served at the siege of Lemgo, and fought on the 11th October at Alstein against Count Hassfeld, who gained the victory. Prince Robert* was made prisoner on this occasion, and sent to Vienna, where he passed three years, but was exchanged in 1641. He then went over to England, and attached himself to his uncle Charles I., whom he accompanied to the House of Commons on the 4th of January, 1642. Intrusted with the command of the King's army against the parliamentarians, and decorated with the order of the Garter, he marched to Worcester, raised the siege which had been undertaken by *Fiennes*, and intercepted his succours. At Edge-hill he commanded the right wing of the cavalry, and on the 2d of November defeated the left wing of the parliamentarians, pursued it to Keinton, and nearly cut it to pieces. Banbury submitted immediately afterward. In 1643, at the head of 4000 men, he took Cirencester, made 1400 prisoners, and seized the military stores. He attacked Gloucester unsuccessfully, levied contributions in Wales, forced Lichfield and Birmingham to surrender, and joined Prince Maurice his brother in the attack on Bristol, which succeeded on the third day. A second attempt on Gloucester was made in concert with the King, but was impeded by Essex; whom, however, Prince Robert pursued and harassed, and whose rear-guard he defeated at Hungerford. At Newbury, on the 29th of September, he engaged the parliamentary cavalry, and was at first obliged to give way, but rallied his troops, and routed the enemy. In January, 1644, he was created Duke of Cumberland and Holderness, and was sent to the relief of Newark, of which he forced Meldrum to raise the siege. He marched next to the assistance of York, which was besieged by the Duke of Manchester, took possession of Longford and Stopford in his way, and reached it on the 1st of July. Having obliged the parliamentarians to retire, he attacked them on the 12th at Marston-moor, but was compelled to fall back into Lancashire; after which York surrendered to the parliament-forces. In May, 1645, he delivered Chester, took Leicester by storm, and made 1200 prisoners. At Naseby, 24th June, he fought with his customary valour: but, having defeated three battalions of the enemy, he pursued them too far, and on his return found the King without infantry, without baggage, and obliged to fly towards

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* Known among us by the name of Prince Rupert.

Oxford. Prince Robert attempted the defence of Bristol, but after three weeks was forced to evacuate it, and return to the King at Oxford. Fairfax, the parliamentary-general, having taken Exeter on the 23d of April, 1646, induced the King to quit Oxford, and to throw himself into the hands of the Scotch, who sold his person for 200,000l. to the parliamentarians. This event compelled the Prince-palatine to quit England, and to pass into France, with certain other refugees, over whom he was created Colonel-general by a commission dated 13th December. Promoted to the rank of *maréchal-de-camp*, he was authorized to levy a regiment of emigrant English infantry; which was employed, under the *Maréchal de Gassion*, in the succour of Landrecies, in the taking of Bassec, 19th July, in the defeat of 800 horse under the Duke of Lorraine, and in the siege and taking of Lens, 2d October. In 1648, Prince Robert joined in Holland his cousin the Prince of Wales, afterward Charles II. Some loyal sea-captains having offered to attempt the deliverance of Colchester, the two Princes went on board, but were driven back into the Dutch ports by the English squadron. Prince Robert was nominated Admiral of the royal fleet, and took some prizes: but this warfare did not continue. He rejoined the Prince of Wales in France, when his regiment was incorporated in that of Rokeby. After the Restoration, he joined King Charles II. in England, was made a privy-councillor in 1662, resumed in 1664 a command in the English fleet, and intercepted a Dutch convoy from Smyrna. He fought on the 13th of June, 1665, under the orders of the Duke of York, against the Dutch fleet, and blew up the Admiral's ship. Created Vice-admiral of England, he assisted the Duke of Albemarle in 1666 in several naval engagements. In 1673 he was named Admiral, and commanded the English fleet which, in concert with the French squadron under Count *D'Estrées*, fought the Dutch fleets on the 7th and 14th of June and 21st of August. On all these occasions, Prince Robert displayed perfect intrepidity. They were his last efforts, for he was not afterward called out on active service, but died on the 29th of November, 1682. (See *Depôt de la Guerre, Manuscrits Le Tellier, tom. vii., Vie du Prince Robert, Moreri, Mémoires du Pere d'Avrigny, Annales du Temps.*)'

This quotation will suffice to give an idea of the execution of a work which must be valuable to the historian, and convenient to military men. Perhaps, however, it may undesirably assist to foster and revive in France that periodical spirit of warfare, which, whenever the interior population of the country grows redundant, forces the sovereign for the time being to attempt extensions of territory.—The article *Eugene de Beauharnois* announces the real favourite of the nation.

Art. V. *L'Essai sur l'Homme, de Pope, traduit en vers Français,* &c.; *i. e.* Pope's "Essay on Man," translated into French Verse by James Delille, with the English Text, Notes, and various Readings; and the "Universal Prayer," translated into French Verse by M. *De Lally-Tolendal.* (Forming Vol. XVII. of the Works of M. Delille.) 12mo. Paris. 1821. Imported by Treuttel and Würtz. Price 5s.

We congratulate the admirers of French literature on this accession to its treasures, although that language previously possessed two translations in prose, and three in verse, of Pope's "Essay on Man;" and of the three in verse that of *Du Resnel* in 1740, and that of M. *De Fontanes* in 1783, are universally acknowleged to be works of considerable merit. The present translation was executed about the year 1765, and was frequently revised and retouched by M. Delille during his life: but it seems as if his fastidiousness had been so great, that he could never make up his mind to consider the performance as complete. At the distance of nine years after his death, it is now published as one of two volumes of his posthumous works. The second, which consists of some essays in prose, and short poetical pieces, we hope to have it in our power to notice at an early opportunity: but at present we confine our attention to the valuable translation of Pope's justly celebrated composition.

Our partiality to Pope as a poet is well known to be very great; though we do not deem it necessary to go so far as a noble and extravagant partizan of him in the present day, who is paradoxical enough to advance it as a question whether Pope may not dispute precedency with Milton and Shakspeare. In pathos and sublimity, we must admit Pope's deficiency. His "Eloisa to Abelard," and "Lines on the Death of an unfortunate Lady," are the only occasions on which much of impassioned feeling is exhibited; and it is supposed that his intensity in both those cases may be traced to circumstances of a personal and peculiar nature. As to the sublime, his nature seemed to shrink from any bold and adventurous range of thought; and, excepting some few passages in the "Essay on Man," which bear the stamp of one who, to a less sound judgment, united an imagination much more daring and much mightier than that of Pope, we may look in vain through his works for any indications of that magic power of genius which, at the very moment when it enlarges the comprehension of the reader and stimulates all his faculties to their highest action, can electrify and appall his soul. This dominion, which is the genuine fascination of superior intellect, Pope was unable to exercise. So, again, to all those wild sallies of invention in which the mind luxuriates in worlds of its own creation, and far from "the stir of this dim spot" revels in the "sky-robes" of poetry, where all the elements of nature and art are wrought afresh into the wildest and most fantastic shapes, Pope was entirely a stranger; except so far as he adopted and accommodated to his own purpose such materials when provided by others. In the descriptive poems of his youth, as much as in the miscellaneous productions of his more advanced age, every thing is earthly, every thing *unromantic.* His real excellence lay in exquisite moral tact; — in a nice perception of the lights and shades of character; — in that wit, of the finest cast, which enlists politeness in the aid of virtue, which has caught and contrasted inconsistencies before the culprit was aware of them himself, and which has exposed guilt and folly without startling suspicion. To this adroitness Pope joined great elegance of diction, a conciseness and felicity of expression almost peculiar to himself, (which it is proved that he acquired by unremitted pains and correction,) and singular ease of versification. The whole mock conduct of "The Rape of the Lock" and of "The Dunciad," with the numerous parodies introduced in them, is executed in the happiest manner. If we were required to mention Pope's *chefs d'œuvre*, we should rather be disposed to select his Imitations of Horace, with the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, and the two dialogues commonly called the Epilogue to the Satires. The Imitations have all the ease and gracefulness of the original, and are perhaps the finest specimens of urbane and courtly satire which our language contains.

We have been the more minute in these remarks on the character of Pope as a poet, because in describing the author we have at the same time described his present translator. The resemblance between them in the nature of their talents and merits has indeed often struck us, and we have sometimes adverted to it in the notices which we have given of the Abbé DELILLE's former publications.* The early period in the French poet's life, at which the present translation was composed, evinces that the resemblance in manner which we observed in his other works was not casual, but the result of an habitual admiration of Pope's style, and of a continued and studious imitation. Good sense and elegance characterize every thing which the Abbé wrote; and he felt none of those glorious but dangerous impulses of genius, which elevate an author at once to the pinnacle of grandeur, or wreck him in the whirlpool of extravagance. All that he effected was accomplished by diligent and steady cultivation of his powers, by minute observation of life and nature, and by unwearied revision and refinement of his thoughts and expressions; until he could at length produce to the world important or agreeable truths, reflected by lucid images, and expressed with great propriety and terseness of diction.

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* See in particular our review of DELILLE's "*L'Homme des Champs,*" M.R. vol. xxxiii. N.S. p. 470. For our notice of the "*Trois Regnes de la Nature,*" see M.R. vol. lviii. p. 517., and lix. p. 464.; and of the "*Conversation, Poëme,*" vol. lxix. p. 499.

The particular excellence of the present translation consists in giving the precise matter of the original, in a manner more close and nervous than we had supposed the French language to be capable of exhibiting. It would be an endless and perhaps after all an unsatisfactory task to attempt to institute a detailed comparison of this with the preceding translations, because it would be difficult, if not impossible, to extract passages from each that were fairly characteristic of the whole performance. The following instance, however, from Delille's translation, in which he thus renders the remarkable lines on Newton,

> " Superior beings, when of late they saw
> A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
> Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
> And shewed a Newton as we shew an ape,"

> ' *Lorsque les immortels voyaient du haut des airs*
> *Newton développer les lois de l'univers,*
> *Surpris de son audace, ils concevaient à peine*
> *Un esprit plus qu' humain sous une forme humaine,*
> *Et se montraient cet homme étonnant à leurs yeux,*
> *Comme nous nous montrons un singe ingénieux,*'

is a fair specimen of the fidelity and the spirit of the work before us; and while we contrast it with the corresponding lines from *Du Resnel*, we feel ourselves bound to observe that the whole translation of the latter does not contain four other lines equally deficient in strength, fidelity, and correctness:

> " *Des célestes esprits, la vive intelligence*
> *Regarde avec pitié notre faible science.*
> *Newton, le grand Newton, que nous admirons tous,*
> *Est peut être pour eux ce qu'un singe est pour nous.*"

Considering the diffuseness of the French language, we were much surprized to find those admirable lines of Pope, in which he describes the Supreme Being [illegible] ading all nature, rendered with such closeness as [illegible] ling passage:

‘ All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul;
That chang'd through all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth as in th' ethereal frame.
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent;
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.’

‘ *Que parles-tu toujours de ta frêle existence?*
Vois l'univers en grand : il forme un tout immense ;
Son corps c'est la nature, et son ame c'est Dieu,
Dieu partout différent, et le même en tout lieu ;
Infini dans les cieux, infini sur la terre,
Il brille dans l'éclair, parle dans le tonnerre ;
Il luit dans le soleil, refraîchit dans les vents,
Échauffe dans l'été, fleurit dans le printemps,
Remplit tout l'univers sans occuper de place,
Produit sans qu'il s'épuise, agit sans qu'il se lasse ;
Sans jamais s'appauvrir, il verse ses trésors ;
Il inspire mon ame, organise mon corps.
Aussi grand dans un ver qu'en son plus noble ouvrage,
Dans l'instinct de l'enfant que dans l'esprit du sage,
Dans les faibles mortels de maux environnés,
Que dans les esprits purs de splendeur couronnés,
Dans le moindre cheveu que dans l'ame elle-même.
Anéanti devant sa majesté suprême,
Nul n'est faible ni fort, nul n'est grand ni petit ;
Il joint tout, remplit tout, tout en lui s'engloutit :
Telle de l'océan l'immensité profonde,
D'un fleuve ou d'un ruisseau ne distingue point l'onde.’

The fourth epistle is by much the most spirited portion of the Essay itself; and M. DELILLE has been fortunately carried away in many passages with a corresponding ardour, above the usual flow of his composition. We think that our readers will be pleased to read his version of Pope's observations on greatness, and on fame: but we forbear to extract the original for the purpose of comparison, because it must be sufficiently familiar and accessible to the reader:

‘ *Et la grandeur, dis-moi, qui l'obtient en partage?*
Un conquérant rapide, un politique sage.
Qu'est-ce qu'un conquérant? un bandit meurtrier,
Qui se fait l'ennemi de l'univers entier :
Qui, sans avoir de but, sans retourner la tête,
Court, noble extravagant, de conquête en conquête :

Du brigand de Stokholm, à celui de Pella,
Tels sont tous ces héros, devant qui tout trembla.
Qu'est-ce qu'un politique? un fourbe sans scrupule,
Qui, tentant des humains l'imprudence crédule,
Cherche à les attirer dans des piéges trompeurs,
Fort par notre faiblesse, et grand par nos erreurs.
Eh quoi? l'art de tromper, l'art affreux de détruire,
Au véritable honneur ont-ils droit de conduire?
Non: ces fourbes d'Etat, ces conquérans fougeux,
Ne sont que des fripons, que des fous plus fameux:
Qui sait pour un but noble agir avec noblesse,
Etre heureux sans orgueil, malheureux sans faiblesse,
Sourire dans l'exil, les fers, ou la prison,
Soit qu'il règne en Titus, ou qu'il meure en Caton;
Celui-là seul est grand: le reste est le vulgaire.
‘ *La renommée aussi, qu'est-elle? une chimère*
Qui condamne un mortel à vivre hors de lui,
Et le fait respirer par le souffle d'autrui:
C'est d'un fantôme vain la fausse perspective;
C'est le lointain écho d'une voix fugitive,
Qui méme avant la mort nous échappe souvent,
Et dont on n'a jamais que le peu qu'on entend.
Mylord, à ton insu, lorsqu'on vante un grand homme,
Qu'on cite Bolingbroke, ou l'orateur de Rome,
Que t'importe, dis-moi? D'un bien qu'on croit si doux
Le peu que nous sentons naît et meurt près de nous
Dans un cercle borné d'amis ou d'adversaires.
A l'égard de la foule, et des voix étrangères,
Un Eugene, un César, un Français, un Romain,
L'un sur le Rubicon, et l'autre sur le Rhin,
Celui qu'on admira, celui que l'on admire,
Homère qui n'est plus, Voltaire qui respire,
Sont tous également, pour tous ces vains discours,
Une cendre insensible, et des fantômes sourds.
Le bel-esprit armé de sa plume légère,
Le guerrier décoré du sceptre militaire,
Que sont-ils l'un et l'autre aux yeux du Créateur?
Un frivole jouet, un fléau destructeur.
Mais l'honnête homme, ô ciel! est ton chef-d'œuvre auguste.
Que peut la renommée en faveur de l'injuste?
Hélas! sauver son nom de la foule des morts;
Mais comme la justice en distingue son corps,
Tous deux devaient périr dans une nuit profonde,
Et tous deux au grand jour empoisonnent le monde.
La gloire sans mérite est aussi sans douceur:
Elle porte à la tête, et ne va pas au cœur.
Crois-moi: le calme heureux d'une ame irréprochable,
Vaut bien tout le fracas d'une gloire coupable.
Marcellus en exil éprouve un sort plus doux,
Que César, entouré d'un sénat à genoux.’

Perhaps the subsequent passage is the only one in which M. DELILLE has taken a greater liberty than can be admitted in a professed translation; though we admire the lines much, and respect the feeling which made him desirous of commemorating the death of the young Duke *de Cossé Brissac*, who fell in 1757 in the battle of Rosback at the head of his regiment, and between whose family and M. DELILLE a particular intimacy had subsisted. If the work, moreover, had been throughout an imitation merely, nothing could have been better conceived than the introduction of this compliment by the Abbé to the memory of a deceased friend of his own: — but, in a professed translation, such licences confound all time and space, and fill a reader's mind with inextricable perplexity. At least, we speak according to the impression made on ourselves; and we shall now extract both the original and the translation:

> 'Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
> Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!
> Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
> Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
> But fools the good alone unhappy call,
> For ills or accidents that chance to all.
> See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!
> See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust!
> See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife!
> Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?
> Say, was it virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
> Lamented Digby! sunk thee to the grave?
> Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,
> Why, full of days and honour, lives the sire?
> Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
> When nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?
> Or why so long (in life if long can be)
> Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me?'

> '*Insensés, qui, séduits par une erreur honteuse,*
> *Croyez le vice heureux, la vertu malheureuse,*
> *Combien vous vous trompez! que vous connaissez peu*
> *Le système du monde et les desseins de Dieu!*
> *Celui qui sait le mieux connaître ce système,*
> *Seul juge du bonheur, seul est heureux lui-même.*
> *Quelle erreur de penser que, pour quelques revers,*
> *Par l'aveugle hasard semés dans l'univers,*
> *Que nul ne peut prevoir, et que tous doivent craindre,*
> *Plus que d'autres mortels le juste soit à plaindre.*
> *Vois d'un coup foudroyant Turenne terrassé;*
> *Vois l'immortel Bayard dans son sang renversé.*
> *D'où vient qu'à ces héros la lumière est ravie?*
> *Est-ce trop de vertu? C'est mépris de la vie.*

> *Et toi, brave Cossé, jeune et brillante fleur,*
> *Que du sort des combats moisonna la fureur,*
> *Est-ce pour ta vertu qu'une épouse adorée*
> *Pleure encore aujourd'hui ta mort prématurée?*
> *Ah! si par sa valeur le fils est immolé,*
> *Pourquoi, surchargé d'ans, at d'horreurs accablé,*
> *Le père jouit-il de l'amour de la France?*
> *Quand l'air souffle la mort aux champs de la Provence,*
> *D'où vient qu'un saint prélat, de mourants entouré,*
> *Semble respirer seul un air plus épuré?*
> *Pourquoi ma mère enfin, ma vertueuse mère,*
> *Prolongeant le bonheur d'un fils qui la révère,*
> *Voit-elle si long-temps, pour prix de ses secours,*
> *Les malheureux et moi bénir ses heureux jours?*'

The translation, in another part, of "all the blood of all the Howards," '*tout le sang des Talbot,*' may throw an Englishman's recollection back to the days of Henry V. and Henry VI., and make him smile at perceiving that those times are not even yet forgotten in France, in which the name of Talbot served there for a sword. We could have wished, too, that the name of Bolingbroke had been used instead of Mylord, '*reveille toi, Mylord!*' and so in other places, where, to an English ear at least, *Mylord* has a sound somewhat ludicrous. The occurrence, too, of *peut-être* at the end of a line, as thus,

> ' *Ainsi l'homme ici bas pour lui seul semble naître;*
> *Mais pour un autre monde il travaille, peut-être,*'

is somewhat objectionable: but this may be an English prejudice, and to the ear of a foreigner the line may sound very compact and full. We are happy, however, to say that, in spite of many such petty faults, if faults they be, the translation before us abounds with passages which in nerve and elegance may be placed in competition with the original. It gives us, we acknowlege, a higher opinion of the power of the French language than we before entertained; and we think that M. Delille, in fixing his attention on the "Essay on Man," very happily selected a task in all respects so well suited to his abilities, and so calculated to display his forte, that he has accomplished it with entire and absolute success.

M. *De Lally-Tolendal's* version of the "Universal Prayer" deserves to accompany M. Delille's labours, by its closeness and general merit. We present it to our readers:

> ' *Père de tout! — O toi qui précédas les âges,*
> *Que, sous des noms divers, en tout temps, en tout lieu,*
> *Ont adoré les saints, les barbares, les sages,*
> *Jéhovah! Jupiter, ou Dieu!*

'Grande et première cause, et la plus inconnue,
Qui, ne me révélant qu'une faible clarté,
As voulu seulement découvrir à ma vue
Mon ignorance et ta bonté !

'Par toi je puis, du moins, dans cette nuit obscure,
Voir le bien et le mal, choisir en liberté ;
Aux arrêts du destin enchaînant la nature,
Tu m'as laissé ma volonté.

'Que cet instinct sacré, qu'on nomme conscience,
Soit mon frein le plus fort, mon guide le plus cher.
Fais-moi priser le ciel moins que mon innocence,
Fuir le péché plus que l'enfer.

'Libre dans tous les dons que ta bonté dispense,
Fais que par mon orgueil ils ne soient point trahis.
Du bonheur des humains Dieu fit sa récompense ;
Enjouissant je t'obéis.

'Mais à ce cercle étroit de la terre où nous sommes,
Garde-moi de borner tant de bienfaits divers.
Et de ne voir en toi que le seigneur des hommes,
Quand tu créas mille univers.

'Defends à cette main, faible autant qu'ignorante,
De prétendre lancer tes redoutables traits,
D'allumer de l'enfer la flamme dévorante,
Et d'oser marquer qui tu hais.

'Si de la vérité j'ai pu suivre la trace,
Fais-moi, dans ses sentiers, marcher jusqu'à la fin.
Si je m'égare, ô Dieu, qu'un rayon de ta grace
Me ramène au meilleur chemin.

'Quoique m'ait refusé ta sagesse infinie,
Ou quels que soient les dons que m'ait faits ta faveur,
Daigne d'un fol orgueil ou d'un murmure impie
Sauver ma raison et mon cœur.

'Que la douleur d'autrui devienne ma souffrance,
Que j'oublie à l'instant la faute que je voi,
Et sur tous mes pareils étendant l'indulgence,
Que je l'obtienne aussi de toi.

'Je suis peu devant toi : mais je suis ton ouvrage.
Ton souffle m'anima ; tu peux soigner mon sort.
Ah ! conduis-moi partout ou mène ce passage,
A travers la vie et la mort.

'Du pain et du repos ; c'est assez sur la terre.
Parmi tes autres dons tu sais bien mieux que moi
Ce qui m'est dangéreux, ce qui m'est salutaire :
Que ta volonté soit ma loi.

'Ton temple, c'est l'espace, ô Puissance infini !
Tes autels sont le ciel, et la terre, et les mers.
Que toute la nature à tes pieds s'humilie ;
Reçois l'encens de l'univers.'

Art. VI. *Mémoires des Négotiations du Marquis de Valori, &c.; i. e.* Memoirs of the Negotiations of the Marquis *de Valori*, Ambassador of France to the Court of Berlin; accompanied by a Collection of Letters from *Frederick the Great*, the Princes his Brothers, *Voltaire*, and other illustrious Persons of the 18th Century: preceded by a Biographical Account of the Author. By Count H. de Valori. 2 Vols. 8vo. Paris. 1820. Imported by Treuttel and Würtz. Price 18s.

We learn from this publication that *Guy Louis Henry de Valori* was born at Menin, on the 12th of October, 1692. At the age of sixteen he entered on military service with his father, who was a lieutenant-general in the French army, and under his auspices distinguished himself at Landau, at Oudenarde, at Douay, and at Denair, and speedily obtained a regiment: but, when peace terminated all immediate prospect of advancement, he undertook the study of diplomacy, and was sent to Berlin by Cardinal *Fleury* in July, 1739. Frederic-William was then reigning, but was succeeded in 1740 by Frederic II. The war, which this king undertook against the Empress Maria-Theresa, gave occasion to various secret negotiations, in which more duplicity than skill was displayed by most of the parties concerned, and which terminated in the peace of Dresden signed in December, 1745. For the part taken in these discussions by M. *de Valori*, he was created a Marquis; and he was farther employed in 1747, at Dresden, to negotiate the marriage of the then Dauphin with the Princess Maria-Josepha. In 1748 he acquired the rank of lieutenant-general, and then solicited the liberty of returning to France, which was conceded to him in 1750; during which year he fulfilled a mission to the Elector of Hanover. He had much attached the leading persons of the different courts at which he had sojourned, and was visited at Paris by many foreigners of the highest distinction during the five years of his stay: but he was again employed abroad for a short time in 1756, without success. The villa of the Marquis was situated at Etampes, for which place he obtained an exemption from the land-tax. He had the misfortune to bury his only son: but three daughters survived him. He died in 1774, at the advanced age of 82.

Such is a short outline of the substance of the preliminary biography. The book itself consists of the Marquis's own relation of his several interviews and negotiations with the official characters of the time, interspersed with many delicate observations on the manners and characters of the individuals and nations under survey; and, although the detail is principally valuable to the historian as unveiling the secret causes of many enigmatic decisions, yet it offers something of the entertainment of a tour, in the vivacity with which it depicts places and persons. Great frankness characterizes the writing, and indeed it is on this account that it has remained so long in manuscript; the court of France not wishing that its secret intelligence should ever transpire during the lives of the persons concerned in it.

After having painted the coarse military despotism of Frederic-William, the author describes the accession of his son, the celebrated Frederic:

> 'This prince felt, or feigned to feel, for the loss of his father a lively grief, and made studied speeches to the officers and ministers, well suited to the circumstance. This beginning pleased every body, and awoke for him throughout Europe the dawn of a reputation above that of any of his predecessors: after which his book of reflections on Machiavel made people think that justice, prudence, and mildness, would be the rule of his actions, and it was deemed blasphemy to question his generosity. All his subjects believed their condition to be ameliorated by his accession: from having lived slaves, the nation fancied that it was become free; and the first explosions of this fancied liberty had in them something so extravagant as almost to excite risibility. Officers, who had never before walked without thick-soled boots, put on silk stockings and pumps, and marched on the Berlin pavement as if they were treading on thorns.'

Although Frederic II. eventually acquired that self-possession during danger which is essential to military conduct, yet, when he first placed himself at the head of his troops, he had not seen real service, and was more daunted than it became him to be in the presence of an enemy. His first action is thus related:

> 'The Austrians entered Silesia by Zugmentel, and passed the river at Neiss, intending to march straight on Ohlau, to seize the magazines of the King of Prussia, and to oblige him to an extreme course. This monarch, they thought, would thus be cut off from his own country, and unable to subsist in Upper Silesia; where he had alienated the inhabitants by harshnesses peculiar to him, and admirably seconded by the rapacity of his troops. The town of Brieg being in the hands of the enemy, it was an object to march without delay to the Neiss, to forestall the Austrians, and to arrive before them at Ohlau in order to cover the magazines. The King accordingly broke up his quarters, and passed the Niess at Lieben; when, the enemy continuing to advance towards Ohlau, he had no alternative but to fight them. Marshal *Schwerin* pointed out this measure to the King, who perceived the expediency of it, and who in some degree attacked them by surprize. He had adopted the general maxim not to engage at once both

wings of his army; and, by the disposition which he was now obliged to make, the left wing was nearest to the enemy; while the right wing could be brought in front of them only by wheeling a quarter of a circle, which movement was effected slowly, on account of the length and thinness of the line. The King of Prussia took care of the right wing, and charged *Schwerin* with the left, which he intended to be the first engaged. The right wing, however, was more in the rear than was necessary to make a line in face of the enemy, an inconvenience resulting from having too soon formed in battle-array: for, as I have understood, if he had briskly marched in column fourteen or fifteen hundred steps farther before he formed, he would have prevented the enemy from completing this operation, and would have surprized them in the confusion of it.

'The Austrians, in order to derange the precautions of the King of Prussia, moved a body of cavalry from their right to their left wing, vigorously attacked the Prussian right, broke it, and, through a vacancy which existed in the centre of the infantry, a squadron penetrated to the second line, but was not supported. At this moment the King of Prussia fancied that all was lost, and went to the left where *Schwerin* was; who tried to encourage him, and said that in half an hour, by advancing his left wing against the enemy, he hoped to repair the mischief. The King quitted him without saying a word, but with consternation painted on his countenance, and went to speak to Prince *Leopold* of Anhalt, who commanded the second line; and who, yet more frightened than the monarch, advised the King to provide for his personal safety. He did so, and took the road towards the Neiss, in order to gain Oppelen, to pass the Oder, and return to his own dominions on the right bank of that river; intending to join his other army, which was not far from the frontiers of Saxony, under the command of the old Prince of Anhalt.

'When the King presented himself at Oppelen, some Austrian hussars stationed there replied to the order for opening the gates by volleys of musket-shot. Two remarks are here very obvious: the first, that, if the King's enemies in Oppelen had been sharp-sighted people, they might have taken him by letting him enter; and the other, that, if the passage of the Oder had not been occupied, the King would have crossed the river, and travelled to Krossen, without hearing any farther news of his army.

'*Schwerin*, who took the exclusive command on the retreat of the King, re-established the order of the right wing, and by the firmness of his infantry compelled the enemy to make use of the night to retire precipitately.

'The King of Prussia, unable to enter Oppelen and to pass onwards, came back by night, under the cannon of Brieg, with the view of gaining Breslaw. When he stopped at Lieven to take coffee, which a valet always carried in readiness, I am assured that he paced backwards and forwards in his room, lamenting aloud; and that in his distress he had recourse to God, whose providence over things of this world he had affected to question, crying out, "My God, this is too much: do not punish me so severely."

> 'During these moments of anguish, an officer sent by Marshal *Schwerin* came to announce the retreat of the enemy, and the victory of the Prussians: when the monarch's prayers were immediately forgotten, and gave place to boasting and contemptuous language. He rejoined his army, while *Schwerin*, though wounded, was making preparations to follow the enemy, whose defeat might thus have been rendered complete: but Prince *Leopold* deemed this measure needless; and so did the King. On the next day he encamped his army near the field of battle, and again occupied round Brieg the posts which he had abandoned.
>
> 'All the danger which he encountered in this affair, added to his loss of men and horses, filled him with alarming presagès of the future; and he offered peace to the Queen of Hungary on terms not very advantageous for himself, considering how high his pretensions had risen. Such was the event of the battle of Molwitz, the first important military action of the King of Prussia and the Prussian troops. Their success was wholly due to the firmness and courage of Field-marshal *Schwerin*, who shewed the judgment of an experienced General in his view of the real situation of the enemy: but the King never forgave the superiority displayed by him on this occasion.'

Many other criticisms, somewhat severe, are passed on the military talents of Frederic II., as at p. 133. and p. 198.: but we cannot follow this acute and well-informed author through all the historical details which he furnishes. He will contribute in some degree to remove that varnished mask of flattery, which the literary talents of Frederic and of his companions have contrived to place over his bust; and indeed no foibles of this monarch appear to have escaped the notice of the French ambassador. Speaking of the King of Prussia's attachment for *Algarotti*, he says, "*Ce prince dormait sur son épaule.*" *Algarotti*, it is added, had previously been the favourite of Cardinal *Quirini*. Numberless corrections of Frederic's own Memoirs occur in the course of these interesting pages.

A second part of this narrative, beginning at p. 262., opens with a character of the King of Prussia, in which the following traits are not in unison with general opinion:

> 'This prince is *extreme* in every thing that he does. The peculiar fault of his character is a contempt for mankind. He thinks that an enlightened and virtuous man is an ideal being; and that those are fools whom the world calls honest men. He allows talents to very few people, and undervalues that quality which is called *good sense*, and which might be defined *sound judgment*. He speaks much, listens little, and turns into ridicule the objections that are made to him.'

M. *De Valori's* love of detail is very conspicuous in reporting a conversation between the King of Prussia and himself at

p. 284. Copies of the letters of his secretary are also inserted, where they were deemed useful to illustrate the series of events; and anecdotes and reasonings follow on the part taken by the King of Prussia in August, 1756. Some anachronic observations are preserved on transactions in Bavaria, of the year 1745; among which are included official lists of the Prussian army, then amounting to 120,000 men. The campaign of 1757 next passes in review, and is discussed with able military criticism. A journal is also given of the Marquis's mission to Hanover in 1750; in which mention occurs of some English individuals of rank.

Volume II. contains a selection of the diplomatic correspondence and the private letters of the Marquis. They illustrate many passages of preceding narratives and memoirs, and occasionally include original letters of other distinguished characters, such as *Voltaire* and the King of Prussia; of some of which, lithographic fac-similes are given in each volume. At p. 255. we have a remarkable letter from King James to his son, ordering him to quit France. The whole collection tends to display in an advantageous light the temper, the skill, and the patriotic fidelity of this respectable French ambassador at Berlin. European historians may avail themselves of this correspondence, to judge more correctly of men and events than while living interests held a veil suspended over passing facts and characters: yet the corrections of appreciation, which they supply, are rather numerous than important, and will not much affect the general bearing of literary opinion. The great moral to be learnt from the study of posthumous publications is this, that truth will one day come to light; and that he who values permanent reputation must determine to be what he wishes to seem.

ART. VII. *Cours complet des Maladies des Yeux*, &c.; *i.e.* A complete Course on the Diseases of the Eyes, followed by a brief Treatise on Ocular Hygiene, &c. &c. By F. DELARUE, M.D. &c. &c. 8vo. Paris. 1820. Imported by Treuttel and Würtz. Price 10s. sewed.

No long period has elapsed since it was a matter of just complaint among medical men, that the diseases of the eyes had not attracted the attention which their importance demanded; and that the treatment of those complaints was left in the possession of ignorant but bold and unprincipled pretenders. We have now to congratulate the public on the powerful re-action which this state of things has undergone;—on the great interest which is now taken in ocular diseases by all the well-educated junior members of the profession; and on the number of works on this subject, of various merit, which are now continually issuing from the printing-presses both of our own country and of the Continent. Among ourselves, no small benefit, we conceive, has accrued to this department of surgery from the exertions of the medical officers of our army; who have had but too much experience in one species of ophthalmia and its consequences; and who have of late been stimulated to new efforts, by the galling reflection that an establishment for the relief of soldiers suffering under ophthalmic disease has been placed under the superintendence of a gentleman who, till then, was wholly unconnected with any branch of the service.

In the volume before us, we have a general and extensive account of eye-diseases, drawn up in an easy and diffuse manner. Perhaps little of any importance can be said to be wholly omitted, yet nothing is treated in that full and complete manner which we could have wished. A preliminary dissertation sets forth the utility and importance of ocular medicine: in which the usual topics of the apathy of the public on this subject, the pretensions of quacks, and the necessity of general medical information to those who would excel in this department, are successively touched; and we have then a brief catalogue of works from which the author professes to have drawn his materials. They do not exceed ten in number, commencing with *Guillemeau*, 1586, and terminating with *Demours*, whose book is characterized as filled with fine and very curious cases. *Scarpa* is the only modern of the number who is not a Frenchman; and for the perusal of his treatise M. DELARUE appears to have been indebted to the labours of *Leveillé*. The writers of England and Germany are not once named as having contributed any thing to the improvement of ocular medicine; and, when any of their modes of practice are afterward mentioned in the course of the work, the notice is very slight, and always in the language of a person who is acquainted with them only through an imperfect medium. The author commences the proper business of his treatise by a brief account of the anatomy of the eye, and the parts with which it is connected: but we cannot recommend it to our readers either for its clearness or its accuracy.

> 'Almost all modern anatomists,' he observes, 'are of opinion that the choroid coat is pierced by a hole which gives passage to the nervous expansion of the optic nerve. If, however, the connection of the parts be carefully examined, the choroid will be *found to be* itself a continuation or expansion of the outermost

fibres of this nerve: for, on cutting into it in the eyes of large animals, we not only ascertain readily that there is no juxta-position, but we also see distinctly that the black pigment observable between the laminæ of this membrane extends, becoming gradually less and less apparent, for at least two lines into the texture of the optic nerve.' (P. 33.)

Having thus endeavoured to prove the identity of the retina and the choroid, he advances another opinion respecting the latter of these membranes; which, though certainly groundless, is less inexcusable than the idea that the choroid is merely an external layer of the retina. 'The posterior surface of the iris,' says the Doctor, 'is covered by the same black pigment which we have stated to exist between the laminæ of the choroid coat; — an *incontestable proof*, in our opinion, that it is the continuation of that membrane.' (P. 36.) — This account of the anatomy of the eye is succeeded by remarks on the 'mechanism and phænomena of vision,' which contain, on the whole, a sufficiently distinct and popular, though brief, view of the subject. We cannot, however, congratulate Dr. Delarue on the happiness of his explanation of the fact that objects appear to the healthy eye in their true position, and not reversed like the pictures on the retina. He ascribes it to the *re-action* of that nervous expansion.

The diseases of the eye are here arranged in a luminous and natural order. In the first class, the writer places those complaints which attack the conservative organs; including the bones of the orbit, the eye-brows, the eye-lids, the conjunctiva, the lachrymal apparatus, the muscles of the eye, and the cellular tissue of the orbit. In the second, he has arranged those which affect the globe of the eye; comprizing in it not less than eleven orders, ten of which refer in succession to the different parts of the eye; and the eleventh to those affections which attack, without distinction, all the membranes and humours of that important organ. At the close of the volume, we are presented with a very brief sketch of ocular *Hygiene*; or, in other words, of the best mode of preserving the eyes in full health and vigour; and the discussion of this subject is, with considerable neatness of arrangement, brought under the several heads of *Circumfusa*, *Applicata*, *Ingesta*, *Excreta*, *Acta*, and *Percepta*. As far as the author has treated on this subject, his labours are sufficiently creditable to him: but the outline of the delineation only has been barely traced. The most accurate and judicious observations on the preservation of the sight, with which we are acquainted, are to be found in two small popular works of *Beer*; "*Pflege gesunder nud geschwächter augen*," &c.; and "Das auge oder versuch das *edelste gescheuk der schöpfung ver dem Nöchst verderblichen einfluss unsen zeitalters zu sichern.*"

In the volume before us, we have remarked many of those peculiarities which characterize the medical writings of our continental neighbours. The actual cautery, so little in use in England, is repeatedly recommended by Dr. DELARUE; and, throughout his work, we find a frequent reference to the humoral pathology. He speaks of black and corrosive blood (p. 87.); of blood loaded with acrid and saline humour (p. 93.); and, after extirpation of the cancerous eye, he prescribes mild laxatives in order to divert the humours, and cause them (if possible) to be eliminated through the *primæ viæ.*

The prescriptions of M. DELARUE abound as much in *tisanes* as those of any of his countrymen. Perhaps with us too little attention is paid to such remedies: for the vegetable decoctions and infusions possess powers of gradually ameliorating the state of the frame, in many constitutional disorders, which our impatience of delay, and the consciousness that we have potent mineral remedies, will not allow us to put duly to the test. The author has given some striking instances of the benefit of constitutional treatment in diseases of the eyes. The first to which we would direct the attention of our readers is a case of ectropion, in which a cure was effected by means of the dulcamara, antiscorbutic juices, sulphur internally, and sulphurous fumigations to the eye. The second is a case of congenital cataract, in which bitters, antiscorbutics, and a blister on the sinciput, appear to have removed the disease. (P. 339.) Other cases might be cited, in which the author obtained great benefit from a judicious combination of constitutional treatment with local remedies.

Considering the information and knowlege which Dr. D. must be admitted to possess on the subject of ocular diseases, we were not a little surprized by many of his proposals and modes of practice. Instead of scarifying the adnata with a sharp instrument, he recommends that a pencil should be formed of the awns of rye, and drawn along the inflamed membrane, so that the minute teeth shall tear it up and cause it to bleed. We did not expect to see such barbarity gravely inculcated, amid all the improvements and refinements of the present day. It would at best accomplish the object in a very slovenly and imperfect manner: while, in all probability, some of the teeth would be broken off and remain lodged in the conjunctiva, to prove the source of infinitely more pain and irritation than the trifling loss of blood could have relieved. In gangrene of the eyelids, the author has, with singular felicity of invention, discovered a new method of stopping the progress of the disease. After having considered the remedies for gangrene, he thus proceeds:

> 'Finally, if the progress of the gangrene should awaken any fears for the eye, we ought to introduce between it and the eyelid a plate of lead, having its edges perfectly blunt and well polished; and, in order to lessen as much as possible the pain which its presence never fails to occasion, it ought to be previously dipped in pure almond oil.' (P. 84.)

Any comment from us on this passage seems unnecessary.

We learn from the Doctor that M. *Pellier* of Montpellier has treated *leucoma* and *staphyloma* successfully, by passing a seton formed of a single thread from above downwards through the substance of the cornea, and keeping up a discharge from it by means of the resinous ointment. He states, also, that his own experience leads him to think very favourably of the practice. Of its efficacy we have no knowlege: but in staphyloma it is rendered more probable, by the reports given by some authors of the benefit derived in this complaint from the application of butter of antimony to the cornea, so as to cause ulceration, and keep up a continued discharge from the surface of the tumid membrane. We cannot, however, anticipate any benefit from the introduction of the minute seton in mere leucoma, and should rather expect from it an increase of the opacity. Like the attempt to remove specks by the knife, of which *Beer* has spoken in so undisguised and candid a manner, it would most probably leave the patient in a more deplorable state than before the experiment was commenced.

Among the author's proposals of new modes of treatment, we may mention the idea which he throws out that sulphur will be found to cure cancer; and to which, he says, he has been led by observing the great efficacy of sulphur in the cure of cutaneous diseases. He admits that they had no affinity to cancer: yet he cannot help thinking that this melancholy disease may be cured by sulphur, provided always that the physician and the afflicted could but have patience to continue its uninterrupted use for a sufficient length of time. — Another similar flight of fancy, in which Dr. D. has indulged, is the method of cure suggested by him in cases of mydriasis, or dilatation of the pupil.

> 'In reflecting,' he observes, 'on the rapid progress of mydriasis, and on the phænomena which it presents, I conceived the idea that in many cases we could cure it *immediately, and as if by enchantment,* by applying a cupping glass with the exhausting syringe over the diseased eye, covered by the upper eyelid. I have been induced to think that this mode would succeed: but I

ought

ought to state, that as yet I have had no opportunity of putting its utility to the test. I merely propose it, therefore, to the sagacity of practitioners.' (P. 201.)

The idea thus stated has no doubt arisen from considering the iris as formed of an erectile tissue, into which, it is supposed, the blood might be forced by the exhaustion of the cupping glass: but a much more feasible practice, in this expanded state of the pupil, is the use of a solution of common salt dropped into the eye, which, according to the writer, has in his hands shewn great powers in restoring the natural action of the iris. Of its value as a remedy we cannot speak from experience: but we trust that it will prove more efficacious than we have found the solution of muriate of ammonia in lime-water, which M. DELARUE strongly recommends in ulcer of the cornea.

These remarks on mydriasis lead us to notice a singular instance of supposed deficiency of the iris; which the author considers, with good reason, as in all probability nothing more than a case of extreme expansion of the pupil, affecting both eyes. The following is the substance of the communication made by Dr. Morison of London to the *Cercle Médical* of Paris, in the month of September, 1819.

'The subject of the case is an infant, the son of a saddler in the neighbourhood of London. The pupils of both eyes are enormously large, extending in every part to the sclerotica, so as to render perceptible the vessels at the bottom of the eye. The child, who sees objects tolerably well, unless too strongly illuminated, has laboured under this infirmity from his birth. A strong light always fatigues him more or less, and renders vision very confused: but this peculiarity is attended with no pain, and his health in other respects is good.' (P. 208.)

We regret to observe that the author seems to be wholly unacquainted with the interesting labours of our lamented countryman Saunders, who so well deserved to be named when treating on the subject of congenital cataract. M. DELARUE proposes in such cases to wait till the age of ten or twelve years; and, in speaking of keratonyxis, he does not once allude to Mr. Saunders, who may be truly considered as among the most distinguished of the patrons of this mode of operating. He furnishes us, however, with a curious reference to what we believe to be the earliest recorded instance of this operation being performed. In the *Syntagma praxeos Mayernianæ*, (Lond. 1690, p. 84.) it is related, under the marginal title of *Operatio Admiranda*, that an operation exactly resembling what is now termed keratonyxis was successfully performed on the eye of the son of Lord Warwick, by an

English female oculist. Sir *Theodore de Mayerne*, of whom his cotemporaries and immediate successors have spoken in terms of extravagant praise, practised medicine successively in Paris, Amsterdam, and London, about the middle of the sixteenth century: he was buried in St. Martin's in the Fields, on the northern wall of which his epitaph was inscribed, detailing in hyperbolical language the virtues and talents of a man who seems to have been in truth the ornament of his age. Dr. D. gives a most unfavourable report of his experience of the operation of keratonyxis: but he admits that, in Germany, where he supposes soft cataract to be of more frequent occurrence, it has proved generally successful.

On the subjects of *extraction* and *depression*, we have distinct and clear statements of the modes of operating, although it is sufficiently evident that the author leans much to the latter of these operations. Yet nothing is said of the particular cases to which each is more peculiarly adapted; and, indeed, he has expressed himself with such indifference respecting the choice of the operation, that his conduct as a teacher appears in this instance highly deserving of censure. (P. 327.) We do not believe that any one is prepared to dispute the superior efficacy of extraction in cases of hard cataract and enlarged states of the lens: — but we think that we may safely hazard the assertion that the records of depression present a much greater number of successful cases than those of extraction; and that the risks attending the incision of the cornea are greatly more numerous than those which accompany the introduction of the couching needle. When the lens has been forced into the anterior chamber of the eye, and lies there, causing violent irritation, Dr. D. very judiciously opens the cornea with the knife, and completes the incision with the scissars.

Of reclination, nothing is said by Dr. Delarue: but, although this is a culpable neglect, we do not conceive that his readers have much cause to regret the omission: for this mode of operating has always appeared to us a mere refinement, from which no solid benefit seems likely to be gained. Much has been said by modern oculists of the danger of wounding the retina, and of the injurious effects of the pressure of the depressed lens on this fine nervous expansion: but we are inclined to think that their fears in these points have less foundation in truth than they suppose. Even if the vitreous body were wholly disorganized, it is not readily conceivable how the lens should thus press on the tender retina; and, as to the wounding of that membrane, it has been done hundreds, perhaps thousands of times, since the couching needle came first into use, without any serious consequences. On the subject of the solution and absorption of the depressed lens, the present author adopts the commonly received opinion which has been espoused by *Scarpa*. A contrary belief is maintained by the younger *Wenzel*, and by one of still greater name, *Beer* of Vienna; and the facts detailed by the latter (*Augenkrankheiten*, B. 2. § 363.) seem to prove that the entire lens, either with or without its capsule, is in many cases incapable of being dissolved by the action of the aqueous humour.

M. Delarue unites with *Demours* in doubting the existence of any cataract completely black: but he admits the occasional existence of an opaque lens approaching to black; and he declares, at the same time, that it may be always detected by the experienced oculist who possesses a good sight. When discussing this matter, he has allowed himself to vent his spleen against Dr. *Guillié*, who appears to have incurred his wrath; and in a subsequent part of the work, some remarks of the said M. *Guillié*, on temporary defects of vision from faintness, have drawn from him a note composed of the most bitter materials. (P. 391.)

In closing our observations on this *Cours complet des Maladies des Yeux*, we must enter our protest against the title which it thus assumes. Yet it would be unjust to deny that it is written in an easy and practical style, calculated to please the student, and to lead him on to peruse with advantage the labours of more accurate and erudite oculists. The work is obviously the production of a young man, who as yet has enjoyed but limited experience in diseases of the eye. We believe we are safe in stating that this is the first work exceeding the size of a pamphlet which has treated on ocular diseases without the accompaniment of plates; and the conduct of its author in this respect we consider as highly laudable, since the addition of plates renders books so expensive as often to place them beyond the reach of many able and ingenious members of the profession: while, we fear, it sometimes also leads authors in possession of such aids to be less anxious about the accuracy and liveliness of their verbal delineations. It would be absurd, however, to deny the great value of coloured engravings in illustrating diseases of the eye; or to assert that any great work on this subject could be complete without the assistance of the pencil.

Art. VIII. *Œuvres complètes de M. Necker*, &c.; *i. e.* The complete Works of M. *Necker*, published by the Baron de Staël, his Grandson. 2 Vols. 8vo. Paris. 1820. Imported by Treuttel and Würtz. Price 1l. 7s.

Notice sur M. Necker, &c.; *i. e.* An Account of M. *Necker*. By A. de Staël Holstein, his Grandson. 8vo. Paris. 1820. Imported by Treuttel and Würtz. Price 7s. 6d.

THE character of M. *Necker* has produced momentous effects on the history of the world, and therefore deserves the attention of Europe. The order, the economy, and the probity, which, during his first administration, he introduced into the management of the finances of France, could alone have enabled that government to continue to a successful termination its war in behalf of the liberties of North America: because confidence would have forsaken the advancers of loans, which had for a part of their purpose the payment of interest in arrear, had it not been sustained by his steady pursuit of reform in the assessment, collection, and expenditure of the taxes. The courageous introduction of provincial administrations, and the final convention of the States-General of France, were in a great degree the work of his second administration, and in fact brought on the Revolution; a mighty change, which called powers into action too forcible for his controul, but which he induced with deliberate foresight, and contemplated with virtuous liberality. While harnessed to the car of destiny, he strode onwards with disinterested independence, and endeavoured to move it in the track pointed out by the well principled friends of liberty.

His grandson here presents us with the life and collective works of his illustrious ancestor; and he begins by stating that the family was of Irish origin, yet already Protestant in the reign of Philip and Mary, from whose persecutions the *Neckers* are said to have fled into Prussia. As no vouchers have been produced to corroborate this statement, we suspect it to be an error; for though the author may have derived it from maternal tradition, it is in a high degree improbable. The name of *Necker* is not Irish, but German; and so few Protestants were to be found in Ireland during the reign of Philip and Mary, that traces would have occurred in our own ecclesiastical historians of any family of note who had been compelled to expatriation, if such had been the case. Prussia, also, was not then a civilized country, nor the asylum of persecuted refugees; and it is far more likely that the family originated near, and was named from, the river Necker, whence the migration to Geneva is so easy and natural. — Be this as it may, *Charles Frederic Necker* came to settle at Geneva as a lecturer on public law, at the beginning of the last century; dedicated to the magistracy in 1741 a treatise on the Constitution of the Germanic Empire; and was complimented for this publication with the freedom of the city. He had two sons: the elder, named *Louis*, assumed the odd name, which is neither English nor French, of Monsieur *de Germany*; and the younger, named *James*, after the usual education at a classical school, was placed in a merchant's counting-house. The Professor was intimate with a M. *Vernet*, who lectured on theology at the same academy, and whose brother was a banker at Paris; and through the intervention of this friend, *James Necker* was placed as clerk in that bank: where, after having learnt Dutch to accommodate his patron, he was taken into partnership. In 1762, M. *Vernet* retired from business, and resigned his concerns to *James Necker*, who formed a new partnership with M. *Thelusson*, under the firm of *Thelusson, Necker*, and Co.; a house which acquired great commercial consequence, and was respected equally for the probity of its conduct and the magnitude of its concerns. A fortunate and extensive speculation in corn, undertaken during the year 1764, gave notoriety to its success and its opulence. At this period, M. *Necker* married Miss *Curchod* of Lausanne, to whom Gibbon had been attached; and the union produced an only daughter, afterward the celebrated Madame *de Staël*.

The house of *Thelusson, Necker*, and Co., negotiated several loans for the French government, and was much consulted by the Duke *de Choiseul*, at whose suggestion M. *Necker* was named in 1768 a resident envoy from the republic of Geneva to the French court. He had at this time many shares in the French East-India Company, and was elected one of its six directors, or syndics, as they were called. The Company was not very successful: the Abbé *Morellet* wrote a pamphlet against it; M. *Necker* replied; and the result was that government bought in the shares, and threw open the trade. Under the administration of the Abbé *Terray*, the house of *Thelusson* again contracted for larger loans than before, were considerable holders of French stock, and insensibly became the practical representatives of that monied interest which vested its capital in French securities.

In 1772, M. *Necker*, considering his fortune as made, dissolved his partnership, and determined to retire from business; placing his elder brother M. *de Germany* in a new banking-house, to which was intrusted the arrangement of *his* concerns. In 1773 he contended for a prize offered by the French Academy to the author of the best eulogy on *Colbert;* when *Condorcet* and others attacked this oration in print, as not favourable to that unlimited liberty of commerce which the economic sect, as it was called, usually advocated. *Turgot* was at this time minister, and awarded the victory to *Necker*'s antagonists by proclaiming the abolition of all restrictive laws. M. *Necker* then collected his arguments in a dissertation intitled *Sur la Legislation et le Commerce des Grains*, which was printed in 1775, and which raised his character for talents and prudence both with the public and among placemen. In 1776 he was named one of the directors of the royal treasury, with M. *Taboureau;* M. *de Maurepas* being the minister who suggested this eventful appointment. To intrust a foreigner, a Protestant, and a merchant, with the situation of a lord of the treasury, was felt in France as an ominous innovation.

M. *Necker* now soon brought into action that probity, that principle, and that taste for reform, which he had imbibed in the republic of Geneva; suppressed many useless places; and endeavoured to introduce publicity into all the details of administration. After four years, (in 1780,) he ventured to propose the abolition of all riderships (*croupe*), and of other sinecures connected with the King's household: when M. *Taboureau* took alarm, and, hesitating to partake the odium of such bold reductions, retired from office; leaving M. *Necker* alone at the head of the treasury, with the title of Director-general. His first measure was to cut off the established profits of his own office, which were restored in 1783 by M. *de Calonne.* A great amelioration was also effected in all the institutions of benevolence, under his auspices; while Madame *Necker*, on her part, founded a charitable pawnbrokery on a vast scale at Paris, and bestowed meritorious attention on those departments of the hospitals and prisons which respected the accommodation of females.

In 1780, an important economy was introduced into the assessment and collection of the *taille* and *capitation*, of the *fermes* and *regies.* Provincial administrations were also partially established, and local magistrates were permitted to tax the people. This plan, which originated with M. *Turgot*, having been abandoned in consequence of the resistance of parliamentary and local interests, M. *Necker* attempted the reform gradually; beginning with Berry, Guyenne, Dauphiné, and Grenoble; and at length he succeeded in the piece-meal establishment of much that had been repelled in the aggregate. The abolition of *main-morte* was conducted with equal skill, and accompanied by indemnities to all who profited from the antient arrangement. At length, he published a statement of the entire financial resources of France, under the title of *Compte rendu au Roi;* a work which produced an electric sensation throughout a kingdom that had hitherto been unaccustomed to the publicity of government-measures.

A memoir on the intended provincial administrations, which M. *Necker* had drawn up for the consideration of the privy council, and which contained some obnoxious insinuations against the authority of the French parliaments, was clandestinely printed and distributed in 1781. The parliament of Paris now took offence; intrigue became busy; and M. *Necker* was obliged to resign. He retired to Saint Ouen, and there composed his work *Sur l'Administration des Finances*, which was printed in 1784, and of which 80,000 copies are here stated to have been sold. The effect produced on public opinion by this work was somewhat dangerous to national credit, but so decisively advantageous to its author, that, although M. *de Calonne* had indirectly attacked his statements with all the resources of official information and all the artifices of perfidy, they gained general acquiescence; and his various plans of reform and retrenchment became favourite measures, even with the parliaments which had contributed to his disgrace. In August, 1788, he was recalled into administration by the voice of the people; their *Notables*, whom M. *de Calonne* had assembled, proclaiming the national verdict.

When M. *Necker* was restored to the situation of Director-general of the finances, the funds immediately rose nearly 30 *per cent.;* and he retained this title until the opening of the States-General, when that of Prime-Minister of Finance was substituted. The assembly of this body of legislators was in fact his work: for, though the project had indeed been afloat since the time of *Turgot*, no preceding minister had the courage to attempt to wield so powerful a political machine. Even *Necker* failed in the trial, and was compelled by the Queen's party to resign. M. *de Breteuil* then took the reins of office, and was minister during three days: those memorable days which subverted the Bastille and the monarchy, and transferred the allegiance of the army to the representatives of the people.—After these events, M. *Necker* was again recalled to place, though not to power: for the assembly would not support his plans of taxation, and preferred a national bankruptcy. He therefore withdrew in September, 1790, to his estate at Coppet, where Madame *Necker* died in 1794; and he endeavoured to amuse his mind by writing on the *Importance of Religious Opinions.* It was the book of a statesman addressing philosophic academicians, and supported the opinion of those who argue for tolerating all worships, but not the *absence* of all. His *Cours de Morale Religieux*, printed in 1800, is but a continuation of this work. — He also composed a treatise on the French Revolution, which appeared in 1796; and he published in 1802 his *Last Views of Politics and Finance*, which had some tendency to produce a coalition between *Bonaparte* and the Liberalists, on the basis of limited monarchy. Here the biographer observes:

> 'If from the point of repose at which we are now arrived, we look back a moment in order to survey at one glance the public life of M. *Necker*, we shall find that three great ideas never ceased to pervade and influence his soul. As minister of the King, faithfully and profoundly devoted to Louis XVI., the safety of this monarch was the first object of his solicitude. As a statesman, order and justice appeared to him indispensable conditions of every political institution, to which liberty itself ought to be subordinate. As a citizen and a philosopher, he loved liberty, and desired its benefits for France. These three sentiments may be traced in all the writings of M. *Necker*, who unremittingly devoted to France the fruit of his labours, and who remained an influencing statesman even in his solitude. There is no private station for superior minds, which exercise at will a magistracy that extends through all countries and ages; and it may be said on the other hand that there is no public career for men of mediocrity, since, in whatever situation chance may place them, it is forbidden to them to rise above the narrow sphere of egotism.'

On the 30th of March, 1804, M. *Necker* died of a fever, which occasionally rendered him delirious; his last words imploring a blessing on his beloved and only daughter.

To these biographical particulars succeed the collective works of M. *Necker*, arranged in chronological order. First occurs his treatise on the Legislation of the Corn-Trade; which fills volume i. Next comes the *Compte rendu au Roi*, which, together with an appendix of justificatory papers, occupies the second and third volumes. Both these tracts have long been known to our readers, and contain but little matter of permanent interest; the regulations which they recommend and detail having been swept away by the revolutionary tide, leaving only these traces behind. The remaining volumes are in progress of impression. *

In our forty-seventh volume, p. 469., we noticed the publication of M. *Necker*'s posthumous writings, which are all to be comprehended in this collection. The biography is sold apart, for those who already possess the principal prose-works.

This celebrated man has been ridiculed for his vanity by a late historian of the finance-ministers of France (see our sixty-eighth volume, p. 528.): but he more than atoned for this foible by his disinterested superiority to the love of office. When he deemed a measure essential to the public good, and was thwarted in it by the cabinet, he uniformly resigned; and public opinion having repeatedly forced him back on the crown, he thus brought his opponents to compliance. If our great ministers in this country had displayed equal indifference to place, they might long since have bestowed on Great Britain a reform of the national representation: but they have wanted both this disinterestedness, and the desire to effect this national benefit.

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* Vols. iv. and v., containing the treatise on the Administration of the Finances of France, have just reached us.

Art. IX. *Lettres inédites de Voltaire*, &c.; *i. e.* Unpublished Letters from *Voltaire*, Madame *Denys*, and *Colini*, to M. *Dupont*, Advocate to the Sovereign Council of Colmar: preceded by a Philosophical and Literary Account of *Voltaire*, and followed by an inedited Letter to the King of Prussia, and Fragments of Letters to *Grimm*, *Diderot*, &c. 12mo. Paris. 1821. Imported by Treuttel and Würtz. Price 5s. sewed.

So signally victorious has been the popularity of *Voltaire* over all the aspersions of puritanism and intolerance, that at this moment nine several editions of his voluminous collective works are in the course of publication: four in octavo, by the booksellers *Desoer*, *Deterville*, *Renouard*, and *Lequien*; three in duodecimo by *Plancher*, *Peronneau*, and *Touquet*; and two in eighteens by *Thomine* and *Garnery*. To these is expected to succeed a magnificent annotated quarto impression, comprizing all the supplemental materials discovered and printed since the known edition of *Beaumarchais*. Two of these supplements have lately been noticed by us, (vols. xcii. p. 502. and xciii. p. 539.) and we have now before us a third, of which a short account will suffice. It consists chiefly of letters, containing indeed some poetical fragments, addressed to M. *Dupont*: seventy in prose, and one in verse, written by *Voltaire* himself: one by Mad. *Denys* his niece: eleven by *Colini*, his secretary; and twenty-nine miscellaneous letters addressed to other persons, *Damilaville*, *Thiriot*, *Diderot*, *Helvetius*, *Pigalle*, *Hornoy*, *Grimm*, and the Marquis *de Fraigne*. They are all lively, though unimportant, and sensible even in trifling. We give one specimen.

'To M. de Grimm.

'*Ferney*, 10*th October*, 1770.

'My dear Prophet, — I am the good man Job: but I have friends, who come to console me on my dunghill, and who are of more worth than the friends of that Arab. Few people of those times, and even of our own, will bear comparison with Messrs. *D'Alembert* and *Condorcet*, who have made me forget all my sufferings. Unfortunately, I could not detain them any longer: they are gone; and I now seek for consolation in writing to you, as well as my infirmity will allow. They told me, and I knew before, how embittered the Belgians are against philosophy. This is the time to say to philosophers what Saint John said to Christians, "My children, love one another," for who the devil else will love you? This cursed *Systême de la Nature* [an atheistical work of Baron *Holbach*] has done irreparable evil. Horns are now to be prohibited in the country, and even the hares are obliged to fly lest their ears should be mistaken for horns. Time was when one might prudently say that mildewed wheat does not create worms, that there is an intelligence in nature, and that *Spinosa* was convinced of it: but now even Virgil's opinion must not be uttered; the world is full of Baviuses and Mœviuses. Embrace for me brother Plato [*Diderot*], even if he does not admit an intelligence like *Spinosa;* and remember me to my philosophess [Madame *Du Deffant*]: the sick old man will never forget her, and will be devoted to you until his latest moment.'

The editor of this correspondence justly observes, p. 10., that a desire for the amelioration and happiness of the human race is the domineering sentiment in all the productions of *Voltaire.* He not only knew the road to the human heart, but must have travelled along it in a benevolent spirit, to retain so entirely and so permanently the attachment of his nation and of Europe. After more than a century of experience concerning the effects of his principles, (we speak not of *religious* principles,) they are incurring the deliberate ratification of his countrymen, have domesticated themselves both in the palace and the cottage, and exhibit in every generation a wider circle of disciples. Penetrated from his youth with horror at every oppression, and with pity for all the oppressed, he has not written a line which does not breathe this spirit in both its bearings. Merit merely literary would wear out with time, or only excite that admiring curiosity which critics cannot refuse to any master-piece: but it is a philosophic spirit, a practical humanity, and a reasoning philanthropy, which endear his writings to the friend of man, hand them on from age to age, and speak alike to the interests of the heart and the faculties of the soul.

Art. X. *Considérations Politiques sur l'Etat actuel de l'Allemagne*, &c.; *i. e.* Political Considerations on the present State of Germany; translated from the German. 8vo. pp. 282. Paris. 1821. Imported by Treuttel and Würtz. Price 6s. sewed.

Although this work is avowedly translated from a German pamphlet intitled *Manuscript ans Süd-Deutschland*, fictitiously said to be printed in London, and which has been rigidly suppressed in Germany, it has not a thoroughly native character and spirit, and is probably the work of some German agent of French diplomacy. It rather points out the views of France with respect to the future modification of the country, than the wishes and tendencies of the Germans themselves; and it indirectly offers once more the barrier of the Rhine as the boundary between France and Germany, for the price of supporting the discontented provinces in the acquisition of representative liberty. In intimating such wishes, nothing is advanced in opposition to the views of the court of Bavaria: but there is a vast population, truly German, and truly friendly to a Gothic liberty, which is not disposed to restore to France the barrier of the Rhine, and which is convinced that Germany can better be consolidated on different principles. We have already stated our opinions on this point (vol. xci. p. 142.); and we repeat our lamentation that, during the year 1814, when collective Germany was decidedly Anti-gallican, the ministers of Great Britain neglected the opportunity of then conferring a representative constitution on the country, by permitting and patronizing a convention of the nation in the Hanoverian territories. Hanover may at present be deemed a virtual property of France, which that country can offer and promise as a bribe to Prussia, or to any other German power which she wishes to gain; because it can apparently be taken from its sovereign, and thrown into the spoil of conquest to be divided by agreement at the next peace. The longer Great Britain delays to favour the revolution of Germany, the greater is the progress which French influence makes in the country; and the greater is the danger that Bavaria and Saxony, the states in which liberal opinions find resources of publicity, will become the leaders of the impending revolution. Now Bavaria among the Catholics, and Saxony among the Protestants, are respectively rivals to the Austrian and Prussian influence; either of which is more favourable to our British views than these two provincial potentates. Prussia is especially the power which Great Britain should seek to place at the head of a German revolution;

since its population is Protestant, Anti-gallican, and full of those sympathies which constitute natural alliance. With a free constitution, Prussia could absorb and mediatize the contiguous petty sovereignties, extend her coast along the Baltic, and oppose a more permanently efficacious barrier to the *northern* aggrandizement of France than even the King of the Netherlands, a power created by us wholly in our own wrong.

The tract before us is divided into twelve chapters, preceded by an introduction containing general remarks on that spirit of amelioration and innovation, which, if not patronized and directed by the governing powers themselves, often occasions sedition and revolutions among the people. Such tendencies are admitted to be obvious throughout Germany; and it is inquired, what is their most natural and expedient direction?

In the first six chapters, the writer is occupied with sketching historically the successive changes in the constitution of Germany, which were induced by the events of the war against the French Revolution. The treaties of Campo Formio and Luneville are specified; and a history is given of the confederation of the Rhine, which was dissolved by the battle of Leipzig. The peace of Paris is defined and appreciated. On the congress of Vienna much is said; and it is represented as having subverted the imperial system of Napoleon, without having laid the ground-work of any new or rational equilibrium. Severe criticisms on the conduct of all the parties present occur in the fifth chapter. Prussia, which had all the merit of expelling the French from Germany, was ungratefully treated. With the usual spiteful feeling of a French diplomatician, this author complains that England was not called to account, by that assembly, for her claims to visit ships under neutral colours. During this congress, *Bonaparte* quitted Elba; discussions, which probably would have employed years, were then closed at once with precipitation, and common apprehensions united all parties: but the distribution of German provinces was in consequence ludicrously inconvenient, and Prussia was rather weakened than strengthened by the dislocation of her indemnities. — The battle of Waterloo is narrated, with its effects on the capitulation of Paris, and on the subsequent treaty.

The seventh chapter begins a less historic and more prospective part of the work. The congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, that of Carlsbad, and that of Vienna, pass in review; and various palliatives are suggested for that radical vice of the German constitution, which provides (as in a calf with two heads) artillery is confined to arguments and syllogisms, and a modest apology for the rights of nations. Instead of addressing a humble plea to monarchs who will not read it, better, no doubt, would it be to send to the Neapolitan government arms, regiments, and experienced heroes: — but France does not now obey the impulse of the friends of liberty.

This plea is divided into eight sections. In the first, it is inquired whether the united cabinets of several absolute monarchies have the right to prevent the government of any other monarchy from receiving modifications restrictive of absolute power. — 2. Have the cabinets of certain absolute monarchies the right of imposing, as a law, on the other states of Europe, the principle laid down at Troppau, that every constitution ought to emanate from the reigning prince? — 3. Have the united cabinets of several absolute monarchies the right to dissolve their existing relations with the constitutional government of Naples, or even to refuse to recognize it, under the pretence that this government was established by a revolution? — 4. Can the refusal of certain powers to recognize this new constitutional government be justified by any reasons peculiar to the revolution which established it? — 5. Can Austria, in virtue of its contiguity as an Italian potentate, lay claim to any particular privilege of coercing the public conduct of independent Italian states? — 6. Has any right of coercing Naples accrued to Austria by specific convention; for instance, by the treaty of 1815? — 7. Omitting to question the abstract right, is it for the interest of the coalesced powers to interfere with the independence of Naples? — 8. The coalesced powers having prejudged the question of the right of the Neapolitan nation to revise its constitution, can they be accepted as mediators between the king and the people?

All these questions are argued at length, with attention to the principles of *Grotius* and *Vattel*; and, as it may be presumed, they are all answered in the negative, the author being convinced of the universal right of nations to choose a government for themselves, and of the duty of neighbours to recognize the agents appointed by the powers practically exercising the functions of government.

'A dwarf, says *Vattel*, is a man, as well as a giant, and a little republic is as absolutely a sovereign-state as a powerful monarchy. It is with the independence of nations as with their equality. To govern itself in its own way is the prerogative of independence; and each nation has a full right to decree a constitution for itself, without being called to account for so doing by its neighbours.' (P. 33.)

M. Bignon argues with clearness, and writes with a simple and modest eloquence, enlivened by various well-chosen historical anecdotes. His treatise, therefore, deserves the attention of statesmen, the gratitude of free countries, and the approbation of literary criticism. *Giannone*, *Gravina*, and other Neapolitan writers, are quoted with distinction; and an appendix of justificatory documents is attached, of which the most remarkable is a conference between Prince *Metternich* and Prince *Cimitile*.

Art. XII. *Des Projets de l'Autriche*, &c.; *i.e.* On the Projects of Austria respecting Italy. By M. ***. 8vo. pp. 50. Paris. 1821. Imported by Treuttel and Würtz. Price 2s. 6d.

It was the object of this writer to arouse the Italians to a combined resistance of the Austrian invasion: but Italy, through the cowardice and treachery of her own sons, has been consolidated and united under the very sceptre which he aspired to break. He endeavours, with some skill, to excite those German provinces, which border on Italy, to lend the sanction of their sympathy and silent aid to the friends of independence.

'Bavaria and Wurtemberg,' he exclaims, p. 26., 'have furnished to Austria the same subject of complaint as the Two Sicilies, and their constitution supplies the same pretext for military occupation. The kings of these countries appear to have given even greater offence to the emperors, by presenting to their subjects a constitution voluntarily conceded. If, as an excuse for having yielded to the voice of the age, for having listened to justice, for having founded liberty, and for having secured a good internal administration of their countries, they were to allege the existence of those very Austrian battalions against which they have no defence but the affection of their subjects, they would have little chance of reconciling their accusers to such motives of conduct.'

The manner in which Austria will use the paramount ascendancy, which she has acquired throughout Italy, remains to be seen. Perhaps some central seat of administration will be chosen, such as Florence; and deputies of the higher classes, if not of the whole people, will be called together, to devise the various internal improvements of which Italy is susceptible only under a single and undivided authority. We are not of opinion, however, that despotism can long trust even its bayonets to keep down a country, which is awake to its own defects and its own capacities. Armies are daily discovering the secret of their force; and Generals may be found in various nations, who are willing, like Charles-John, to ascend a constitutional throne. Language, that most natural tie between citizens, will prove a lasting obstacle to any permanent ascendancy of the Germans, in a country so foreign to their ideas, manners, and climate. The progress of Greek insurrection may, in its results, occupy the forces of Austria elsewhere; and the Italians may yet find an opportunity, as inviting as that which they have so shamefully lost, to re-unite their nation under the banners of liberty and independence: — but, after what we have just seen, how can we hope that they will avail themselves, as they ought, of any chance which the course of events may throw in their way?

Art. XIII. *Des Systèmes d'Economie Politique*, &c.; *i.e.* On the various Systems of Political Economy; the comparative Merits of their Doctrines, and the Theory most favourable to the Progress of Wealth. By Ch. Ganilh. Second Edition. 8vo. 2 Vols. Paris. 1821. Imported by Treuttel and Würtz.

About ten years ago, an English translation was published of the first edition of this work, which we noticed at the time of its appearance. (See M. R. vol. lxxi. p. 419.) Brief as was the analysis which we then gave, it might fairly, perhaps, have exonerated us from adverting to the publication of a second edition: but systems of political economy have since been so much multiplied, that, if a concentrated and (as it were) focal view of them, exhibiting their dissonances and agreements, was then deemed desirable, much more will it be so considered now, when the controversies between recent writers have excited very considerable perplexity, doubt, and vacillation among the students of the subject. Indeed, this variety and discrepancy of systems has led some people to doubt the very existence of political economy as a science; while others fancy that it is one of those occult and lofty arcana, of which the mysteries are revealed only to an initiated few: — so that ignorance, in this as in other cases, leads equally to incredulity and superstition. In the present edition of M. Ganilh's inquiry, we find but few alterations, corrections, or even modifications of the former: but the evidence, on which his own opinions were originally founded, is more fully developed and corroborated.

An introductory chapter 'On the Nature of Wealth,' and the opposite effects produced by the pursuit of it in antient and in modern times, — that is to say, in different stages of civilization, — shews that in early periods, among the Persians, Spartans, Athenians, Carthaginians, Romans, the people of the middle age, and the Arabs, it was the occasion of foreign and intestine wars, and of domestic slavery; while the pursuit of it among modern nations has led to commercial industry and distinction, as among the Genoese, the Venetians, and generally the Italian states, whose example was imitated by the Hanseatic league, and by the towns of Spain, France, and Germany, by the Spaniards and Portuguese in their conquest of the two Indies, and by other Europeans who have extended their dominion over those countries.—What is the reason of these opposite effects? Among the rude nations of antiquity and the middle age, concentration of wealth in the hands of a few families was fatal to their manners, to their laws, and even to their social existence; while its dispersion among all classes and individuals in modern times has stimulated the exertions and ameliorated the condition of all, and has not only improved their manners, but has facilitated and accelerated the progress of legislation, of civilization, and of general prosperity.

Book I. presents a brief historical account of the systems of political economy which have been sanctioned in different times and countries. M. GANILH reduces them to these: the mercantile system, or that which considers wealth as derived from foreign commerce; the monied system, which derives it from the abundance of the precious metals; that which looks to the low rate of interest, and which prevailed so long in England; the agricultural system; and the most absurd and monstrous doctrine of the Abbé *Ortés*, at Venice, who contended for the existence of a permanent and necessary equilibrium between wealth and misery. His system, if so it may be called, was that no individual or national gain could subsist without a corresponding loss somewhere else to balance it; and wealth, grandeur, and power, with him were terms synonimous with pillage, spoliation, and ruin. His notions had, in fact, some strong features of resemblance to Mr. Malthus's theory of population. He considered wealth and abundance as ephemeral and precarious blessings, because they engender an increase of population which speedily brings man down again to the old level of wretchedness and scarcity; so that want of employment, idleness, and poverty, are the certain consequence of labour, industry, and opulence! Such was the perverse ingenuity of the Abbé *Ortés!* M. GANILH explains these various systems, but dismisses the last with disgust.

'However discrepant (he says) they appear superficially, it seems to me that the difference between them is more nominal than real, and that it is of little importance to the science itself.

Thus, the partizans of the mercantile system do not think, nor have they ever asserted, that the precious metals which it accumulates in a country are not the product of the earth, of labour, and of capital. Thus, the economists, founders of the agricultural system, however sweeping their doctrine, do not pretend that the earth produces wealth spontaneously: on the contrary, they agree that, if the earth be the source of it, agriculture must give it increase; and in the term agriculture they comprehend both labour and the advances of the cultivator. They acknowlege, moreover, that the vendible value of agricultural produce is the measure of a nation's wealth, and that this vendible value can only be obtained by a free competition of foreign and domestic commerce:—so that the economists themselves derive wealth from land, labour, capital, and commerce. Thus, likewise, Adam Smith, in making wealth flow from that labour which fixes and realizes itself in a permanent object, likewise admits the co-operation of the earth, of labour, of capital, and of commerce. Lord Lauderdale, also, differs from other writers only in attributing a greater degree of importance to capital; and in other respects he approaches, more or less, to the agricultural system. Lastly, M. *Say*, although examining it in a peculiar point of view, ascribes the production of wealth to labour and capital.—The systems of these writers, then, do not essentially vary as to the sources of wealth: on this important point, an analysis of them all would give nearly the same result, for they agree that it is produced by a combination of the powers of the earth, of labour, and of capital; and they differ principally as to the greater or less efficiency which they ascribe to each of these causes in the general result:—in that alone consists their opposition or difference;—there rests all the difficulty of the science, as well as the only problem which really occurs for solution.' (Vol. i. p. 72—74.)

He next examines the opinions of several writers as to the productiveness or sterility of different sorts of labour; deciding that every species is productive which is exchangeable, and that labour without exchange adds nothing to wealth. He also expatiates very much at length on the discordant doctrines of Mr. Ricardo and M. *Say*. That he has misconceived the latter writer entirely does not surprize us, because, with all his talent and ingenuity, M. *Say* is so paradoxical and metaphysical that his meaning is often "invisible or dimly seen:" it breaks on us with unsteady light, as moonbeams quiver through the foliage of the grove.

M. Ganilh is exposing the inconsistency of M. *Say*, who defines wealth to be "*une certaine quantité de* choses *qui ont une valeur*;" and, 'as exchange alone gives value to *things*,' says M. Ganilh, 'it seems that he might be classed among those writers who favour the commercial system: but, on the other hand, M. *Say* only concedes the attributes and character of wealth to those *things* which have a value, and consequently he denies those attributes and character to values which do not fix themselves in some material objects; in this respect, he approximates to the *material* system of the economists.' Nothing can be wider from the truth, as it appears to us, than this representation of M. *Say*'s doctrine: but, instead of going into the proof, we shall refer to our statement of the controversy between M. *Say* and Mr. Malthus; (see the Review for May, published with this *Appendix*:) in which the former disputes the latter's definition of wealth precisely *because* it was confined to material objects, and emphatically insists that all products are immaterial: "*oui, TOUS,*" says he, in large letters.* The misconception appears to have arisen from M. *Say*'s use of the word *things*; which is *well* used, being equally applicable to material and immaterial objects, though M. GANILH appears to have thought that its application was restricted by M. *Say* to the former.

The author exhibits a large portion of fencing with the words *value in use, exchangeable value,* and so on, very little to the amusement and still less to the edification of the reader. From the artificial construction of M. *Say*'s style, he sometimes exposes himself to the suspicion of inconsistency when he is not guilty of it; although we are perfectly aware that, in the use of terms, he does not always abide by his own definitions. "Value, that abstract quality by which things become wealth, or portions of wealth," (says M. *Say*, in one of his notes on Mr. Ricardo's work,) "was, before Adam Smith's time, a vague and arbitrary quantity, which each person raised or lowered according to his will, or according to the estimation in which he held his commodity: but, from the moment when it was observed that this value must be acknowleged and recognized before it constitutes real wealth, the science of Political Economy became fixed on a solid basis, the exchangeable value or current price of things, estimated in the money of the country." M. GANILH thinks that he detects an inconsistency because M. *Say* afterward remarks; "Exchange has been considered as the foundation of social wealth, while in fact it adds nothing to it. Two values exchanged against each other, a bushel of wheat and a pair of scissars, have been already formed, and existed before the act of exchange; and, although these exchanges are essential in social economy, in order that productions should reach the consumers, it is not in the exchange itself that the production and consumption of wealth consist." Several pages are employed to shew the incorrectness of the latter opinion, and its discrepancy with the former: but where is the discrepancy? In both places, M. *Say* states that exchange ascertains and attests value, not that it constitutes it: a favourite horse, or a family-seat, may have a fancy-value in the estimation of its owner, very different from its exchangeable value, which can only be ascertained by offering it to sale. Where is the incorrectness? 'What!' says the present author, 'are there no things which have an exchangeable value before they are presented for exchange, and which they lose because the exchange does not confirm it?' (P. 101.) We answer, there are no such things: the proposition is self-evident; they could not lose an exchangeable value, because, when put to the test, it appeared that they had none to lose!—but they had some to gain; M. GANILH goes on; 'Do not provisions and commodities, which in the spot of their production have no exchangeable value because they are without sale, and which do not acquire it till commerce has found consumers for them, owe that value to the exchange? Can you ascribe this accidental and precarious value to production,' &c.? They certainly owe their exchangeable value to the power of commanding other values in exchange: the first interrogatory involves a solecism, and the second a truism. All exchangeable value is relative, but relative to what? When we speak of high or low value, Mr. Ricardo well observes, we should always mention some medium in which we are estimating them, or no idea can be attached to the proposition: but M. GANILH has raised a spectre for the sake of shewing his skill in exorcism, for he lays it immediately afterward. 'The labour of a whole people,' says he, 'yields products of every description, material and immaterial, temporary and permanent. All have an exchangeable value, without which they would not have been produced: *but their value is only possible and conjectural until exchange has established it.*' (*Tant que l'échange ne l'a pas consacrée.*) These endless disputes about the nature of *value*, *riches*, &c. are very like that of the travellers who quarrelled about the colour of the cameleon; one swore that it was green, the other that it was blue, and the umpire declared that it was black as jet: —

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* M. *Say* so entirely disapproves of confining the definition of wealth to material objects, that he exclaims in his "*Lettres*" to Mr. M., "*Et nos talens! pour quoi les prenez-vous donc? Je connois des artistes habiles qui n'ont d'autre revenu que celui qu'ils tirent de leur talens, et qui sont dans l'opulence. Selon vous, ils ne seraient pas plus riches qu'un barbouilleur d'échoppes.*" In another place, he observes; "Commodities, you say, are not only exchanged against commodities (*marchandises*), they also exchange against *labour*. If this labour be a product which some people sell and others buy, and which the latter consume, I can have little difficulty in calling it a commodity, and you cannot have much more in assimilating other commodities to it, for they likewise are products. Combining these together under the generic name of *products*, you may perhaps agree with me that products alone can purchase products." (*Lettres à M. Malthus*, p. 46.) After all, this is a miserable affectation of style, and serves to confuse rather than instruct. What is that *unreal thing*, labour, separated from the *real thing* on which it is employed?

> " You stare — but, sirs, I've got it yet,
> And can produce it."

We all know how the matter ended: the umpire,

> " full before their sight,
> ' Produced the beast, and lo! — 'twas white."

The advice of the sagacious reptile should not be forgotten:

> " My children," the cameleon cries,
> (Then first the creature found a tongue,)
> " You all are right and all are wrong.
> When next you talk of what you view,
> Think others see as well as you;
> Nor wonder, if you find that none
> Prefers your eye-sight to his own." *

Similar disputes have been carried on about the sterility or productiveness of different sorts of labour. Dull indeed must be that man who is neither witty himself nor the cause of wit in others; and sterile must be that labour which is neither productive itself, nor the cause of productiveness in others! Here lies a common mistake. The labour of a musician, it is true, is not fixed on a permanent object, like that of a carpenter or a husbandman: he certainly cannot bottle up the notes which he draws from his fiddle, as the peasant bottles the juice which he presses from his grapes: but, in the merry season of vintage, when the plains of Burgundy and Champagne are alive to every feeling of joy and hilarity, the peasant will gladly exchange a few clusters of his grapes, and a few bottles of his wine, with the minstrel who shall set the dance a-going by the sprightliness of his music. If a dry professor, a manufacturer of definitions, shall yet pronounce his labour to be sterile, he must at least acknowlege it to be the cause of productiveness in others; and we have an old law-maxim, not inapplicable here, *qui facit per alium facit per se.* * M. GANILH gives a chapter on what he terms the absolute productiveness of labour; contending, on this principle, that all labour which has an exchangeable value is productive; and that exchange has no regard to the quantity, materiality, or permanence of products, but is determined by other principles and obedient to other laws. The following distinction, however, is worth attention, because the principle may be pushed too far; and it would not be wise to infer from it that, in multiplying labours for the gratification of the desires and passions of men, we always multiply productive labour in the same proportion:

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* Merrick has run away with the merit of being the author of this admirable fable: but it is little more than an English version of the Scotch of Allan Ramsay. The original is to be found among his poems.

> 'So long as productive labour,' says M. GANILH, 'liberally and voluntarily remunerates other labours, we need not fear that the latter will exceed the limits which general or individual interests require. Whatever taste people have for amusements, luxury, or splendor, they will not, in order to obtain them, sacrifice their means of subsistence, their ease, and fortune: they will not impoverish themselves in order to be amused, nor ruin themselves in order to live more agreeably. Generally speaking, the amusements and comforts, which they seek, follow, and do not precede, the products which are to pay for them. But it is otherwise when labours employed in luxury and splendor are not demanded by the productive classes of society, while these latter are nevertheless *forced* to pay for them, and to take the wages from that pittance which should supply their own necessities: then it may happen

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* It is also an old saying that "there is nothing new under the sun;" and thus Mr. Ricardo's theory that labour is the measure of all exchangeable value was laid down as a sort of axiom by Hume long since. "Every thing in the world," says that most acute and ingenious writer, "is purchased by labour." Abstractedly considered, "manufactures increase the power of a state only as they store up so much labour, and that of a kind to which the public may lay claim without depriving any one of the necessaries of life. The more labour, therefore, is employed beyond mere necessaries, the more powerful is any state." [Essay on Commerce.] Thus again, the power resulting from a minute division of labour, to which Adam Smith ascribes so much of the improvements in modern society, is stated by Lord Lauderdale to have been just as well understood in the time of Xenophon. His Lordship adds that a knowlege of this power (which he himself, however, by no means allows to the extent usually believed) was the occasion of a division into castes among the people of antient Egypt, and among the Hindoos. If minute division of labour has done much, machinery, which may not improperly be considered as a *concentration of labour*, has done more.

that this *forced* payment does not occasion an increase of productions, but that it falls entirely on the productive classes, and diminishes their wealth, which is not re-produced. This can happen only by the act of sovereigns and the great men of a country; and, as they cannot be sure that the labours of luxury and splendor, the burden of which they impose on the productive classes, do not exceed their products, they may create labours not only sterile but oppressive, not merely unproductive but such as will even destroy productive labour.'

In a chapter on the comparative productiveness of different sorts of labour, the author is not disposed to concede the pre-eminence to agriculture as being favourable to wealth and population. If North America be as much indebted to the industry and capitals of Europe for its growing wealth, and to the never-ebbing tide of emigration from Europe for its growing population, as it is to its agriculture, we cannot see how antient Egypt and modern China are to be considered only as presenting questionable evidence of the efficacy of agricultural labour in promoting the population and wealth of nations. So entirely does the present writer differ from Adam Smith in his views of the subject, that he says, even admitting it to be capable of producing these consequences, we could never expect from it those great moral and political virtues, that energy or public spirit, or those eminent qualities, which render nations great, which elevate the human species, and do honour to humanity. Then, to make out the case, a fanciful picture is drawn, as visionary as any in the Midsummer-Night's Dream; where, in consequence of a devotion to agricultural pursuits, the recompence of commercial and ingenious labour *is assumed* to be necessarily reduced to the lowest rate, and the individuals engaged in it discouraged and degraded:—'without talents, without activity, without energy, circumscribed within mere mechanical arts, they never form those brilliant conceptions of the fine arts, never breathe those inspirations of genius, which,' &c. &c.,—in a poetical rhapsody, very brilliant, but by no means to the purpose. The labours of industry, or of commerce and ingenuity, are accordingly considered to be the most advantageous of all.

When reading the numerous works of political economists which are daily issuing from the press, we have sometimes been led to question the advantage of these *travaux de l'industrie:* since the ingenuity of their authors drives them occasionally to make idle shoots, as exuberant and excessive sap in young fruit-trees is apt to waste itself in forming barren though luxuriant wood. A skilful gardener knows that, in order to convert these wanton shoots into blossom-bearing boughs, he must depress them, remove a ring off their bark, or bind a cincture tightly round it; in short, by some means he must restrain the luxuriance of the sap. We are not making a personal allusion to M. GANILH; — though the work before us, indeed, is not altogether free from that sin of over-refinement and hypercriticism which besets an ingenious man: but he has often acted the part of a skilful gardener in pruning the superfluous branches of other writers, and has endeavoured, not without success,

> "To decent form their lawless shoots to bring,
> And teach the obedient branches where to spring."

He considers a devotion to agricultural labour to be incompatible with political power, as well as with every thing grand and ennobling; and, in addition to the Chinese empire, he refers to *Africa*, *Sicily*, and Poland, which are essentially agricultural, to shew that nations so addicted have never been able to preserve their independence, or maintain their rank among nations; while Tyre, Sidon, Corinth, Athens, *Syracuse*, and *Carthage*[*], in antient times, and Venice, Genoa, Pisa, Florence, Holland, &c., in modern, have by their commercial industry raised themselves to the highest rank. He will not allow the immense riches of Rome under the republic, and in the first ages of the empire, to be placed in the opposite scale; because, he says, she was not indebted for these riches to her agricultural pursuits, but to the success of her arms, to the spoliation and tributes of her vanquished enemies. This remark is destruction to the former: for arms and agriculture were the two principal occupations of the antient Romans; and, although the taste for Asiatic luxury which Rome imbibed from her conquered provinces led her into every kind of corruption, and ultimately extinguished every spark of liberty, it will scarcely be contended that she did not for a series of ages maintain her "rank among nations," or 'that she discouraged and degraded talent,' or that her citizens never 'breathed the inspirations of genius,' and were incapable of forming any 'brilliant conceptions in the fine arts.' It was the boast of Augustus that he found his capital built of brick, and left it of marble; and Marcellus, who took Syracuse in the second Punic war, was the father of the fine arts in Rome. After his time, also, the love and the cultivation of them became so enthusiastic, that many grave philippics were pronounced against them by the severe philosophers of that day as calculated to engender effeminacy, and to produce the neglect of those hardy and martial occupations by which Rome had attained her power. Even Virgil seems fearful that the cultivation of an elegant and refined taste for the polite arts would enervate the martial spirit of his countrymen:

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[*] As Syracuse was the principal city in *Sicily*, and Carthage of no second-rate eminence on the coast of *Africa*, it seems rather odd to quote them on this occasion.

> "*Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,*
> *Credo equidem: vivos ducent de marmore vultus;*
> *Orabunt causas melius; cœlique meatus*
> *Describent radio, et surgéntia sidera dicent;*
> *Tu, regere imperio populos, Romane, memento:*
> *Hæ tibi erunt artes; pacisque imponere morem,*
> *Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.*" (VIRG. *Æn.* 6.)

The republic of Sparta was more powerful than any state in the world, consisting of an equal number of people; and this, says Mr. Hume, was entirely owing *to the want of commerce* and luxury. The Helots were the labourers; the Spartans were the soldiers or gentlemen; and the labour of the one could not have maintained so great a number of the other, had the latter lived in ease and delicacy, and given employment to a great variety of trades and manufactures. The same policy existed at Rome; and perhaps Mr. Hume was correct, when he wrote, in saying that "the smallest republics in antient history raised and maintained greater armies than states consisting of triple the number of inhabitants are able to support at present." (*Essay on Commerce.*) It is certain, he proceeds, that the fewer desires and wants are found in the proprietors and labourers of land, the fewer hands do they employ; and, consequently, the superfluities of the land, instead of maintaining tradesmen and manufacturers, may support fleets and armies to a much greater extent than when a great many arts are required to minister to the luxury of particular persons. Since Mr. Hume wrote, however, much greater armies have been brought into the field by every European power, and much greater have been maintained at home in time of peace, than he deemed possible: but he could not foresee the developement of those mechanical contrivances for the abbreviation of human labour, much of the prodigious powers of which lay dormant in his time, and the use of which will spare a great many hands for the army. Still, why dispute which is the more useful labour, agricultural or commercial? It is almost like disputing which is the more useful member, the leg or the arm. Each nation will, *more* or *less*, employ itself in both; and the degree of *more* or *less* will chiefly depend on soil, climate, and local circumstances: which, generally speaking, will ascertain with sufficient precision the relative proportions of each that may be most advantageously employed.

As the present work is a sort of compression of the various systems of political economy which other writers have advanced, the arguments on litigated questions are brought into a narrow compass, and the author's own opinion is thrown into that scale which he conceives to preponderate. On the subject of machinery, he is an advocate for its unlimited use; he is likewise a friend to large farms, as being decidedly more favourable than small farms to production, wealth, and population. 'Wherever an increase of products can be obtained *at a diminished expence*, an increase of wealth ensues; and wherever an increase of wealth takes place, an increase of population follows. This law seems to me absolute in political economy, if in that science any principle may be considered as absolute.' This passage refers to a position of M. *de Sismondi* *, that the economist should rather fix his attention on the gross than on the net produce of a nation.

"The increase of the latter," says that writer, "at the expence of the former, is often a great national calamity. Suppose that the proprietor of a certain spot of land under the best and most expensive culture should let it at a hundred crowns, although its gross produce was worth a thousand; if he afterward found out that by converting it into pasture he could derive a hundred and ten crowns, he would dismiss his gardener or his vine-dresser, and gain ten crowns, while the nation would lose eight hundred and ninety! It would leave without employment, and consequently without profit, all the capitals which had been previously engaged in obtaining this abundant produce; and it would leave without labour, and consequently without revenue, all the workmen whose labour this produce represented. The treasury also would lose much more than the proprietor would gain, for it has a larger share in the united revenues of the workmen and the farmer than in that of the proprietor alone."

M. Ganilh justly observes that it is extravagant, in the first place, to suppose that a proprietor should obtain a hundred crowns from a spot of ground under the very highest culture, and a hundred and ten by throwing it into the less productive form of pasture; and that it is not less chimerical, in the second place, even admitting pasture to be more productive than corn-lands, to suppose that all the capital and labour devoted to the culture of corn would rest idle. They would be employed in some other direction, certainly. To imagine that a state has more interest in obtaining a large gross produce, than it has in obtaining a large net produce, is to assume that the wages of workmen are more conducive to the wealth of a country than the profits of capital and the rent of land; or that a state, in which labour yields an amount of produce only equivalent to the wages of the workmen employed, and which consequently can maintain only such a number as is necessary to keep up this amount, would be as prosperous, rich, and powerful, as another state in which the labour employed yields an amount of produce that exceeds the wages of its workmen; and which, with this excess, can maintain a distinct population of ingenious and industrious classes, disposable for the service of the state. To admit such a supposition is to overthrow the whole science of political economy, to replunge it into the darkness of ignorance, and to deprive it of all direction in the conduct of human affairs. *Net* produce, then, M. Ganilh considers as the measure of all wealth and power: which produce bears an inverse proportion to the cost of production; and, as machinery is the most powerful means of reducing this cost, every country ought to exert its utmost efforts in substituting machinery for manual labour.

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* *Nouveaux Principes d'Economie Politique*, liv. vi. ch. 1.

The great obstacles, which by some persons are considered as preventing labour and industry from being carried to the highest point of utility, and by others are deemed advantageous to its exertions, are slavery, apprenticeships, corporations, the freedom of companies, and the lowness of wages. A separate chapter is devoted to each of these subjects; and that which treats on slavery we opened with delight, because M. Ganilh is a very animated writer, and this chapter is written even with unusual spirit. Grievous, then, was our disappointment as we proceeded. His doctrine may suit the meridian of Paris, but we hope not that of London: though the West-India planter will receive it with gratitude.

M. *Say*, in his *Political Economy*, (vol. i. p. 278. 3d edit.) had openly affirmed that, in the labour of the slave, there is a greater excess of production over consumption than in that of the freeman: the labour of the former has no limit but that of his physical powers, since the cupidity of his master knows no bounds: but the labour of the latter is regulated by his will as well as by his power, and the desire of repose is often stronger than the love of gain. M. Ganilh rebuts this strain of reasoning triumphantly and eloquently. (Vol. i. p. 233. *et seq.*) Whatever efficacy may exist in the lash of a slave-driver, it can never equal that impulse which the hope of future enjoyment, vanity, and ambition, give to the freeman. Fear may prevent the slave from doing this or that thing which is prohibited, but nature has placed in the heart of man other motives of action and industry. Far from increasing the powers of the workman, fear diminishes them, relaxes their spring, paralyzes their activity, and is calculated to produce idleness, stupidity, and lethargy, rather than application, intelligence, and address. — "But the slave costs less to maintain than the freeman — it signifies little to his master whether he *enjoys* life, it is enough for him that he *preserves* it." Closely has M. Ganilh argued this position: the freeman cannot expend more and produce less than the slave: greater expence implies greater production, for at no period of time and in no country of the world has man given something for nothing. All expence supposes an equivalent product for the payment of it; and, if the free workman expends more than the slave, the products of his labour are greater than those of the labour of the slave.

After a course of argument like this, is it credible that M. Ganilh should have confined his observations practically to what has no longer any existence, at least in the southern parts of Europe, — *the slavery of white men?* At first, we hoped that his address was in the spirit of Hamlet's instructions to the players before the king and queen: "*This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna;*" and that his argument was intended for application where alone it is wanted: but no such thing! 'Although the nature of man, black, tawny, or white, is, throughout, the same; although the passions exercise the same empire over every colour; although all equally obey the influence of moral and physical causes; it cannot be disguised that the habits of slavery or liberty modify them to such a degree, that the freeman and the slave have nothing in common but the exterior forms of humanity.' It is thence concluded that the question of preference is exceedingly different when applied to the employment of slaves in Europe, and to the employment of them where alone they are actually brought into use in the West-India islands. Accordingly, although M. Ganilh has demonstrated that the labour of a freeman is more profitable than that of a slave, it is equally true, says he, that in the colonial system, such as it now exists, the labour of the slave is more profitable than that of the freeman! What could Dr. Pangloss or Candide have said more? After having defeated M. *Say*, he suffers himself to be bound by him, hand and foot.

M. Ganilh adopts the liberal and the sensible side of the question on the subject of corporate privileges, apprenticeships, and the wages of labour.

We shall take a future opportunity of noticing the remaining portion of these volumes.

[*To be continued.*]

Art. XIV. *Observations sur la Phrenologie,* &c.; *i. e.* Observations on Phrenology, or the Knowlege of Moral and Intellectual Man, founded on the Functions of the Nervous System. By G. Spurzheim, M. D. 8vo. pp. 372. Paris. Imported by Treuttel and Würtz. Price 9s.

Art. XV. *Essai Philosophique sur la Nature Morale,* &c.; *i. e.* A Philosophical Essay on the Moral and Intellectual Nature of Man. By G. Spurzheim, M. D. 8vo. pp. 248. Paris. 1820. Imported by Treuttel and Würtz. Price 7s.

We have lately entered (Number for April last) at considerable length into an examination of the doctrines of which, in this country at least, Dr. Spurzheim is regarded as the principal champion; and our readers would, perhaps, hardly thank us for again detaining them by a very minute discussion of speculations, to which some of them may think we have already devoted as much of our space as their importance or interest deserves. In fact, it is the less necessary to pursue the subject farther at present, because the 'Observations on Phrenology' now before us can scarcely be said to contain much additional matter; consisting chiefly of a repetition, somewhat abridged and methodized, of the principal statements and reasonings of the author's larger work which appeared in England some years ago, and were retailed in various forms in the publications of his English disciples. In one respect, however, he has made a slight variation, not in the principle but in the details of the system; having found room for two additional organs, which extend the entire number to thirty-five. They are the organs of *supernaturality,* and of *phænomena.* To give some notion of the sort of summary and expeditious process, by which these and other original instincts are established as constituent and essential parts of the human constitution, we extract the remarks which he has made on these two newly discovered organs:

'I propose the name of supernaturality to designate that sentiment which leads man to refer every thing to the agency of a supernatural power. This faculty is very marked in the human species; and savages, as well as civilized nations, manifest its influence on many occasions. All nations have ascribed to their founders a fabulous origin, and propagate traditionary stories of marvels and prodigies; and many persons amuse themselves with fictitious narratives, especially such as are astonishing, surprizing, mysterious, or miraculous. This feeling leads to a belief in inspirations, presentiments, phantoms, and dæmons; in magic, in ghosts, visions, witchcraft, enchantments, and astrology. It contributes much to religious faith, by encouraging a belief in mysteries and miracles. In dramatic productions, it introduces the representation of spirits and other supernatural appearances. When very active, it leads us to imagine that we see, hear, or are accompanied by, spirits. The organ of this sentiment is situated before that of hope. Its developement enlarges the volume of the superior lateral part of the frontal bone.' (P. 207.)

This is all that the author has chosen to advance in support of the new instinct of supernaturality; and he does not even take the trouble of applying to it the criterion of a distinct faculty which he had before enumerated, but contents himself with a bare statement of a few phænomena, which, without more formality, he immediately refers to a peculiar instinctive principle. We may, in truth, call this an easy way of *explaining* things. Whether the above observations will be considered by any of our readers as sufficient to warrant us in ascribing the love of the marvellous or supernatural to a peculiar instinct, we know not: but, for our own part, we do not hesitate to say that they appear to us altogether inconclusive; and surely it cannot be necessary to go far for a much more satisfactory analysis of this disposition, on the ordinary and universally acknowleged principles of human nature. In every stage of society, and more especially in rude and imperfectly civilized communities, mankind are exposed to the influence of various powerful instruments, both of good and ill, of the nature and constitution of which they are utterly ignorant, and equally unable to controul the effects. What, then, is more natural than the analogy which leads them to ascribe these effects to the agency of other beings, superior in power but similar in nature to themselves? The storm, the earthquake, and the pestilence, are hence referred to the malice or vengeance of malignant beings, who are permitted to produce these tremendous phænomena by suspending or counteracting the ordinary course of events; and this is in fact the earliest mode of accounting for all the appearances, at least all the more remarkable appearances, of the external world. The only power, of which we have any knowlege in the first instance, is that of which we are conscious in ourselves; and therefore the changes which are seen in nature are ascribed by the untutored savage to the agency of invisible beings, endowed with higher powers but of like passions with himself; some benevolent, others malignant and revengeful, and all requiring to be propitiated by a variety of superstitious rites and ceremonies. Accordingly, it is not till long experience has taught mankind the uniform course and order of nature, that they seek to refer these events to second causes, operating in a fixed and regular manner, and are gradually led to investigate those general principles and modes of action, which have since been denominated *laws of nature*. Why, then, should we hunt for any new and peculiar organ, or faculty, in order to account for this propensity, when the circumstances in which mankind in all ages, and especially in *rude* ages, have been placed, operating on the universally received and acknowleged principles of the human constitution, are adequate satisfactorily to explain it? — We ought to apologize for entering at so much length into the analysis of sentiments so natural as these, and so obviously arising from the influence of association; if it were not that the operation of this principle seems to be uniformly and systematically overlooked by the advocates of this new doctrine.

The following is the account of the faculty of phænomena:

> 'We often meet with men who have a superficial acquaintance with every branch of human knowlege; who take an interest in all the arts and sciences; who have never studied things to the bottom, but know enough to enable them to talk about them with facility; and who do in fact talk much and converse well: — in a word, men who are what we call *brilliant* in society. The forehead of such persons is prominent; and the lower part of the middle of the forehead, immediately above the root of the nose, is enlarged. This organization is more developed in children than in adults, in boys than in girls, in some nations than in others; — what, then, is the primitive faculty manifested by this organ? M. *Gall* at first gave to this organ the name of *the memory of things*, because the persons in whom he observed it had an extensive knowlege of facts. Afterward, he assigned to it the name of *the sense of things;* and, lastly, that of *educability:* but these expressions do not designate the primitive faculty. In the first place, it is certain that the faculty in question takes cognizance of all that passes around us; it attends to external events and phænomena; it delights in history, and in the knowlege of anecdotes and facts. Moreover, it appears to me that this faculty takes note of every thing that passes within us of which we are conscious; organic sensations, the actions of the different propensities, sentiments, external senses, and perceptive faculties. It seeks to know every thing, and calls into action for this purpose the external senses; it records facts, and has pleasure in recounting them; — for which reason it is essential to compilers of all descriptions, to teachers, and to historians. Its knowlege is confined to facts. Combined with the faculty of individuality, it forms the practical spirit which ought to supply the basis of philosophical reasoning.' (P. 294.)

We might have supposed that, Dr. S. having provided separate organs for the reception and observation of each particular class of phænomena, such as forms, sounds, colours, &c. &c., it was not requisite to provide another to take cognizance of phænomena in general: but this is not the only work of supererogation with which the patrons of Phrenology have charged themselves. According to them, the mind is, in truth, a singularly complicated system, consisting of a variety of distinct agents, each destined to play its separate part; — in short, it is something like a regularly constituted state, of which the powers, faculties, and propensities, supreme and subordinate, have all their respective functions accurately parcelled out. In the present instance, the division of labour seems to be carried to a prodigious degree of minuteness. The external senses, which are set to work (it appears) by the faculty of phænomena, are employed to collect the impressions from without which constitute the raw material of the intellectual manufacture: but the eye knows nothing of visible objects, nor the hand of tangible qualities; — the impressions are turned over to the faculties of form, of colour, of weight, &c. *, which are variously affected by them, and cause ideas of these qualities. Still, however, we are not arrived at the knowlege of the external object itself: this is the province of *the faculty of phænomena*. We might now suppose that we had reached the end of the series; — far from it; — *the faculties of causality* and *comparison* now take up the tale; they generalize, arrange, and classify the individual phænomena; deduce inferences and conclusions; trace effects to their causes, &c. Even yet the process is imperfect; — we are still confined to the mental organs; — the mind itself, the principle of consciousness, the pure spirit, the *monad*, which is kept in such studied obscurity that we are at a loss to make out either its seat or its peculiar functions, appears nevertheless to be necessary to appropriate, and, if we may so express it, to *spiritualize* the whole. It seems, however, as far as we can perceive, to be a mere idle spectator of the labour performed by other agents, the passive recipient of impressions and ideas furnished by its numerous organs or faculties.

Dr. SPURZHEIM's 'Observations' are divided into eight sections: the first treats of sensibility, which is the primary phænomenon of the nervous system; — the second examines the relations which the affective and intellectual faculties may have with the bodily temperament, with the viscera, or with the general constitution of the brain; — the third treats of the necessity of making a division of faculties and organs, and referring them to distinct portions of the brain; — the fourth, of the methods adopted by different physiologists to ascertain the functions of various portions of the brain; — the fifth, of craniology, strictly so called, or the mode of estimating the volume of the brain, and the portions into which this theory divides it by examining the external form of the head; — the sixth contains a general view of the new enumeration of the primitive faculties of the soul proposed by the phrenologists; — the seventh treats of the modes of action of the faculties; — and the eighth discusses their mutual influence and combinations.

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* If we are to have separate organs of form, size, and weight, can any good reason be assigned why we should not also be furnished with peculiar organs, exclusively devoted to the other tangible qualities of bodies; such as hardness, elasticity, roughness or smoothness, fluidity, heat, &c. &c.?

The reader will not fail to have perceived that it is a fundamental and indeed indispensable principle of this system, that the aptitude of the various mental organs for the performance of their respective functions is to be estimated by their *size*. This is a principle assumed gratuitously, though it is certainly very questionable, and evidently contrary to many analogies. Dr. SPURZHEIM, however, does not seem to have entirely settled his mind on the point, and occasionally makes concessions which appear to us to involve his whole doctrine in imminent peril.

> ' It is true,' he observes, p. 6., ' that the functions of the nerves are proportioned to the perfection of their organization: but mere volume does not constitute their perfection, since an eagle, by means of a very small optic nerve, sees much better than an ox, or a man with longer nerves.'

Again, p. 25.,

> ' It is true that the functions of organized parts depend not entirely on their volume, but also on their organic constitution; and we cannot determine with precision the degree of developement of the brain which is necessary for the manifestations of the mind. This is the more evident *since idiotism may accompany every possible form and magnitude of the brain.* All, therefore, that we can say is that too small a head is one of the obstacles which impede the manifestation of the mind.'

This is certainly one of the most sensible observations in the whole of these two volumes: but, when pursued to its consequences, we fear that it will prove fatal to the scheme of estimating the peculiarities of mental character, by taking the external dimensions of the skull. Afterward, however, as if aware of the importance of these concessions, the author seems disposed to withdraw them; and we are told, p. 121.,

> ' It is a general law of nature that the phænomena both of unorganized and organized bodies depend on their volume. A magnet will support a mass of iron proportioned to its own weight. The fermentation of a fluid is more violent in proportion as its quantity is increased. Muscular strength is modified by the size of the muscular fibres. We admit the influence of the volume of

the nerves on their functions; — why should the brain alone be an exception to this rule?'

We leave it to the craniologists to reconcile these apparent contradictions; and to explain how, in spite of the multiplied examples here admitted, (and a great many more might have been added,) they can still continue to proceed with confidence, on the presumption that the comparative strength of the mental organs is to be estimated merely from their size.

'All the mental processes, of which we are conscious, may be reduced to two classes; the first are simply *affective*, and the others are intellectual. These two sorts of faculties have been recognized from the remotest antiquity: but different names have been given to them; such as faculties of the soul, and of the mind; moral and intellectual faculties; the understanding; and the will. Both these classes may be subdivided into various genera. Some of the affective faculties produce only a desire, an inclination, or tendency, similar to what we call instinct in the brutes, and are very little under the controul of the will: I call them *propensities*. Other affective faculties are not limited to a simple inclination, but experience something beyond, which we call *sentiment*. Self-love and circumspection may serve as examples. The intellectual faculties are subdivided into three classes. Some belong to the external senses; while others are intended to give us information of the qualities and relations of external objects; these we denominate *perceptive*. Others, again, act on all sorts of sensations and ideas, and to them we assign the name of *reflective* faculties. The *affections*, commonly so called, are modes of the affective faculties; — ideas or notions result from the intellectual faculties; reason, in particular, is the *apanage* of the reflective faculties.' (P. 124.)

If reason be the exclusive prerogative of the reflective faculties, then we contend that fear, courage, self-esteem, veneration, parental affection, &c. are all reducible to this class. What, for example, is fear but a judgment of the understanding; an inference deduced from premises; or, if it be so argued, a prejudice resulting from ignorance, from erroneous information, from an implicit reliance on the authority of others, but still an inference or judgment that the object which excites this sentiment is likely to be injurious to us? The *emotion*, or feeling, with which this judgment is connected, and which alone distinguishes it from any other act of the rational powers, seems to be a complex affection of mind, arising from the painful recollection of various evils to which we have formerly been exposed; and which have been intimately blended, in the way of association, with the conception of the object or circumstance which we regard as their cause. In like manner, the extensive class of mental affections called *desires*, such as the desire of knowlege, of power, and many others, which some eminent philosophers have deemed it necessary to refer to so many distinct original principles, — what are they but conceptions or judgments of the understanding that the things desired are fitted, in some way or another, to conduce to our happiness?

The phænomena of the external senses are very largely discussed, and the author's speculations on the various questions which have been agitated with respect to them often display considerable ingenuity and acuteness: but his conclusions cannot fail to be materially affected by the general principles, in our estimation fundamentally erroneous, which he has adopted respecting the nature of mind. Thus it has been the doctrine of almost all the later writers on sensation, that the senses reciprocally influence each other; — that the information received from one sense is checked, as it were, and corrected by a comparison with that which is derived from another. Visual impressions, for example, exciting for the most part little interest on their own account, receive themselves only slight attention, and are merely the signs of those tangible qualities in objects of which we are led to infer the existence by means of them. This doctrine, a little modified by the peculiar notions entertained by the writers on the philosophy of mind in other respects, has been so ably and satisfactorily illustrated by many eminent philosophers, particularly Berkley and Reid, that it would be a waste of time if we were now to enter at large into the proof of its validity. It seems, however, to be contested by Dr. Spurzheim; who has taken great pains to shew that each sense exercises its separate and peculiar functions, independently of the others. He maintains, for example, that the eye judges of the distance and magnitude of visible objects *directly*, and not in consequence of an association which is the result of experience between certain visual impressions, and the tangible qualities of the objects whence those impressions proceed.

'It would be ridiculous, he affirms, (p. 227.) to accuse nature of having created senses of which the functions can take place only in combination with those of another sense, altogether different. In speaking of the rectification of one sense by another, if it be meant that one sense enables another to exercise its peculiar functions, the assertion is denied. When a stick is plunged in the water, it appears crooked; and in this case it is said that the sense of touch rectifies that of sight: — but does not every one continue to see the stick crooked, although convinced that it is in reality straight? We know that the trees at the end of an avenue are in fact at the same distance relatively as those at the beginning: but we cannot divest ourselves of the idea that the two parallel rows of trees approach each other. The nature and the laws of vision are not subject to change. We know that every part of a picture is equally remote from the eye, yet we cannot avoid the idea that the objects represented are at different distances, according to the *inherent laws of vision.*'

We regard this passage as a clear proof that the author has very imperfectly conceived the true nature of the principle of association, and the manner in which it may be applied to explain the phænomena of the senses. The connection between visual sensations and the tangible qualities inferred from them is established by their being presented in conjunction, in a multitude of instances, through the whole course of our lives; and it is not to be overturned by one or two apparent exceptions, however completely we may be convinced that in these cases the usual inference is erroneous, because, from the peculiarity of the circumstances, things are disjoined which are generally found to be connected. It is not by this sort of express effort of the reasoning powers that the influence of one sense in correcting the reports of another is exercised, but by means of the intimate association that is gradually introduced between impressions and ideas which have been almost invariably presented in conjunction. If this association has taken place in ninety-nine instances, an exception in the hundredth will not dissolve it. Could we, indeed, conceive a human being to be so placed that the visual sensation, which to us suggests the idea of a straight line, should always have been connected with the real existence of a curve, we have no hesitation in saying that the ordinary association, or what Dr. S. has called 'the inherent laws of vision,' would in this instance be reversed: but every person can perceive that the supposition is impossible. The same remark might be applied to many other cases of association; — thus ghosts and darkness are often so connected in early life, that no philosophy or good sense can entirely separate them; — and it is just as reasonable to ascribe the phænomena of sensation adduced by Dr. S. to 'the inherent laws of vision,' as it would be to refer the belief in ghosts and apparitions in the dark to an original principle of our nature. — We beg pardon; when this illustration occurred to us, we had really forgotten that an *organ of supernaturality* is one of the primitive faculties of the human constitution.

In the '*Essai Philosophique*,' &c., the author endeavours to illustrate, and in some instances with considerable ability, by means of the doctrines of phrenology, various questions connected with the intellectual and moral nature of man. It is divided into five sections; the first treating of the fundamental faculties of *animal* life, including under this term, by a somewhat arbitrary definition, all those functions which are attended with knowlege or consciousness; — the second traces the origin of these faculties; — the third proposes to examine the relations between the physical and the moral part of the human constitution; — the fourth contains a discussion of various questions connected with the moral nature of man; — and the fifth presents us with a variety of practical considerations, deduced or professing to be deduced from these views of the human frame.

In the second section, which treats on the origin of the faculties, Dr. S. endeavours, at considerable length and with some ingenuity, to shew that, although the doctrine of innate ideas is deservedly exploded, the notion of innate faculties or propensities must be admitted; and he examines successively the effects resulting, or supposed to result, from various causes to which the diversities observable in individual characters have been ascribed: such as necessity, the influence of associates, climate, education, &c. His object in this examination, which is ably conducted, and contains a statement of many facts, of which the supporters of the doctrine of the original sameness or equality of different minds would possibly find it not easy to dispose, is to shew that those peculiarities, which he has denominated faculties, have an original existence independently of all these external or accidental circumstances: which may indeed promote or check their activity, or determine the objects to which they shall be directed, but can never create the faculties themselves. Into this dispute we are by no means disposed to enter at present, for the reason which we have formerly stated; namely, that, after the contending parties have exhausted all that can be said on the subject, we are still left in uncertainty, from the impossibility of ascertaining what *can* and what *cannot* be ascribed to the influence of minute and unnoticed peculiarities in the circumstances of early life; which often have a most important and lasting effect on the future character, so as in many instances to resist the efforts of the most careful and judicious instruction. On the whole, we are not indisposed to admit that original varieties may exist in the mental as well as the bodily frame: but we think it is quite evident that the author, and his disciples, have extended the catalogue of original peculiarities to a length that is altogether extravagant; and also that the same arguments, which are employed to shew that the faculties enumerated are innate principles, would render it necessary to admit many more.

An appendix contains the author's part of a controversy with his former master Dr. *Gall*, the original projector of the system which has appeared to the world under their joint names, but with whom he has now ceased to have any connection. Of this dispute, if we thought that our readers were likely to take an interest in it, we should find it difficult to give a very intelligible account, because we have had an opportunity of seeing only one side of the question. It appears, however, that Dr. G. accuses his quondam disciple and associate of misrepresenting and garbling his system, of which he questions his competency to give any adequate view; and that he speaks of him as having been, in common with many others, a mere auditor of his lectures, without any of the merit of original discovery. Against this statement Dr. SPURZHEIM protests very strongly, and, as far as we can judge from his own account of the matter, not without cause. He admits that he has made sundry alterations in the details of the system, particularly in the arrangement and nomenclature; and we are assured by his followers in this country that these changes are decided improvements: — but how far this is the case we will not presume to determine.

We ought not to conclude this article, which has extended beyond the limits that we originally designed, without again apologizing to our readers for occupying them so long with a discussion, which owes its principal interest not so much to its intrinsic importance as to the zeal with which the doctrines of this new system are now promulgated, by many who profess to hail its discovery as a new æra in the history of mental science.*

ART. XVI. *Francesca da Rimini*, &c.; *i. e.* Francesca da Rimini, a Tragedy. By SILVIO PELLICO. 8vo. Milan.

ART. XVII. *Il Conte di Carmagnola*, &c.; *i. e.* The Count di Carmagnola; a Tragedy. By ALEXANDER MANZONI. 8vo. Milan. 1820.

ART. XVIII. *Ricciarda*, &c.; *i. e.* Ricciarda; a Tragedy. By UGO FOSCOLO. 8vo. Murray, London. 1820. Price 7s. 6d.

PERHAPS the most striking feature in the poetical genius of the Italians is their versatility; or the flexibility and skill which they evince, in adapting their powers to the loftiest as well as to the most trivial themes. After the first efforts of the Ausonian muse, in the splendid national monuments raised by the united genius of *Dante*, *Boccaccio*, and *Petrarch*, the spirit of Tuscan literature lay dormant for a season; until, the treasures of antiquity being fully explored and brought to light, it again burst forth under the fostering care of the *Medici*, — evincing its poetic energies in the lyric and dramatic walks, with as much splendor of success as it had exhibited in the visions of the *Divine Comedy*, and in the fictions of *Boccaccio*. Though great, however, in all departments of literature, and displaying (like the Greeks) the utmost refinement with the most astonishing boldness of imagination, the Italians, unfortunately for their *national* literature, had no sooner restored the models of classic excellence than they abandoned their own historical recollections as a people; and with annals full of rich subjects, on which the poet might delight to dwell, they with eager imitation formed their taste on those specimens of antiquity which they so ardently admired. In this spirit were produced numerous works of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, of a character essentially distinct from the native effusions of Italian mind; the erotic and chivalric songs of the Troubadours, the *Rime* of *Petrarch* and *Dante*, or the tales of *Boccaccio* and *Bandelli*. Such are the romantic and burlesque poems of the *Pulci* and *Ariosto*, the epics and tragedies of *Tasso* and *Trissino*, the dithyrambics of *Redi* and *Menzini*, and the lyrics of *Varchi* and of *Guidi*; all more or less written in imitation of the antients. The early drama of the Italians was still more professedly devoted to express the character and manner of the Greeks; and they neglected a history which was abounding in instances of terrific exploits, proud honour, and generous virtue, to remodel the fables of remote ages; — on the same principle on which a modern tragedian produced a play intitled "Lady Macbeth," as a continuation of Shakspeare.

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* We find, from the public journals, that a phrenological society has recently been established at Edinburgh.

It has thus until within a short period been the fate of Italy, while in possession of every other species of intellectual wealth, to be comparatively destitute of that national and historic drama, which has acquired for the English and the Germans such a superiority in this department of literature over every other people of Europe. It is also a singular fact that a similar dearth of native dramatic wealth was experienced by their ancestors, the Romans; who might have pleaded political reasons, with somewhat more shew of justice than the modern Italians, for neglecting to avail themselves of their natural resources and the recollections of a glorious antiquity. Among the Romans, the democratic tendency of their government and the precarious tenure of individual authority were solid objections to venturing on the delicate ground of party-prejudices and animosity; or appealing by the representation of historic incidents to the political and social passions of a people, who were so remarkable for instantaneous action on the impulse of the moment. We must not here, however, presume to investigate the peculiar causes productive of the imitative and servile spirit which was displayed in the antient Roman and Italian theatres, and which was so little in unison with their national genius and character. It will be sufficient for our purpose to shew that the Italians, like the Romans, preferred to derive materials for their drama from the remote, and to them uninteresting, annals of antiquity; and to restore the shades of heroes and of demi-gods, rather than study the records of their own fame, the warlike expeditions of their chieftains, their crusades, the deadly feuds of princes, full of wild and romantic incidents, and the political or religious dissentions which frequently desolated their unhappy land. It was reserved for a few distinguished writers of the last century to discover that the inherent worth of the literature of a people depends, like that of its social and political existence, on its national character; and that to draw from foreign sources that subsistence, which might be supplied by its native energies, is to deprive it of its title to rank individually and originally among the nations of the earth.

Alfieri was one of the foremost to evince, by a tone of vehement and intense passion, compression of thought and language, rapid transition, and empassioned dialogue, that the true national genius of the drama was about to develope itself; though he mistook the best path for accomplishing its success, by still adhering to subjects of classic history. *Vincenzo Monti*, also, in his *Aristodemo* and *Caio Gracco*, manifested the same energy and native power of genius, with the same erroneous judgment in selecting his plots from foreign sources. These noble writers, however, were the first to free the Italian drama from the thraldom and servility of a slavish obedience to the rules and models of the antients; while the spirit of truth and nature, which they introduced, was realized soon afterward in the works of FOSCOLO, PELLICO, and MANZONI. Of these authors, only the more recent productions come now under our consideration; for their earliest efforts, like those of *Monti* and *Alfieri*, though exhibiting a free and natural style, still belonged to classic story, and partook of the Stagyrite's laws and prejudices. Such are the *Thyeste* and the *Ajace* of FOSCOLO, which *Alfieri* is said to have commended; and which, though bearing evidence of youthful composition, are undoubtedly the productions of real genius. Still they are not, in any way, comparable to his more successful attempt in the tragedy of *Ricciarda;* which, for powers of poetry and dramatic skill in conceiving and developing the characters and passions, goes far to redeem the defects of a bad plot, obscurity of style, compression, and even harshness of language, with too much simplicity and uniformity of action and situation. The story of this drama treats of the animosity borne by *Guelfo*, Prince of *Salerno*, towards his brother-in-law *Averardo*, to whose possessions he considered himself as better intitled than the real owner, though the reason for such an opinion does not appear. His unnatural hatred likewise extends to his brother's children, whom he wishes to extirpate, in order, we presume, to secure their inheritance. With this view, he seems to approve the attachment subsisting between *Guido* (*Averardo*'s son) and his daughter *Ricciarda;* having previously poisoned his other nephews at a bridal-feast, which might naturally be supposed to have put the survivors on their guard. *Guido*, however, is in love, and again ventures into his uncle's castle, in order to be near to and protect his *Ricciarda*, who had formerly saved his life from the savage disposition of her father. *Averardo*, on hearing this intelligence, besieges the prince in his city of Salerno, and even disguises himself as an ambassador, after having tried every other means to bring off his son in safety; whose friend *Corrado* intreats him in vain to listen to his father's request, and says,

'You are
Resolved, in your own ruin, to bring down
Misfortune on the heads of all who love you.
In one full swoop of fate your father falls,
Your own love dies, and I will not survive you.
' *Guido.* It is because I know that fatal sire
I will not leave his daughter. Should he triumph,
Or should he fall, *she* is exposed to equal woe;
Of which she never murmurs, though for me
She suffers all. — I know how it will end;
She'll live a slave to a most unkind father,
In quiet anguish withering, day by day,
Under the pressure of his stern displeasure,
Till she forgets she ever loved or saved me.
' *Corrado.* He will not conquer.
' *Guido.* Then it is I fear him;
For he will have Salerno wrapt in flames
By his own hand, ere yield it to our arms;
And thus entomb himself, dragging her with him,
To shroud her beauty ever from my eyes.'

Guido therefore remains concealed in the castle, and *Corrado* is pursued in his retreat; which leads *Ricciarda* to suspect that her lover has been slain, and, wild with fear, she rushes into his presence. Her character is finely drawn, and combines the tenderness of modest love with the deep but sad feelings of filial duty. We translate freely.

‘ SCENE III.

‘ *Ricciar.* *Guido!* here, and alive!
‘ *Guido.* My love, my dearest love!
I have long been here. Alas! you're pale and breathless!
‘ *Ricciar.* Oh, let me hear you speak; a frightful thought
Had seized my brain. — *Guido,* I feared that you were dead —
[*shuddering.*
The thought of losing you possessed my soul
With such wild pain, that e'en the sight of you
In this strange house of death is consolation.
Let me gaze on you, ere I lead you safe
Thro' hostile swords, thro' thousand toils of death,
With mine own hand, then take a last farewell.
‘ *Guido.* Weep on my breast, dear girl; and let your tears
With less of bitterness be fraught! —
‘ *Ricciar.* But thou, my *Guido,*
Weep not for me; — and wert thou far
Away in safety, e'en these tears were sweet:
For then I should not dread to mingle them
With *Guido*'s blood, shed by my father's hand,
Here where my mother's sacred ashes rest.’

In a few moments, they are alarmed by the approach of her father, who comes armed with all the terrors of authority, which he seems rejoiced to direct against the trembling girl. *Guido* flies into the inmost recesses of the vaults, while she in patient gentleness awaits his ire.

‘ *Guelfo.* Thou here! —
‘ *Ricciar.* My lord, and father! —
‘ *Guelfo.* Ah! pale and gasping! Girl! —
What dost thou here? Speak, knew you not I called you?
‘ *Ricciar.* But now I came from your own chambers.
‘ *Guelfo.* Wherefore?
To seek me in the vaults? What, did you think
I was already laid there with my fathers?
‘ *Ricciar.* Oh, no, I sought my mother's grave — to her
I tell the griefs that none besides will hear,
Indeed you're much too harsh with me, too cruel!’

She is doomed, however, to still farther severities, when he ascertains in the second and third acts her increasing fondness for *Guido,* whom he in vain attempts to discover. At last, her tears and her devoted attachment somewhat soften even the stern disposition of the tyrant: but, after gleams of remorse and feeling, he relapses into more hardened violence than before. *Averardo*, disguised as his own ambassador, endeavours, in a fine scene of much poetic power, to touch his brother's soul with some sense of nature and justice: but, far from feeling the desired effect, *Guelfo* commands *Ricciarda* to be brought before him, and, in the presence of *Averardo*, obliges her solemnly to renounce her love for *Guido*, as a final proof of her obedience. An end being thus put to all hope of reconciliation between the parties, they mutually prepare for war. Before *Guelfo* sallies out, *Ricciarda* has an interview with *Guido*, and informs him that she has been compelled to renounce him, and that her father would, if possible, have made her swear to hate him. Greatly shocked, *Guido* beseeches her to seek refuge with him in his father's camp, lest *Guelfo* should be tempted to murder her: but she refuses, and they determine to remain, and if necessary to die together. She intreats him to intrust her with his dagger, and he again retires: but *Guelfo* enters before she has time to secrete the dagger, and he finds it to be that with which his own son had been stabbed in battle when engaged with *Averardo*, and which he had afterward given to *Guido* on the day of the intended nuptials of *Ricciarda*. This discovery rouses fresh suspicions, which are confirmed by the hesitation with which she answers. Imagining that she is about to betray him, his fury knows no bounds; and he threatens her with the most dreadful punishment if she does not acquaint him with the fearful mystery, and the place where *Guido* has concealed himself. Threatening to return when he has repulsed his foes, he rushes to battle, and appears again in the fifth act beaten back into his castle. Desperate, but still unyielding, he rejoins *Ricciarda*:

' *Guelfo.* Thy life is in thine answer; quick, reply,
Where is he?
' *Ricciar.* I saw him here, but whither
And which way he fled, I know not.
' *Guelfo.* Speak —
Short time remains for parley. Would'st thou trifle?
' *Ricciar.* Here, then, where now we speak, I saw him last.
And that you may not doubt me, learn the truth.
Did I know where he is, you are the last
On earth to whom I'd breathe it. You ask in vain;
I would not wake his vengeance, and I would not
Be guilty of his death.
' *Guelfo.* I tell thee, girl, thou shalt —
His blood is thine, or an eternal grief
Shall press him to the earth. I am not conquered.

Revenge is in my grasp; or he or thou
Must live no more!
‘ *Ricciar.* Mine, then, be the lot!
‘ *Guelfo.* Thy blood be on thine head. Would'st thou be guilty
Of dying for him, — or shield him from my arm?
[*He offers to kill her.*
‘ *Ricciar.* O, shed not innocent blood; nay, stay your hand,
And I will plunge the dagger in my bosom! — O,
'Tis only horror of your crime that frights me.
I am pale, but do not tremble; for I am guiltless.
I loved indeed, not well — but dearly loved him.
We're blinded to our fate: but Heaven alone can tell
What tears I shed for him, since that sad day
You sanctified our love, by violating
Its hopes on earth, and *Guido* lost a brother.’

The rage of the tyrant now for a moment becomes calm: but, on her refusing to aid him in his search for *Guido* among the vaults, his fury returns; and, while *Ricciarda* clings to her mother's monument, he attempts to discover the hidden youth.

‘ *Guelfo.* Where lurks he yet? Still cowering 'mid the tombs.
Thy father conquers, boy, thou may'st appear,
Thy spouse awaits thee at the altar, and
The bridal couch is decked.
Hear me, thou coward, or *Ricciarda* dies;
The thunder of my voice proclaims that now
I deal the blow! methinks he hears —
‘ *Guido.* I hear.’

Guelfo then commands him to make no resistance, under pain of seeing his beloved die, but to approach him unarmed, that he may glut his vengeance in his blood. He does so, and the tyrant wounds him, notwithstanding the tears and efforts of *Ricciarda* to prevent him. While he is thus wreaking his vengeance, the triumphant friends of *Averardo* appear: but *Guido* feebly warns them back, as the Prince still brandishes his dagger over the unprotected bosom of *Ricciarda.* They endeavour to appease him, but in vain; when, apprehensive of being overpowered, he addresses his last words to *Guido* and *Averardo:*

‘ *Guelfo.* I am one more swift to act than meditate
Unhappy deeds. Look on me, while I dare
To do this work of short and terrible death
To us, — but slow and sure to thee. [*He stabs Ricciarda.*
‘ *Ricciar.* Now take me, mother, take thy daughter to thee!
‘ *Guido.* O, hellish deed! — Farewell, but not for long.
‘ *Ricciar.* Heed it not; live: but let me see thee, *Guido;*
Say we shall meet again; — I die thine own,
And pardon ask for him who was my father.
‘ *Guelfo.* Lo! I follow. [*Guelfo stabs himself.*’

Thus terminates this wild and imaginative drama; which blends with much genius and dramatic skill many very striking defects. It is at once too revolting and too inconsequent in its results to attain the ends of legitimate tragedy. The story is too barren of interest, more especially in the middle acts, and the action and incidents are much confined; while a studied condensation of thought, and corresponding compression of language, give an abruptness and obscurity to the style which are not a little displeasing to delicate Italian readers. The author displays even more of this peculiarity than *Alfieri*, whom he very successfully emulates; for with equal closeness and terseness he intermixes in his dialogues more poetry and eloquence than belonged to *Alfieri*. Indeed, poetic power, with the skilful weaving and developement of passion and character, are his distinguishing excellences. The suspicious and terrific temper of *Guelfo* is finely conceived and preserved throughout, with an occasional contrast of gleams of repentance and hardened ferocity in guilt. *Ricciarda* is a poetic being of tenderness and truth, ever submissive, yet ever equal to the highest sacrifices for parental affection, or still tenderer love. The whole play is certainly, for the most part, illustrative of our previous opinions concerning the national drama; whether we consider the fable, the style, or the characters and passions which it displays.

We regret that our limits will permit us to touch but very slightly on the dramas of MANZONI and PELLICO; which, though possessed of merit, are of an inferior order of composition, exhibiting less force and beauty of poetic art in their conception and their execution. In both, however, we think, the subjects are preferable to that of *Ricciarda*; and the story of *Carmagnola* is a great and ennobling series of splendid and patriotic actions. After a life of high honour and military exploit, devoted in great part to the service of the Venetian republic, the Count was betrayed by the mean jealousy and ingratitude of that state which he had frequently defended by his courage and skill against its numerous enemies, was basely accused of plotting against the senate, and unjustly condemned by a decree of the council to suffer death. On these and other historical events, Signor MANZONI has founded a truly interesting and highly national drama; exhibiting a regular and sustained greatness of patriotic sentiment and action, as developed in the progress of the military achievements and triumphs, the decline and fall, of a hero than whom few acquired a higher reputation in the age in which he lived. We wish that we could allot as much praise to the style and execution as we can safely bestow on the character and sentiment of the drama: but the language is too frequently prosaic, the versification is laboured yet not smooth, and the thoughts and feelings want the fire and animation of poetic expression which should absorb us in the force of passion and the interest of real tragedy. We nevertheless meet with several fine and affecting scenes, in which the strength of the situations and the contrasted passions seem, as it were, to sustain the language of the author by their mere intrinsic power, and communicate a flow of vigorous poetic sentiment which is rarely his own. When the Count is confronting his accusers, and in the parting scene with his family, these occasional bursts of poetry, and real grandeur or tenderness of feeling, are well introduced; and in a noble ode, given at the conclusion of the second act as a species of chorus lamenting the calamities of war, a pure lyric spirit, which has perhaps never been surpassed by any Italian poet, is breathed through every line. The play is written with true national freedom, and perfect indifference to the stricter laws of dramatic composition; and it is even more regardless of the unities than our Shaksperean age, or the licence of the modern Germans.

We now come to the remaining specimen of the improved modern drama of the Italians, in the *Francesca da Rimini* of Silvio Pellico; founded, we scarcely need to add, for the honour of *Dante*, on a beautiful episode in his immortal poem. The complete success, with which the story has in this instance been treated, will prove an additional testimony to the worth of our *national theory*, in its simple language, natural sentiment, ardent poetic feeling, delicacy of character, and elegance of feeling. It manifests also a correct taste, which shrinks from the rude and obtrusive display of disgusting and revolting passions. Thus, while treating on so delicate a subject as unlicensed passion, the author does not harrow up our feelings for the purpose of interesting us in the progress of the story, but endeavours to disguise and palliate the misery and crime which, for the moral interests of the drama, he has ventured to pourtray. He opens his subject with a meeting of the father and the husband of *Francesca*; who attribute the grief which incessantly preys on the mind of the young bride to the loss of her youngest brother, who fell by the hand of *Paulo*. The bride soon afterward comes before us, lamenting over the cause of her secret anguish; and *Launcelot*, her husband, on conversing with her, recalls to her recollection some mysterious expressions which he had overheard, and accuses her of fostering a concealed passion. The arrival of a stranger throws *Francesca* into a violent tremor. *Paulo*, the brother of her husband, and her former lover, appears, on his return from the wars of the Emperor in the East: but, learning the dreadful tidings of *Francesca's* marriage with his brother, he declares his intention to depart once more. In her agitation, *Francesca* is about to reveal to her father the source of her secret troubles: but *Paulo* sends to intreat an interview, and in the third act we learn their mutual love. When they are taking a last farewell in the presence of the husband, his suspicion of her former attachment is confirmed. Her father is then made acquainted with it, and obliges his daughter to take a solemn oath at the altar, to assure him of her innocence. Under these circumstances, the two brothers meet; and in a dialogue of high interest, of mingled enmity and fraternal love, they generously forgive one another. On the approach, however, of the lady, the favoured love of the one and the jealousy of the other become too manifest in her presence to be quietly brooked by either. As power, however, is on the side of *Launcelot*, he now ungenerously imprisons his brother, and prepares to carry *Francesca* to *Ravenna*. She is awaiting his orders, when *Paulo*, having escaped from confinement, rushes into her presence with a drawn sword, imagining that she has been slain by her jealous husband. While engaged in impassioned discourse, the husband appears, and attacks his brother; when *Francesca* rushes between them, and is slain by the sword of *Launcelot*. *Paulo* then plunges the same weapon into his breast, and dies.

Slight and inadequate as we must consider our observations on the works before us, we think that they will be sufficient to confirm the opinions conveyed in the outset of our sketch; — that the modern Italian dramatists have shewn equal genius and judgment in selecting their subjects from the records of modern history; in moulding them with a disregard to the stricter laws of the unities; in expressing characters and passions in the free and unstudied language of vivid feeling; and in maintaining the national spirit of their literature, by drawing from its early founders those materials of art which they once sought in the mythological ages of Greece. — Such advantages, however, have not been acquired without counterbalancing defects. Classical correctness and elegance of taste, a polished style, and harmony of versification, have been sacrificed to greater truth and freedom of nature, to boldness of imagination, to licentiousness of numbers, and to a daring and wilful manifestation of intellectual strength. This spirit of literary enterprize, and enthusiasm of thought, characteristic of the 19th century, do not belong to the Italians more than to the writers of other nations.

The poetic fervour and surprizing activity of mind, manifested in the productions of modern genius, have originated in the revolutions of political and moral feeling; — in the change of opinions and the shock of arguments consequent on the progress of improvement in the situation of human affairs. Of such spirit the national drama of every people offers very striking indications; exhibiting the state of public feeling and manners in the character and language which it presents, though not in the action which it pourtrays.

Art. XIX. *Biographie Nouvelle des Contemporains*, &c.; *i. e.* New Biography of Contemporaries, or an Historical Dictionary of all those Men who, since the French Revolution, have acquired Celebrity by their Actions, Writings, Errors, or Crimes, whether in France or other Countries, &c. By MM. A. V. Arnault, formerly Member of the Institute; A. Jay; E. Jouy, of the French Academy; J. Norvins, and others. With 240 engraved Portraits, after the most celebrated Artists. Vol. I. Letter A. Vol. II. B—BEZ. 8vo. Paris. 1820, 1821. Imported by Treuttel and Würtz. Price 14s. each.

The editor of this dictionary announces a series of volumes; in which are to be deposited, by different co-operators, the lives of celebrated contemporaries. A chronological table of the principal incidents of the French Revolution introduces the work, which begins at the year 1787; all persons who were then living, or who then became remarkable, being considered as contemporaries, yet so that whatever is connected with the French Revolution is especially admissible. Engraved sketches of *Louis* XVI., of *Monsieur*, of the Duke *D'Enghien*, of *Louis* XVII., of the Duke of *Orleans*, of the Duchess of *Angouleme*, of *Louis* XVIII., of the Duke of *Angouleme*, of the Prince of *Condé*, of the Duke of *Berry*, and of his Duchess, precede and illustrate the respective biographies, together with portraitures not confined to royal personages. A list of the deputies to the different legislative assemblies is prefixed, extending from the meeting of the Constituent Assembly in 1789 to the session of the Chartered Parliament in 1820, which seems to announce an article for every one of them; so that this will be a voluminous work, too full of insignificant personalities to be willingly read throughout by foreigners; yet it will form a convenient book of reference to the traveller and the publicist. Another singular prefix is a list of those political phrases and nicknames to which the Revolution gave rise, and which had no previous existence in the French language.

After 184 pages of preliminaries, the editor begins his biographicon, and with the life of the Rev. *C. C. van der Aa*, who died at Haarlem in 1793; so that even to be buried after the commencement of the French Revolution is here a title to resuscitation. The life of General *Abbatucci* is ornamented with a portrait. The account of *Charles Abbott*, late Speaker of the British House of Commons, is thus given:

> ' *Charles Abbott*, the son of a school-master in Devonshire, was born in 1755, and was sent to Westminster school, where he studied with success. Some Latin verses, composed by him in honour of the Empress Catherine of Russia, occasioned him to be presented by the ambassador with a gold medal. On coming of age, he inherited a considerable property, but continued to practise at the bar, and was chosen into parliament first in 1790, then in 1796, then in 1802. At the time of the discussion of Mr. Pitt's Sedition-Bill in 1795, he attacked Mr. Fox's doctrine of resistance, and was soon afterward named President of the Committee of Finance. On the 2d of November, 1796, he brought forwards in this committee a motion which became a law in 1797. In 1799 he supported the income-tax, and in 1800 he proposed to charge interest to public accountants. In August, 1807, he obtained a prolongation of the Mutiny-Bill. Always opposed to Fox, he defended with ministerial courage the views of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and obtained accordingly a secretaryship in Ireland, a commissionership of the Treasury, a privy-counsellorship, and at length the office of Speaker to the House of Commons. He filled this last situation with distinction, and asserted with dignity the privileges of the House. His vote in the case of Lord Melville is an honourable instance. *Abbott* was, in virtue of this office, a Trustee of the British Museum, and a Governor of Greenwich Hospital; and to these titles he added that of Doctor in the University of Oxford, and Keeper of the Seals in Ireland. He was also a Fellow of the Royal and of the Antiquarian Society. In 1817 he resigned the situation of Speaker, and was raised to the peerage by the title of Lord *Colchester*. A tract is ascribed to him *On the Use and Abuse of Satire*, printed at Oxford in 1786; and another *On Maritime Jurisprudence and Commerce*, printed at London in 1802.'

The lives of *Abercromby*, *Aberdeen* (Earl of), *Accum*, *Adair*, *Adam*, *Aikin*, *Almon*, *Anderson*, *Anglesea* (Marquess of), and *Auckland* (Lord), also occur, and are given with equal propriety, precision, and brevity. To Dr. Aikin, however, is erroneously ascribed the editorship of a defunct periodical work, which he did not conduct. A long account occurs of the Emperor of Russia, *Alexander Paulowitz*, illustrated by a portrait, and composed with polished urbanity. Of *Ali Pacha*, a life and portrait are also given. It seems as if the French travellers in behalf of government, for it is from their port-folios that these notices of living eminence are probably derived, have received instructions to send home portraits of eminent men.

The name of Lady *Harriet Acland* is mis-spelt in the article relating to her, and postponed to the place of the *Aucklands*.

We will now translate one of the French lives, that the method of delineation may be better appreciated:

> '*Athanasius Auger* was born at Paris in 1734, and embraced the ecclesiastical profession: he taught rhetoric at the college of Rouen, and was grand-vicar to the Bishop of *Lescar;* who, in allusion to his classical acquirements, termed him his grand-vicar *in partibus Atheniensium*. His figure and his virtues recalled to mind the idea of Socrates. Learned, laborious, modest, and benevolent, he had friends and no enemies. He divided with a necessitous family a moderate income, which he endeavoured to increase by various publications. He was received into the French Academy of Inscriptions. His collective works form thirty octavo volumes, and consist principally of translations. 1. *The complete Works of Demosthenes and Æschines*, in six volumes. 2. *On the Constitutions of the Romans*, three volumes. 3. *The complete Works of Isocrates*, three volumes. 4. *The complete Works of Lysias*, three volumes. 5. *Selections from the Homilies of Chrysostom*, four volumes. 6. *Select Orations of Cicero*, three volumes. 7. *Speeches translated from Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon*, two volumes. 8. *Letters and Homilies from the Latin of Saint Basil*, one volume. 9. *On Greek Tragedy*, a posthumous publication, designed as a preface to an intended new version of the Greek tragedians. He also wrote, during the commencement of the Revolution, a *Plan of public Education;* a *Catechism for the French Citizen;* and a work *On the Government which we want*. He died in 1792.'

The first volume contains only the letter *A*, and the whole may consequently be expected to extend to about twenty others. It is rich in Spanish, Italian, German, and oriental lives; but it includes a mass of insignificance which renders half its pages superfluous, and a number of lives already extant in other biographical dictionaries. Still, a judicious abridgement might perhaps be undertaken with advantage to our knowlege of the living world, and with an increase of our regard for foreign excellence.

Hitherto, biography has been considered as a branch of history, and has been rendered subservient to the study of the progress of science and event; here it is treated as a branch of geography, and is used to describe the present state of moving men and manners. As societies now act with greater effect than formerly, and their movements are directed by certain leaders, literary, military, and official, it is in order to know these leaders, and thus to anticipate and to influence the march of the obedient population, that the government of France has facilitated the preparation of this comprehensive work, which is not without its drift. That drift, however, is liberal, and tends to promote the ascendancy of the literary class, but to ally it with the direction of Parisian intellect.

As a specimen of the second volume, we shall select the life of the Abbé *Barruel.*

> ‘ *Barruel* (*Augustin de*) was born in 1741, at Villeneuve de Berg near Viviers, was educated among the Jesuits, to whose order he attached himself, and became almoner to the Princess of *Conti.* He assisted *Freron* in the *Année Literaire,* a sort of Review, and afterward edited the *Journal Ecclesiastique,* until the month of August, 1792, when he emigrated, and took shelter in Great Britain. There he published *Mémoires sur le Jacobinisme,* which were prohibited in France, but much sought by the ultra-royalists. After the Revolution of 9th November, 1799, which raised *Bonaparte* to the consulship, he solicited leave to return into France; where he published an *Opuscule,* in which he inculcated fidelity to the consular government. This work recommended him to the patronage of the First Consul, who caused him to be made a canon of the cathedral of Paris. — In 1803, the Abbé published an apology for the *Concordat,* under the title *De l'Autorité du Pape,* which was attacked by the Abbé *Blanchard,* who published in London three successive refutations of it. The principal works of M. *Barruel* are, 1. An Ode on the glorious Accession of Louis the Sixteenth, 1774. 2. A Translation of *Boscovich*'s Latin Poem on Eclipses. 3. *Les Helviennes,* an imitation of *Pascal*'s letters, directed against modern philosophers, 1781. 4. *Le Patriote veridique,* 1789. 5. *Lettre sur le Divorce,* 1790. 6. *Histoire du Clergé de France pendant la Revolution,* 1794. This history of the French clergy during the Revolution, with the connected ecclesiastical collection of works relative to the church of France, in seven volumes, is perhaps the most important production of this author. 7. An Abridgement of his Memoirs concerning Jacobinism, 1797, and 1803. These several writings, all directed against the principles and events of the Revolution, display some talent and erudition, but are deformed by a revolting partiality and a bitter criticism. The institution of free-masonry has been especially an object of the virulent declamations of this ex-Jesuit. When Napoleon returned from the Isle of Elba, the Abbé *Barruel* renewed to him the oath of fidelity. He died in September, 1820, in the eightieth year of his age.’

One of the best specimens of biography in this volume is the life of *Bernadotte,* now King of Sweden: but, as we lately dwelt much on his extraordinary history, we shall not repeat the account. (See Rev. vol. xcii. *App.* p. 506.)

A supplement to the first volume is delivered with the second, containing the names *Abbé* and *Arrighi,* of which last family several distinct individuals are placed on record.

ART. XX. *Classical Excursion from Rome to Arpino.* By CHARLES KELSALL. 8vo. pp. 254. Geneva. 1820. Sold by Longman and Co., London. Price 12s.

THIS work is dedicated to the lovers of the memory of Cicero, apparently with an enthusiasm of which we partook when we opened it; and which excited in us a disposition to be pleased with an author, whose aim seemed to be to perpetuate every trace of that eminent statesman and impassioned orator. We have not often been so entirely disappointed as we found ourselves in this case; and we laid the book down at last with unmixed dissatisfaction, regretting that our sense of duty had compelled us to employ so much time in perusing the whole of it. The truth is that it is a tissue of common-place from beginning to end. Mr. K.'s narrative of his own little excursion, and his description of the scenery, are interspersed with puns; with accounts of his panic about *Dicesaris*, a mountain-robber; and with dissertations on the original inhabitants of Italy, thickly interlarded with quotations familiar to school-boys. Perhaps, however, our readers will be best pleased to judge of the merits of this composition for themselves, and we therefore extract a passage written in what the author must have deemed one of his brightest moods.

'About a mile from the Arpine villa, there is a paper-manufactory, where we found, to our surprise, a native of Berkshire, who acted as the superintendant. He presented us with a roll of his *Arpinæ Chartæ*, not inscribed indeed with the *Pro Archiâ*, or the *Pro Regibus Alexandrino et Deiotaro*, but blank as Arpino itself would prove without the remembrance of its genius. The picture that he gave of the state of the country was deplorable; for scarcely a day had elapsed the preceding year without a robbery, which was generally accompanied by assassination. The attacks were most frequent between Isola and Sora. This is explained by considering the situation of Arpino and its environs; which, being on the confines of the two states, makes its neighbourhood a convenient asylum for ruffians, who, as they may be pursued in one or other territory, abscond in the skirts of either.

'These circumstances suggested a *Divinatio* on the most advisable way of returning to Rome, and escaping the *tusks* of that *Verres* of the Apennines, *Dicesaris*. Sometimes we thought of passing by the *Reatine Tempe*.* Further delay was dangerous; and it was high time to withdraw *De Finibus Arpinatium;* the *Topica* of which were so doubtful and uncleared; for since *Dicesaris*, like his great prototype, sat the *De Legibus* at defiance, and consequently the *De Officiis*, an attack in the woods was by no means a *Paradoxon*. The fatigue and heat too made it necessary

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'* *Reatini me ad sua Tempe invitarunt*, says the orator, invited by the inhabitants to plead their cause against the *Interamnates*.'

to take measures *De ægritudine leniendâ;* which if postponed might have terminated in the *De morte contemnendâ.*

'The sum total of these considerations accelerated our departure; and we resolved on striking across the country by a bye-road through the woods to Frusinone, a town distant from Arpino about twenty miles.'

In another part of his book, Mr. K. gives a formal distribution of Cicero's works, and a detailed criticism on their merits. His sagacity perhaps may be appreciated from his remark that 'it is difficult to discover why Cicero's six theses intitled Paradoxa were so called;' and his taste, from his assuring us that 'there is nothing finer in the speech *pro Sexto Roscio Amerino* than the excursion on the sanctity of friendship; and the evil consequences resulting from its violation both to society and individuals:'—an excursion which most readers class among those numerous redundancies and elaborate common-places, which Cicero himself in his maturer judgment detected and condemned in that youthful speech. Of the author's critical knowlege, no farther proof needs be given than his care to acquaint us that 'some doubts have been started in Germany of the authenticity of the speech *pro Marcello,*' in the same page in which he observes that 'the *post reditum ad Quirites* places Cicero's sense of gratitude to his country in a conspicuous point of view, and is perhaps the most interesting of his harangues delivered on his return from exile:' little suspecting, it should seem, that the spuriousness of all those 'harangues delivered on his return from exile' had been proved in England half a century ago.

Mr. K. next proceeds to examine the different opinions which have been formed of Cicero. In this part of the volume, we find nothing in the least novel, except the manner in which those who have written in disparagement of Cicero are confuted. On *Montesquieu*'s remark that Cicero saw things always "*à travers de cent petites passions,*" we are told that 'he found it easy to write this in his snug retreat at Bordeaux. What sort of passions would he have mustered before the Verres, the Pisos, the Catilines, the Antonii? *Grand Président, tu aurais été écrasé.*' Even this does not equal the answer which Bolingbroke receives:

'Lord Bolingbroke, in his treatise on Exile, seems to look down upon the man of Arpinum with a mixed sentiment of pity and contempt. It is true that he seizes him in the most vulnerable part, which is his conduct during banishment. That it had nothing of the firmness of the Stoa, the well-known letters to Terentia abundantly prove. But was Lord Bolingbroke an adequate judge of Tullius in this case? Did he ever come in contact with such a powerful desperado as Clodius? Could his retreat in Orleans be put in competition with the exile of Cicero at Thessalonica?

lonica? Did he, after having rescued his country from a formidable conspiracy, reap as a reward the sale of his estates, the burning of his palace, the separation of his wife and children, himself houseless, defenceless, and driven from place to place like the meanest outcast? If he did, and shewed that firmness in his reverses, which he lauds at the expence of Cicero, his criticism would not fail to have due weight. Henry St. John!—Though your periods may be more Ciceronian than those of other English writers, posterity will compel you to stand on even ground, before you can presume to turn up your nose at Tullius in exile.'

After some short and by no means clear remarks on the villas of Cicero, we have observations on his monuments; and Mr. K. occupies thirteen or fourteen pages in a project for a grand monument to be raised by Europe to the orator's memory: setting out all the proportions, all the ornaments, and all the inscriptions, which he considers as suitable. A postscript at the end of the volume, however, acquaints us that, in the plan proposed, sufficient height was not given; and accordingly the length is diminished, and the number of columns reduced to remedy that error. Following these remarks, we find an addition which the title-page does not promise, viz. an excursion from Naples to the Isle of Capri: but it is merely a *crambo* of all that could be found in Tacitus and Suetonius on the residence of Tiberius in that island.

In several pages of this volume, the author has amused us by his notions on matters connected with religion, whenever he had an opportunity of introducing that subject; and, in commenting on Cicero's work *De Natura Deorum*, he says, that treatise 'will always be one of the fair havens resorted to by those, whose minds are buffetted by the contemplation of the obscurity that broods on our condition here below.' When speaking of the Aborigines, he says, 'It is probable that the Aborigines and the Tuscans were indigenous in the strict sense of the word; placed in Italy by the immediate act of the Deity, like Adam in Mesopotamia;' and, when alluding to the superstitions practised at Rome, he gives us the following passage; which, in point of style, is the best written in the book:

'Go to Constantinople.—You will see there, it is true, a people inattentive to good government, and to the development and melioration of mind; but you will not see the Mufti waving his wand, and absolving people from their sins, like the priests in St. Peter's. The principal Mufti canonizes no saint, and orders no bones or toes to be kissed. Mahomet, however defective may be his doctrines in other respects, sends his followers to the temple of the Deity, and bids them prostrate themselves there, without asserting that he is any more than a prophet, or interpreter of God's word, a title which he can hardly be refused, if we consider the extraordinary effect which his Koran has occasioned. We can only estimate religions from the more or less good of which they are productive to man, contemplated in his individual and social relations. Friendship of a devoted kind is not uncommon in Turkey; in Rome it is certainly rare. The testimonies of numerous travellers concur in stating that a low shopkeeper in Turkey scorns to ask, even of a Christian, a greater sum than he would of a Turk. Most of the Roman shopkeepers turn foreigners to the best account they can. The Turk will sometimes rob by open force; but he scorns pilfering, as common at Rome as in London and Paris, and easily expiated by a kiss of the brazen feet of St. Peter, a wave of the magic wand from the confessional boxes, or a bow to the waxen virgins, surrounded by their flower-pots. The Turk having performed his ablutions, kneels to the Most High, and only suffers himself to be acquitted by the testimony of his own conscience. The Turk never turns his temples into charnel-houses, like the Roman. Whether noble or mechanic, he enters his mosque with sentiments of devotion and awe. The Roman, on the contrary, often laughs at several of those ceremonies, which his conscience will upbraid him for neglecting. The Romans are still a finely-disposed people; and I have often had occasion to admire the estimable qualities of some individuals. To what then are the above ills to be attributed, and which press more especially on the lower classes? To the system so long adopted by Rome, of intertwisting religion with politics; and chiefly to this. But no further digressions on this delicate subject, in which it is so difficult to steer the middle course, and to which I have been insensibly led by a dislike for the superstitions which degrade and obscure doctrines, the *essentials* of which are necessary to the welfare of individuals and nations.'

We think that the most superstitious religionist would consider Mr. K. to have made full atonement for his incredulity in other matters, by the grave suspense of judgment which he exhibits in his excursion to the Isle of Capri on the subject of astrology. We give the passage at length, because it seems to us both in substance and in manner eminently diverting:

'Suetonius tells us that Tiberius was *circa Deos ac religiones negligentior, persuasione plenus cuncta fato agi.* Revolving, as I often have, these things within my mind, it may be questioned whether or no, after all, there be not some truth in the sideral influences. We know that the most transcendant spirits of antiquity often disregarded the mere priest sacrificing at the altar; while the skilful astrologer always made them pause, often tremble. It is perhaps one of the knottiest speculations that can occupy the human mind; which the feebleness of our reason prevents us from implicitly believing; the mysterious links of the system to which we belong, from rejecting.'

A few engravings illustrate this volume.

Art. XXI. *Palmyre et Flaminil*, &c.; *i.e.* Palmyra and Flaminia, or, The Secret. By the Countess de Genlis. 12mo. 2 Vols. Paris. 1821. London, reprinted for Colburn. 12s.

The race of novel-readers is certainly a race of ingrates. Like "the horse-leach's two daughters, who cry continually *Give*, *give*, and are never satisfied," they are always ready to suspect a declension of talent, when their thanks should be loudest for repeated efforts made to promote their amusement; and this prejudice is so general, that a production which may have been written in youth, and kept thrice "nine years," would probably be censured as exhibiting marks of the author's senility. — For ourselves, we owe so much to Madame de Genlis, whose various works have equally delighted our childhood and our maturer years, that, even were censure needful, we must dispense it "with one auspicious and one drooping eye;" or we might claim a privilege, like Lord Nelson, of being blind to those disgraceful signals which it would grieve us to notice. However, the novel of *Palmyre et Flaminie*, though not the best of all her productions, has merit and interest sufficient to recommend it: for it displays in great perfection the characteristic charm of Madame de G.'s writings, which we take to be her elegant and natural style; and, in depicting the two heroines, a laudable attempt is made to contrast the worth and happiness, resulting from religion, with the uneasiness and misery which are attendant on romantic feelings and unsettled principles.

Perhaps, the episodical history of M. *de Nelmur* is the most forcible and best written portion of the book; and an useful warning is afforded by his powerful description of internal remorse, while all around, ignorant of his guilt, are lavish in his praises. Yet, in order to give full effect to this lesson, M. *de Nelmur* should have continued wretched to the end of the story; and, in a novel, at any rate, we would have no worldly consolations afforded to a duelist and homicide.

The following observations appear to us worthy of the pen of *La Bruyère:*

> '*J'ai fait dans la société une singulière remarque: tout le monde y joue la sensibilité exaltée; et néanmoins, quand la passion est véritable, tout le monde aussi s'en moque. Et en effet, de quelque genre que soit la passion, quand elle se montre naïvement, elle a toujours quelque chose de ridicule: ses préventions, son enthousiasme souvent si peu fondé, inspirent je ne sais quoi qui ressemble au mépris alors même que le sentiment est pur et légitime. On se moque infiniment moins de la sensibilité affectée: beaucoup de personnes la soutiennent pour l'imiter, d'autres y supposent un calcul qui dans leur opinion demande de l'art et de l'habileté; mais, en général, on ne voit dans la sensibilité sincère que de l'aveuglement et du manque d'esprit.*'

INDEX

To the REMARKABLE PASSAGES in this Volume.

N. B. *To find any particular* Book, *or* Pamphlet, *see the* Table of Contents, *prefixed to the Volume.*

A

ABBOTT, Charles, now Lord Colchester, short biography of, 537.

African Institution, formation of, 60.

Agriculture of Flanders, 80. 380. In the south of France, state of, 220. Of Norfolk, particularly of Holkham, its great improvement under Mr. Coke, 254.

America, case of, with regard to population, misrepresented, 121. 129.

Antar, an Arabian of the 7th century, his extraordinary prowess and adventures, 285.

Ants, red, anecdote of their ingenuity and sagacity, 322.

Arabs, observations on their poetry and romance, 278.

Association, observations on the principle of, 524.

Attraction, See *Plane*.

Auger, Athanasius, account of, 538.

Austria, her conduct towards Naples criticized, 501. 503.

Autumn, poetical description of, 327.

B

Banditti, in Italy, detailed account of, and of their operations, 180.

Barlow, Mr., See *Plane*.

Barruel, Abbé, biography of, 539.

Basalt, Baron, poetical tour of, 273.

Bavaria, Prince Robert of, or *Prince Rupert*, life of, 469.

Beer, a German writer on the eye, his works stated and praised, 485.

Berber, in Nubia, account of the government and people of, 347.

Berquin, M., account of, 446.

Bertrand, Count, highly creditable anecdote of, 141.

Bishops, American, difficulties about appointing and consecrating them, 58.

Boa Constrictor, common in Brazil, 4.

Bolingbroke, Lord, attacked for having attacked Cicero, 541.

Bolivar, General, account of, 206.

Bonaparte, Napoleon, eulogized for his road over the Simplon, 29. His own memoirs of the campaign of 1815, 30.

————, observations on his return from Elba, 137. His conversation with Colonel Z., 138. His want of secresy, 139. His conquest of M. Benjamin de Constant, *ib*: His fruitless effort to controul Count Bertrand, 142. His proceedings after the battle of Waterloo, 143.

Bonaparte, Louis, his life and character, and his conduct as King of Holland, 225—235.

Botocudos, native savages of Brazil, account of, 11, 12. Their combats, 13.

Brazil, observations on the settlement there of the Portuguese royal family, and on the manners, customs, &c. of the people, 1—14.

Brougham, Mr., observations on his public conduct, 294. On his education-bills, 295.

Buffalos supposed to be the *kine* of which Pharaoh dreamed, 418.

Bullocks, readily *follow their leader*, in India, 367. Favourite bullocks chosen as leaders, *ib.*

Burckhardt, Louis, sketch of his life and travels in Nubia, &c. 336—352.

Burdett, Sir F., characterized as a speaker by a French writer, 455.

C

Calderon, Don Pedro, account of that great dramatist, 222.

Campaign of 1815, related by Bonaparte himself, 32. His observations on it, 39.

Campistron, Louis de, account of, 447.

Canning, Mr., his character as an orator depicted by a Frenchman, 453.

Carmagnola, Count di, tragedy of, 533.

Castlereagh, Lord, portrayed as an orator, by a French author, 452.

Cataract, of the eye, modes of treating, 489.

Cenci, the melancholy story of that family dramatized, 165.

Cherubini, Signor, his capture by the banditti near Poli, 182.

Chickwi, an amphibious animal, account of, 206.

China, observations on the trade with, 111.

Christophe, King of St. Domingo, his history, 442.

Cicero, visit to his Arpine villa, and observations on his works, 540—544.

Coal, King, a mineralogical poem, specimen of, 266.

Coke, Mr., his laudable conduct and great improvements on his estate in Norfolk, 254.

Commonwealth, perfect, plan of, 457.

Consciousness, observations on, 398.

Constant, Benjamin de, gained over by Bonaparte, 139.

Constitution, political, of England, unfavourably represented by a French writer, 450. Plan of a perfect commonwealth, 457.

Corn, observations on the price of, 210.

Cranioscopy, that term preferable to Phrenology, 397. Its object and characters, *ib.*

Creoles of South America, their cruel treatment of prisoners, 305.

Crocodile, of Brazil, account of, 8.

Crow, hooded, anecdote of its pairing with the carrion crow, 323.

Crystallization, observations on, 359.

Culloden, battle of, worked into a novel, 75.

D

Debt, national, observations on the liquidation of, 208.

Derr, in Nubia, account of, 343.

Drama, of Italy, observations on,

on, and accounts of modern plays, 526. *et seq.*
Drought, in the summer of 1800, its extraordinary effects on vegetation, 262.

E

Economy, political, observations on different systems of, 504. See *Say*, See *Malthus*.
Education, new system of, at Hofwyl, 195.
———, public, in England, observations on Mr. Brougham's bills for a new system of, 295.
Elizabeth, Queen, her character ably and historically introduced in the novel of *Kenilworth*, 155.
Emeralds, observations on the composition of, 362.
England, her political constitution, *in practice*, not advantageously represented by a foreigner, 450.
English, their national customs and partialities, when abroad, 24.
Espinasse, Mademoiselle de l', account of, and of her Letters, 463.
Essay on Man, translated into French verse, specimens of, 473.
Eyes, observations on diseases of, 440. 483. See *Beer*, See *Pupil*.

F

Faculties, mental, physically discussed, 401. 403. 520. 525.
Farm, domestic comfort of, in Flanders, 384.
Farmers, their opulence, and elevation in life, advocated, 255.
Fashion, life of, poetically depicted, 434.
Fellenberg, M. de, account of his institution at Hofwyl, 195.
Flanders, agriculture of, 80. 380.
Flax, culture of, in Flanders, 380.
Florence, remarks on, 18.
Fouché, Duke of Otranto, anecdotes of him and Bonaparte, 140.
France, probability that, in a few years, its landed aristocracy must be nearly annihilated, 256.
———, South of, its agriculture, 220.
Frederic the Great, unfavourably depicted by the Marquis de Valori, 480.

G

Gall and *Spurzheim*, Drs., observations on their system of Phrenology, &c., 395., See also *Spurzheim*.
Geognosy, poetical, specimen of, 274.
Germany, remarks and speculations on the political circumstances of, 498. National character of the people, 500.
Gravity, specific, of metals, rule for obtaining its comparative proportion, 358.
Grouchy, Marshal, observations on his conduct in the campaign of 1815, 40.
Guadagnola, in Italy, account of that singular town, 178.
Gypsum, its use as a manure, locally differing, 363.

H

Hilda, an enchantress, poetical de-

description of her actions, 312.

Hofwyl, account of the institution at, for educating young persons, 195.

Holkham, See *Coke*.

Holland, its situation when Louis Bonaparte became king of it, and his conduct in that capacity, 227. *et seq*.

Holland, Lord, his character as an orator, drawn by a French writer, 452.

Horses, observations on the treatment of, 381. Their good usage in Flanders, *ib*.

Hydrophobia; observations on, and cases of, 438.

I and J

Jewels, or precious stones, remarks on the disappearance of, 361.

Impressment, observations on, 56.

Italian, grammars and dictionaries for learning that language, 329.

Italy, observations on the language of, 28. Particulars relative to various parts of, 173, &c. Account of its banditti, 180. Observations on travelling to, 371. Sketches of, 375, &c. On the conduct of Austria towards, 503. On the drama of, 526. Account and specimens of modern plays, 528.

L

Labour, agricultural, on the depreciation of the wages of, 313.

———, productive and unproductive, discussion of those tenets in political economy, 509.

Lally-Tolendal, Count, his translation of Pope's *Universal Prayer*, 477.

Lament of the Bard, extract from that poem, 435.

Lecount, Mr., See *Plane*.

Leg of Granite, in Egypt, verses on, 395.

Legacy, that beautiful air parodied into a boxing song, 97.

Leicester, Earl of, his character and his treatment of his wife represented in a novel, 150. *et seq*.

M

Magnetism, of iron bodies, observations on its changeable properties, 429.

Malthus, Mr., his theory of population reprobated and opposed by Mr. Godwin, 113—136. His doctrines in political economy controverted by MM. Ganilh and Say, 505.

Man, observations on the moral and intellectual nature of, 524.

Manure, liquid, used in Flanders for the culture of flax, 380.

Marlowe, Christopher, his existence ascertained by his death, 94. Specimens of his poetry, 95.

Metals, poetical assembly of, 272. Observations on various sorts of, 364.

Mind, new theory of the philosophy of, termed Phrenology, 396. 517.

Minerals, particulars respecting, 358—365.

Mirage, appearance of that phænomenon in the Nubian desert, 347.

Mirandola, Duke of, his history dramatized, 190. Specimens of, 191.

Missionaries, in India, their excess of zeal, 369.
Mora, Signor, a Spaniard, the lover of Mlle. de l'Espinasse, and of *a hundred others*, his unamiable character, 466.
Moral restraint, observations on, 117.
Mouldebaert, an useful agricultural implement employed in Flanders, 383.

N

Naples, remarks on the conduct of the German and Russian monarchs towards, 501. 503.
Napoleon, See *Bonaparte*.
Natural history, imperfectly cultivated in Ireland, 324. Instances, 325.
Necker, M., account of his life and works, 491. His death and character, 495.
Nepenthes distillatoria, description of, 9.
New York, humorous history of, 68.
Ney, Marshal, remarks on his conduct in the campaign of 1815, 34.
Norfolk, its great improvement as an agricultural county, much owing to Mr. Coke, 254.
Nubia, statistical particulars relative to, 343.
Nympholepsy, account of that passion among the Greeks and Romans, 388. Poem on that subject, 389.

O

Oglethorpe, General, his letter to Mr. Granville Sharp, 54.
Orchis mascula, observations on its growth, 261.
Ortés, Abbé, his strange doctrines in Political Economy, 505.
Otranto, Duke of, See *Fouché*.
Owls, anecdote of their preying on fish, 323.

P

Painting, observations on, 20. On the art of, among the Romans, 26.
Pastorals, that species of poetry almost abandoned in England, and an instance of its revival, 386.
Persia, account of early travellers in, 247. Meanness of the court of Shah Abbas, 250.
Peyrouse, Baron de la, on the agriculture of the south of France, 220.
Phænomena, organ of, in the human head, 519.
Phaon, See *Sappho*.
Pià della Pietra, specimen of the poetic tale of, 310.
Picol, See *Peyrouse*.
Pitcher-plants, description of, 9.
Pitti palace, remarks on the pictures of, 19.
Plane of no attraction, in iron bodies, that important discovery effected by Mr. Barlow and Mr. Lecount, nearly at the same time, 430.
Plane-tree, almost destroyed in this country, 260.
Planting, extensively recommended, and particulars suggested, 259.
Plants, observations on the habits of, and on the difference produced by propagating from seed and from cuttings, 264.
Poetry, popular, of modern Rome, specimens of, 187.
Poli, near Rome, account of that town and its neighbourhood, 175. *et seq.*

Poor, education of, See *Education*.
—— labour of, See *Labour*.
Pope's Essay on Man, translated into French verse, specimens of, 473. Also the *Universal Prayer*, 477.
Poplar, Canada, eligible for planting as timber, 260.
Population, See *Malthus*, See *America*. Swedish Tables of, 123. Late returns disputed, 127., *note*. Observations on the increase of, 315.
Porphyry, receipt for making, 276.
Portugal, observations on the state of, 14.
Prehnite, discovered to be an English mineral, 362.
Prometheus, story of, dramatized by Mr. Shelley, 169.
Prophecy, observations on, by Jeremy Taylor, 64.
Pupil, artificial, of the eye, various methods of producing, 423.
Puris, a people of Brazil, account of, 5.
Pyramids, of Egypt, observations on, 418.

R

Randall, Jack, a fragment, 98.
Rengger, M., his account of the institution at Hofwyl, 200.
Ricardo, Mr., his doctrines discussed by M. Ganilh, 506.
Ricciarda, daughter of the Prince of Salerno, tragedy of, 529.
Rimini, Francesca di, the subject of an Italian tragedy, 534.
Romans, their utensils, instruments, &c., as found at Pompeii, not unlike those of the present day, 25. On their paintings, 26.
Rupert, Prince, life of, 469.

S

Saint Domingo, particulars in the modern history of, 441.
St. Peter's, at Rome, remarks on that cathedral, 22.
St. Quentin, manufactures of, 80.
Salep, (vulgò, *Saloop*,) the root of the *Orchis mascula*, imported from the East, 261.
Salerno, Prince of, his story made the subject of an Italian tragedy, 529.
Salix cærulea, extraordinary application of its timber, 259.
Salt, pernicious effects of the duty on, 444.
Sappho and Phaon, the loves of, a German tragedy, 353.
Say, M., his notions in political economy opposed by M. Ganilh, 506.
Schools, national, &c., observations on proposed new legislative establishments of, 295—308.
Sensibility, remarks on, 544.
Shah Abbas, King of Persia, paltry appearance of him and his court, 250.
Sharp, Granville, particulars of his life and writings, 51—66.
Shendy, in Nubia, account of the people, country, &c., 349.
Sierra Leone, account of the formation of the colony at, 59.
Simplon, eulogy on Bonaparte's road over that mountain, 29.
Sketch, Miss Dorothy, her poetical epistles to Miss Biddy Fudge, 217.
Slave, the productive nature of his labour compared with that of the freeman, 515.
Slave-trade, in Nubia, extent of, 351.
Society, in France, under the old *regîme*, its dissolute character, 462.
Sphinx, head of, remarks on, 419.

INDEX.

Spurzheim, Dr., his notions on phrenology, and on the moral and intellectual nature of man, 517. *et seq*. His *controversy* with Dr. Gall, 526., See also *Gall*.

Supernaturality, organ of, in the human head, 517.

Superstitions, of Rome and of Constantinople, compared, 542.

Swagger, observations on the introduction of that word, 93.

T

Taxation, observations on, 317.

Troppau, remarks on the congress of, 501.

U and V

Valori, Marquis de, sketch of his life, 479. His account of Frederic the Great, 480.

Value, discussion of that term as used in political economy, 507.

Vandernoodt, John, a poet of the 16th century, specimen of his sonnets, 92.

Van Dieman's Land, particulars respecting the settlement at, 333. Expences of migration to, 334.

Vatican, impressions on viewing its galleries of statues, 377.

Vegetation, extraordinary effects on, in the dry summer of 1800, 262.

Vehrli, Mr., a preceptor at the Hofwyl institution, account of, 198.

Venice, description of a visit to the dungeons of the Supreme Council of, 378.

Venus de' Medici, observations on, 19.

Universal Prayer, by Pope, translated into French verse, 477.

Voltaire, M., his letter to M. de Grimm, 496.

W

Wages, See *Labour*.

Walstein, Duke of Friedland, his character interwoven in a novel, 238.

Wanderer, or Melmoth, story of, 85.

Waterloo, battle of, described by Bonaparte, 35. Proceedings after that event, 143.

Wealth, observations on the nature of, 504.

Wheat, anecdote of the re-production of, 115., *note*.

Willow, blue, applications of its timber, particularly in *making waistcoats*, 259.

Wodanium, history and character of that metal, 364.

Work-house, in Norfolk, pulled down because not wanted, 257.

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